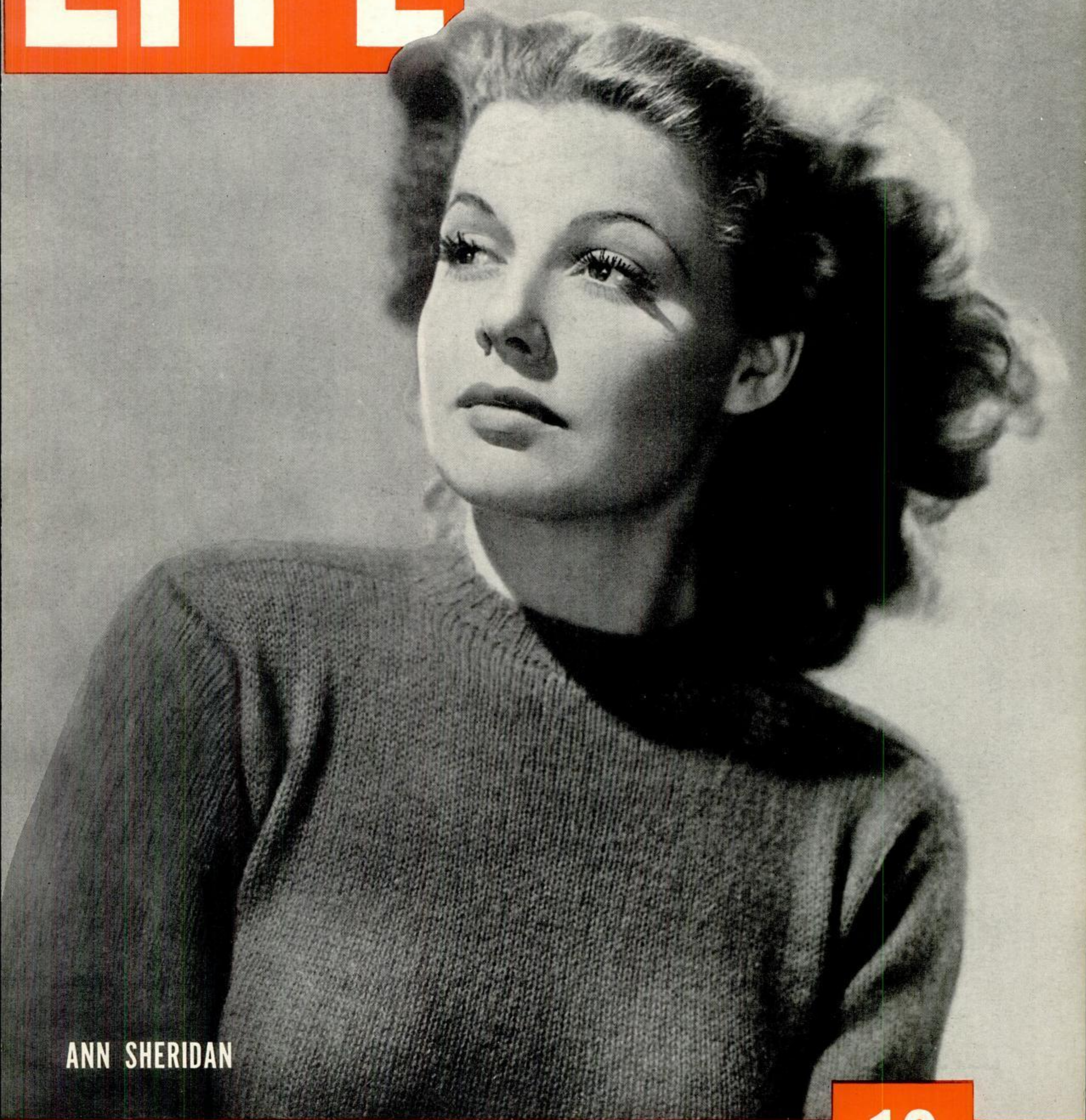


# LIFE



ANN SHERIDAN

JULY 24, 1939 **10** CENTS





Copyright 1939, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York

If he reaches for the Fleischmann's bottle when you order a gin drink, you know you're in one of the better places.

*Learn to say* **FLEISCHMANN'S** — *it's extra dry*

Distilled from American Grain • 90 Proof • The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.



*Built to last  
68% longer!*

# The Willard "H-R"

*Now built with*

**SAFETY-FILL**

**STOPS**  
DANGEROUS  
CORROSION

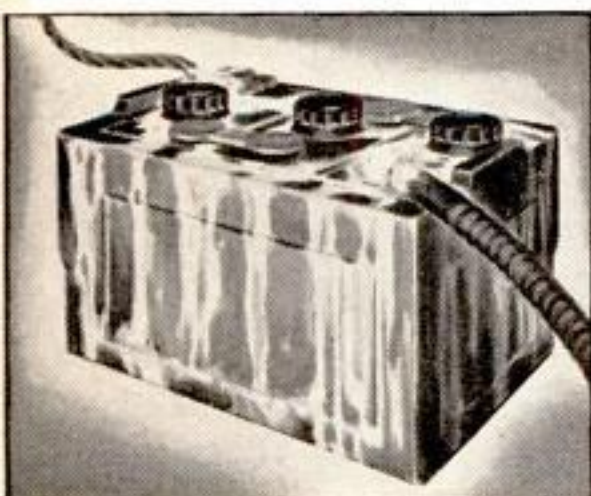
**A NEW WILLARD DEVELOPMENT** *that gives you and your car Greater Protection!*

*Willard Safety-Fill Protects You from—*



*This*

When ordinary batteries are over-filled the excess electrolyte surges out through the vents in the filler caps. When blown onto the wiring, exposed metal or fabric parts of the car, this acid spray causes serious and expensive damage and corrosion. *Willard Safety-Fill protects you against this!*



*This*

If this acid remains on top of the battery it produces corroded cables and terminals... and eats away the battery cradle... resulting in substantial power losses, unexpected starting failures and added expense. *Willard Safety-Fill protects you against this!*



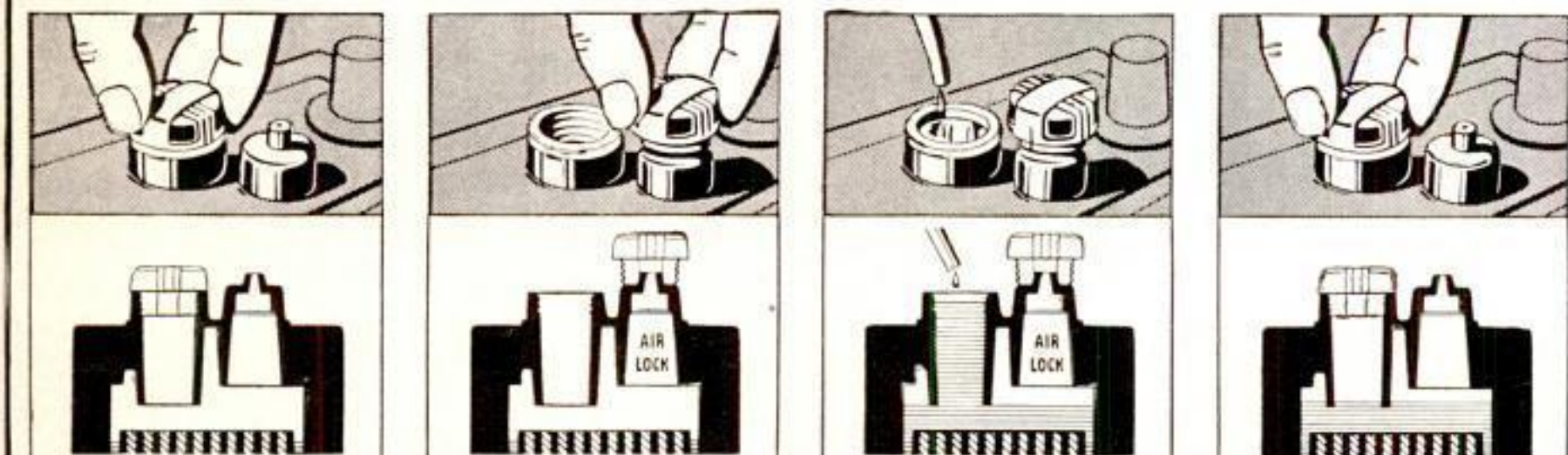
*This*

Service men are virtually blindfolded when filling batteries so located that the level of the solution in each cell cannot be seen. And it takes only one over-filling to do untold damage. *Willard's Safety-Fill can't be over-filled—it's automatic—it's foolproof.*

*Look for the  
**SAFETY-FILL  
VENT**  
Accept No Substitutes*



## HOW WILLARD SAFETY-FILL WORKS



To fill the battery, unscrew filler-cap as usual.

Place filler-cap on SAFETY-FILL vent, forming air lock in breather chamber under vent.

Add water till filler-well is nearly full. Air lock prevents solution rising above bottom of well.

Remove filler-cap from SAFETY-FILL vent to break air lock—solution drops to correct level.

***It never drinks too much!***

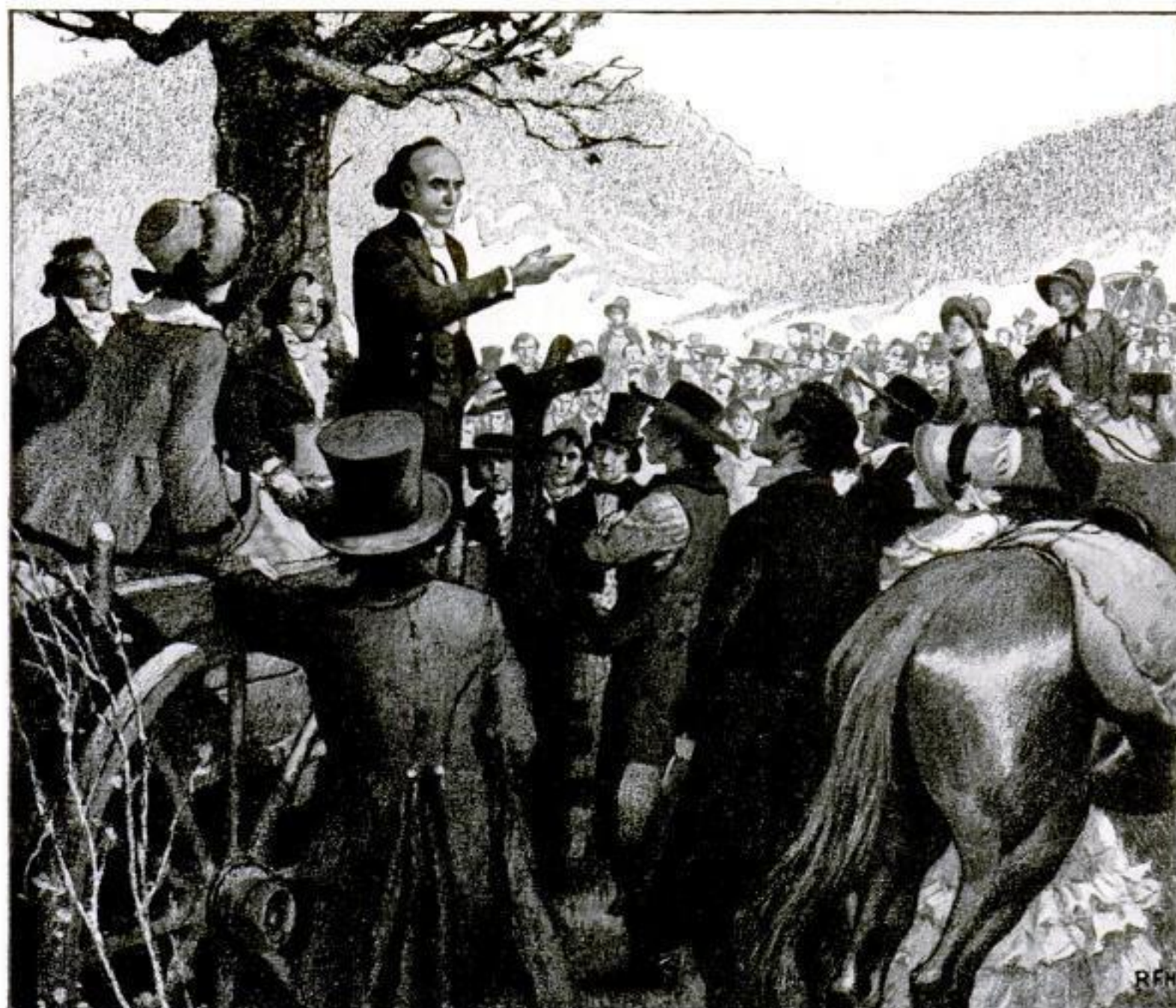
This One



FFKA-A7K-EQDZ



## "PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



In a lonely spot on Stratton Mountain, Vermont, is a boulder marking the site where Daniel Webster in 1840 addressed the thousands who journeyed there.

## Why Daniel Webster Chose a Mountain

Why did Daniel Webster select a mountain from which to speak? One story is that he was invited to make speeches in three places in New England. Unable to make three, he ordered a triangulation of the three points and agreed to speak in the exact center of the triangle—which happened to be Stratton Mountain. Webster thus turned an annoying dilemma into a mountain of opportunity.

### *Your Mountain of Opportunity*

If you are like most men, your main worry is how to set aside something for yourself and for your family and at the same time meet daily bills. It is the business

of life insurance to help take money worries off your shoulders. A company like National Life of Vermont will guarantee:

A regular monthly income for you in proportion to your means of saving, and paid to you as long as you live after reaching the retirement age you select. If you want \$100, \$200 or more a month, you can provide it through life insurance.

In addition, it will provide a guaranteed life income for your wife and funds for the education of your children, should you die before retirement age.

For complete information, fill out and mail the coupon below.

## NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

### HOME OFFICE—VERMONT

### MONTPELIER, VERMONT

*A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"*

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., Dept. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Please send me information on the following:

☐ A college education fund for my children

☐ Protection for my family ☐ A retirement income for myself

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Business or Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Platinum Foxes

Sirs:

In the July 10 issue of LIFE, there is a picture of the Duchess of Windsor wearing a platinum-fox fur which you say is just one of 18 in the world.

Could you tell me who has another of these rare fox pieces? It would be interesting to know where all of them are.

MRS. KENDALL INGRAM

East Cleveland, Ohio



PRINCESS MARTHA AND FOX

● The breed of platinum fox originated in Norway in 1933. Its fountainhead was a fox named Mons. Whether Mons was the offspring of a silver fox and an albino (ordinarily sterile) or whether he was a biological sport, is a question which fur breeders argue. There are now about 400 platins, all descendants of Mons.

LIFE's figure on the number of Norwegian platinum furs in existence was out of date. Nine foxes were killed in 1936. One fur was presented to Crown Princess Martha of Norway (*see cut*), four made a jacket for the breeder's wife and the fur world has lost track of the other four. In 1937 nine were killed and all sold to a South American dealer. In 1938, eleven were killed, of which six went to Molyneux, the French dress-maker, and five to South America. Of Molyneux' six, one was sold to the Duchess of Windsor and one to the Princess de Faucigny Lucinge (*see p. 71*). Bonwit Teller's store in New York bought the other four, sold one to Elizabeth Arden, loaned one to the Norwegian Government, which has it on display at the New York World's Fair, and are offering the remaining two for sale at \$5,000 apiece.

Canadian breeders this season are plugging a "platinum fox" which is simply a cross between white and silver foxes. It tends to be piebald rather than uniform platinum in color.—ED.

### Tomb for Silver Senators

Sirs:

That Silver tomb at West Point, pictured in your issue of July 10, looked fine from the air. Just one more tomb would complete the picture—a tomb for the Silver bloc of Senators. *Standard Statistics* reports cost of producing silver at Sunshine Mine in Idaho is 17¢ an ounce. Uncle Sam has bought about two billion ounces at 64¢ an ounce. Now he will pay 70¢ for domestic silver. Some Senators demand over a dollar.

ROSS DONALDSON

Oakland, Md.

### Dewey's Score

Sirs:

If, as LIFE (July 3) says, Tom Dewey broke 79 after having played golf only one year, maybe he can beat Roosevelt in 1940, but I doubt both.

BERNARD PARRISH

Titusville, Fla.

Sirs:

Attributing low scores to Dewey to build him up is very bad. The fraternity of duffers who vote is very very large.

STANLEY L. KUBACKI

Pittsburgh, Pa.

● Freshman Golfer Dewey once shot a 79, usually shoots in the 90's.—ED.

### LIFE and Harry Tong

Sirs:

Refugeeing is no joke, but you will see how LIFE enlivens it! Our school, like so many others in China, is still pursuing comparative quiet and safety. We are now in the midst of our third move since leaving Hankow last August. The children must leave in groups and the ones temporarily left behind are hard put to it to keep their minds on their studies. As the graduating class had recently been reading an essay by George Bernard Shaw, I took to my English lesson with them yesterday an old issue of LIFE (Dec. 12, 1938) to show them his picture. This morning I received the following "respectful" communication:

"Dear Miss Sherman,

When I saw your nice picture book yesterday, which I remember as a work of so much interest that I should like to see it, and so should esteem it a great favor if you would borrow it to me. I will take great care of it, and return it in a few days, as I have, at present, abundant leisure for seeing.

With best wishes,

Yours respectfully,

Harry Tong"

Our school is a combine of several of the American Church Mission schools of the Hankow diocese, two of which were bombed last summer.

MARTHA L. SHERMAN

Hankow Union School  
Kwangsi, China

### Missing Warships

Sirs:

LIFE for July 3, on page 9, states: "An American Admiral and his 36 warships stand guard on Asia's war," on

## YOUR ADDRESS?

IS the address to which this copy of LIFE was mailed correct for all near future issues? If not, please fill in this coupon and mail it to LIFE, 330 E. 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Effective \_\_\_\_\_ my mailing address for LIFE will be:

DATE

### NEW ADDRESS

Name \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE PRINT

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### OLD ADDRESS

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



page 10, presents a map of Japan's conquests in China, and in the explanatory note beneath it says: "The 33 little ships shown are..." and on the map there are but 31 ships shown. Which is it?

ALAN DEAN KATTELLE  
Long Island City, N. Y.

Sirs:

Dammit... As a taxpayer of these United States I demand to know what became of those two missing "little ships." Did Japan sink 'em? Please help me out with this information before I send Hirohito a sharp note—or shake my umbrella at him or something.

T. M. EDWARDS

Bryson, Tex.

Sirs:

Why, oh why, hasn't the State Department done something about the deplorable sinking of those two U. S. men-of-war in China waters?

A. RUSSEL BRAINERD

Washington, D. C.

Each of the figures was right in its own way. Thirty-one ships on the map plus two off the map at Manila makes 33; plus three submarines makes 36.—ED.

Wrong Price

Sirs:

I feel certain you will want to inform your readers that lovely two-piece cami-sole bra suit shown July 3 issue page 49 on lovely Joyce Mathews is genuine "Matle-tex" swim suit at \$3.95, rather than "a \$2.95 elastic shirred-cotton bathing suit." Most embarrassing to stores to find LIFE creating demand for this suit at \$2.95.

F. N. COLE, President

West Coast Manchester Mills Inc.  
Los Angeles, Calif.



JOYCE MATHEWS

How to Win the War (cont'd.)

Sirs:

I read the letter sent to you by Mr. Perry Bye on hydrogen-filled aluminum balls for air defense (LIFE, March 20) and I have a scheme.

My scheme is suitable for some Northern seaport's defense against enemy cruisers or battleships during war times. I would, very carefully, freeze nitroglycerin into ice cakes about 3 ft. high and they could be frozen into irregular lengths and widths, giving them an appearance of broken ice cakes.

I would then float these cakes into the sea many miles from the seaport and wait until some enemy ship hit one.

J. M. TRIGGS JR.

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Black Light

Sirs:

I read with great interest the black light article in the July 3 issue. I was very glad to see that black light, which for such a long time has been the neglected member of the sun-radiation family, is finally getting its place in the sun.

My joy, however, was dampened by the fact that a new European discovery is again being presented to the American public when the discovery was right here in our own back yard. As one of the pioneers in the application of luminous colors

and black lights to various fields of art and industries, I should like to present the following facts.

Fluorescent colors in all forms—paints, varnishes, make-ups, powders, liquids, have been used in this country for over a decade. Portable ultraviolet-ray lamps made with mercury-arc bulbs have been used for several years. America's first black bulb was made by Westinghouse in 1932 at my instigation. European experimentation began only several years ago, after a European lighting engineer was supplied by the General Electric Company and myself with all information on black light and fluorescent lighting effects.

At the New York World's Fair, black light and my special Stroblite Fluorescent Paints are used in over 14 different exhibits. One section of the General Motors Futurama uses black light and Stroblite colors to illuminate the roads of tomorrow, which will eliminate all glare of automobile headlights and road lights.

In the Perisphere, the whole model of Democracy is painted with my special Stroblite Fluorescent Colors, producing a night effect of a city under ultraviolet black light.

Proper credit is due, however, to Mr. Rhead for carrying out a practical application for the uses of black light and my special thanks go to him since through his contribution he succeeded in bringing a little more light into the darkness.

ALEXANDER STROBL

New York, N. Y.

LIFE's thanks to Inventor Strobl for a clear picture of the origins of black light.—ED.

Nude Chicken

Sirs:

All thanks to LIFE (July 10) and to Reader Fremont Wood for a timely suggestion. Am having young featherless chicken sent out to my nude ranch on Treasure Island to join the rest of the



NUDE RANCH RESIDENT

hands. Well cared for will be our newest little nudie and she won't need that horrible sock sweater on the broad warm acres of my California Agricultural experiment.

SALLY RAND

San Francisco, Calif.

Mustard Gas

Sirs:

In LIFE, of June 26, you make the rather naive statement that "mustard gas in practice is a potent nuisance but not a terrible weapon." I'm afraid that professional military opinion in this country does not support you in dismissing mustard in this way. It should be remembered that the gas mask is only a protection against the breathing of the fumes of mustard and that its principal potency is in that it is a vesicant (skin-blisterer) against which gas-proof clothing completely encasing the body is the only complete protection... While mustard has some disadvantages when used on the offensive, it will probably produce more casualties in the next war than any other one type of munition except shell splinters.

J. E. LEWIS

Lieut. Col., Field Artillery, U. S. A.  
Washington, D. C.

Mustard gas causes plenty of casualties but few soldiers are killed or permanently disabled by it.—ED.

Guard your Hair today against



Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

NOTHING HELPS to put you "on top of the world" as much as a weekend by the sea—sun-tanning on the beach, cutting a streak through the waves or gulping in lungfuls of salt air! But just look what happens to your hair—*sun-baked* until it's brittle; *water-drenched* until all your natural hair oils are soaked away.

But if you're wise, you'll go right after Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Apply Vitalis to the scalp and rub briskly. Feel the pleasant tingling as circulation awakens. Your hair loses its "stringy", sun-cooked appearance—looks richer, more lustrous. Then the pure vegetable oils in Vitalis go to the aid of the natural scalp oil. Your hair is easier to comb, easier to manage—without that awful "patent-leather" shine.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug-gist's today. Use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" *daily*. Have hair that's healthier, more handsome—the kind of hair that is sure to win the admiration and respect of men, and women especially.



**1 50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



**2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Your hair has a lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

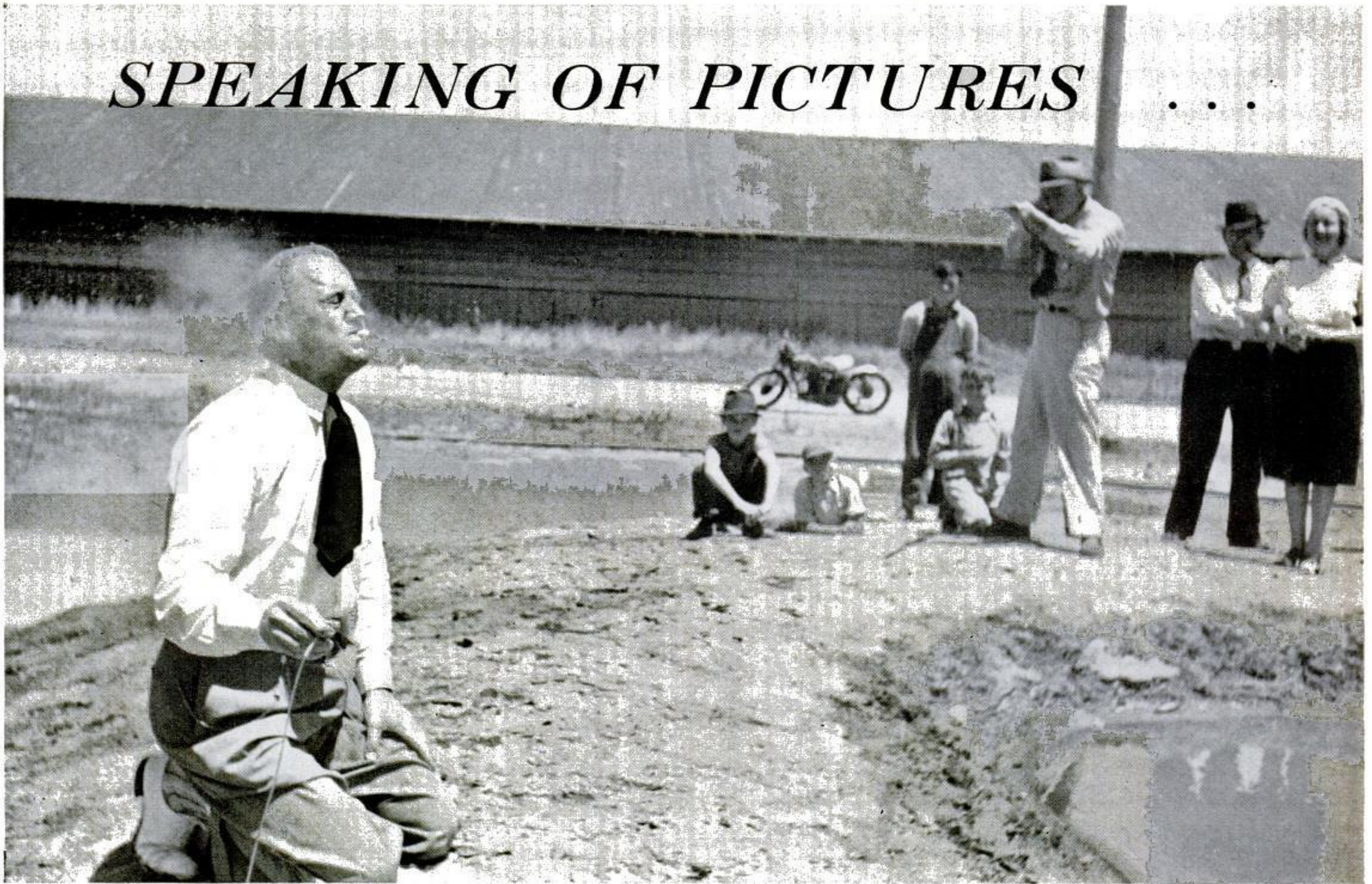
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary, individual Seal-tubes. Next time you go to your barber's, insist on Vitalis Seal-tubes.

**VITALIS**

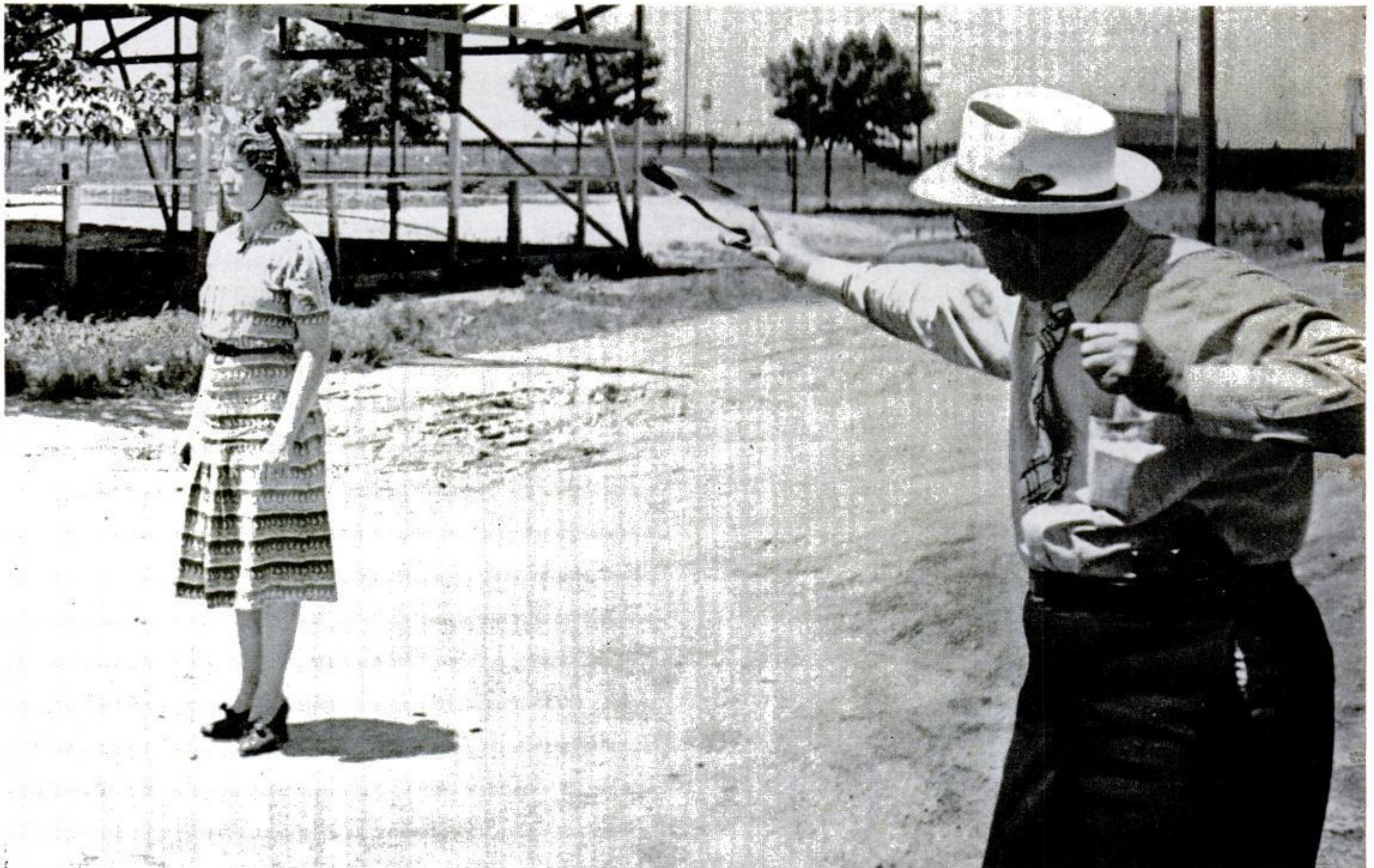
HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!



# *SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .*



BY PRESSING THE CABLE RELEASE WHICH HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND, GEORGE TUCKER TOOK THIS PICTURE OF L.L. CLINE SHOOTING A PIECE OF CHALK OUT OF HIS MOUTH



DAVID DUDLAH, STYLED THE WORLD'S SLINGSHOT CHAMPION, EXTINGUISHED THREE LIGHTED BULBS STRAPPED TO HIS WIFE'S HEAD, WITH A SINGLE WELL-AIMED SHOT



# ... AMARILLO SEES PRODIGIOUS FEATS OF MARKSMANSHIP

Shown here are self-styled bow-and-arrow, slingshot and horseshoe-pitching champions of the U. S. On June 27 they descended upon Amarillo, Tex., for the first Sportsmen's Show that the Panhandle has ever seen. Arranged by Gene Howe, publisher of the *Amarillo News-Globe* and the Grover Whalen of northwestern Texas, the Show ran through July 2, drew 12,000 spectators.

L. L. Cline, president of the Texas Rifle Association, put the crowd on edge when he mashed a potato in mid-air with a .22 automatic (*right*), next shot a small piece of chalk out of the mouth of George Tucker, local theater manager, who took the pictures on these pages, including the one at left in which he served as a target for Cline. Ted Allen of Denver, champion horseshoe pitcher, ringed the stake by tossing a shoe through the narrow loop formed by the outstretched hands of a girl (*below*). Next, David Dudlah of Memphis proceeded to shoot rocks instead of the usual ball bearings from his sling, to put out three electric lights strapped to his wife's head (*opposite page*) and smash a clay target in mid-air (*p. 6*).

Another highlight of the show was provided by Ken Wilhelm, bow-and-arrow champion, who runs a filling station in Yermo, Calif. Calmly Wilhelm shot an apple off a woman's head from a distance of 40 ft. and speared a disk that had been hurled into the air (*p. 6*). Back home Wilhelm hunts game in a specially built car that runs over canyons and gullies like a tank. For shooting birds and small reptiles, he blows 6-in. feathered darts with broadheads as sharp as razors through a 5-ft. copper blow gun.

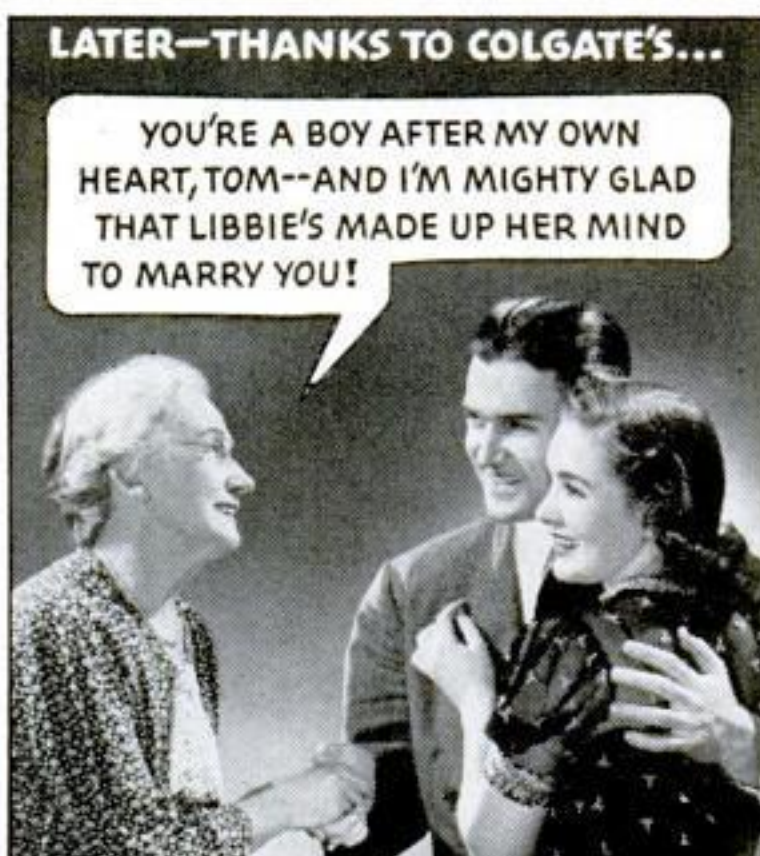
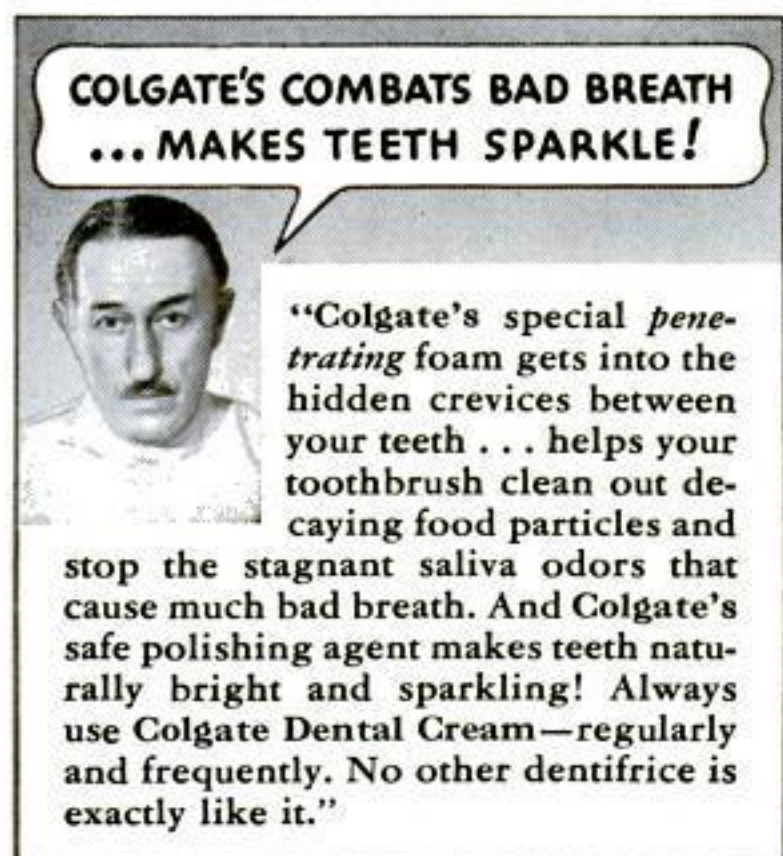
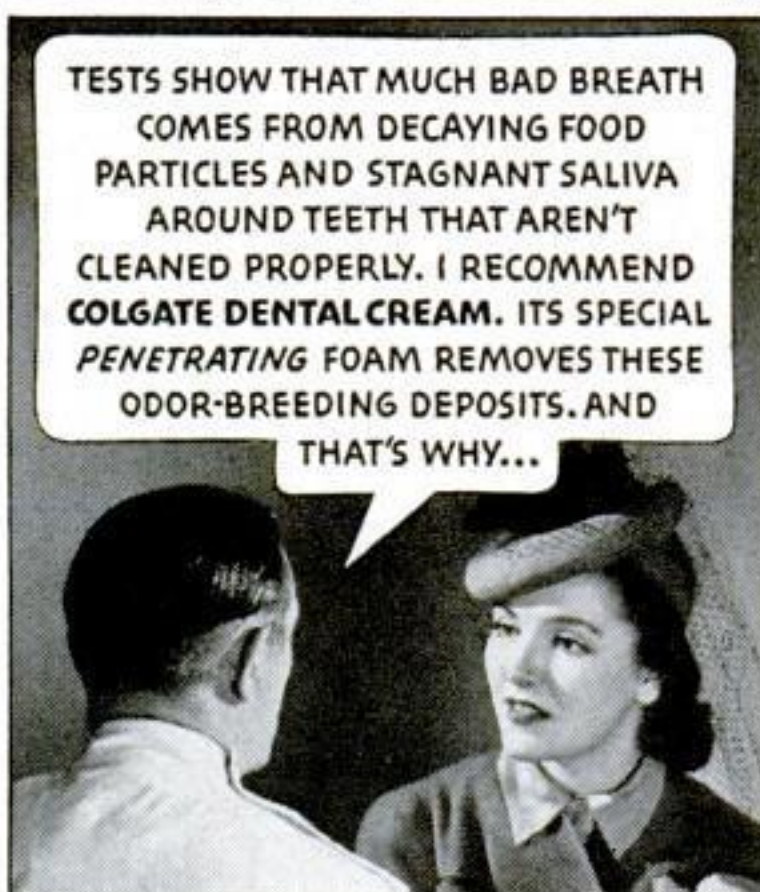
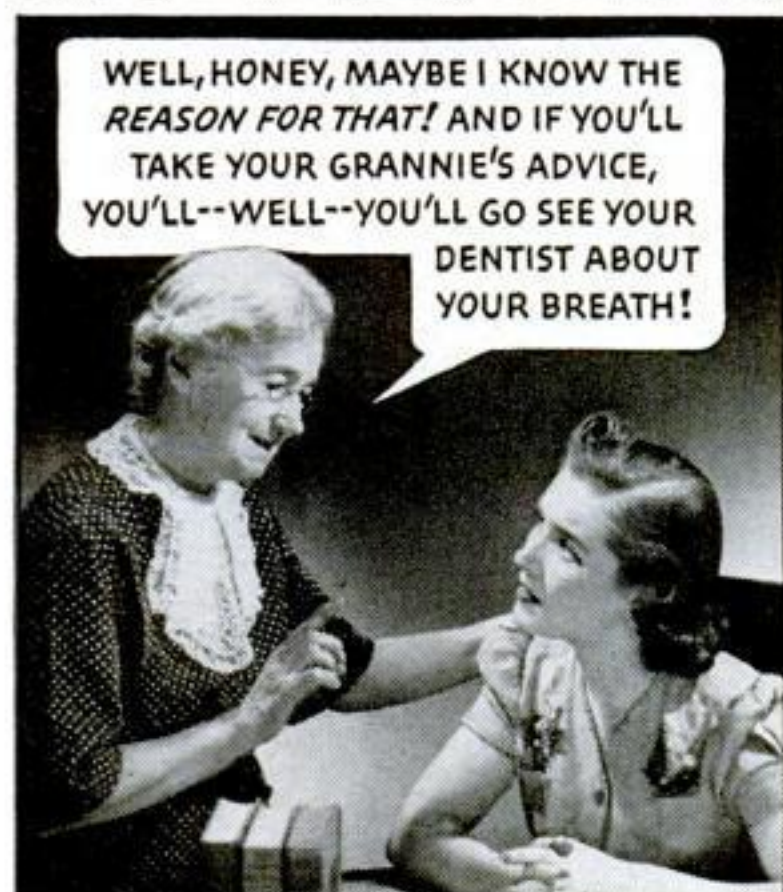


A HOLLOW-NOSED BULLET FROM L. L. CLINE'S RIFLE SPATTERS A POTATO ACROSS THE SKY



TO GET THIS ACTION SHOT, THE PHOTOGRAPHER LAY WITHIN 3 FT. OF THE STAKE AS TED ALLEN RINGED IT BY PITCHING A HORSESHOE THROUGH THE ARMS OF A GIRL





## SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



"William Tell" of the show was Ken Wilhelm, who speared disks thrown into the air with an arrow. He can bag more wild fowl with his hunting bow than with a shotgun.



David Dudlah broke clay targets in flight with a rock from his slingshot. Photographer showed rare speed in taking these shots the moment the action took place.



# THE MIRACLE OF JOHN MacMONUS



**FROM BAD . . .** Just look at his hair. Dry as a bone. Wild as a wolf . . . A morning of golf. The hot drying sun. No wonder!



**TO WORSE . . .** After a swim, look at his hair. Matted. Coarse. Drier than ever. That's what water does to hair.



**THEN PRESTO! . . .** Use Kreml and cheer! Gone is dryness, gumminess. Hair feels fine as silk. Looks lustrous. Gentle as a lamb to comb.

After every exposure to water, sun, wind, dust or sand—use Kreml.

This wonderful tonic-dressing replaces lost oils, leaves hair lustrous and easy to comb—the scalp feeling refreshed.

Removes dandruff scales. Checks excessive falling hair.

Women say Kreml puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier, last longer.

Ask for Kreml at drug stores and barber shops.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage.

## KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES  
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR  
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

# LIFE'S PICTURES



Hedley Metcalf, 36, who took the pictures of Ireland (pp. 56-63), is an Australian newspaperman who turned photographer after a trip through the Dutch East Indies eight years ago. He became staff photographer for the Singapore *Straits Times* and *Melbourne Herald*. Last year he moved to London, began photographing the Old World for Pictorial Press. In Ireland, his hardest job was getting a plane to get an air view of the village of Quin. One of the Clunes of Quin told him that 200 Clunes had emigrated to America.

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74—T. EUR.  
76—DAVID E. SCHERMAN

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# EIGHT-YEAR BRIDE

## gets gift she missed on wedding day

Like many a girl who married in 1931, this bride started in on love and hopes. No stately strains of Lohengrin for her—no handsome wedding checks. Even



"—we were married in 1931"

housekeeping luxuries were strictly taboo.

"But I was wrong when I called sterling silver a *luxury*," she says today, ruefully.

"Even for our modest entertaining, sterling is almost a must—and if I'd known then what I know now, I could have been enjoying it long ago."

She pointed proudly to her anniversary gift of International Sterling which lay gleaming on her table.

"I'm getting twice the kick out of this I'd get from any other anniversary present," she admitted happily. "And it's really costing me *less*. I had always

thought International Sterling was terrifically expensive—probably because it's *the* sterling.

"But here we are buying our whole lovely International service on the easiest kind of Budget Plan. It's wonderful to have it at last. And my advice to brides is, don't wait. Enjoy your sterling from the start!"

P. S. to brides and wives. Are you still



"—we got our best wedding gift today"

on a shoe-string budget? Jewelers offer many plans for acquiring a service in International Sterling easily. Ask about them—and look at the many lovely designs International Sterling presents this year. Four are shown below.

## INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Master Craftsmen for Five Generations.\*



This is **Prelude**—a new pattern, handsomely and delicately rose-carved.



This is **Enchantress**—simple and charming, always in excellent taste.



This is **1810**—faithfully Early American, even to the fiddle-back handle.



This is **Courtship**—a design loved for its simplicity and versatility.

\*Copr., International Silver Co.

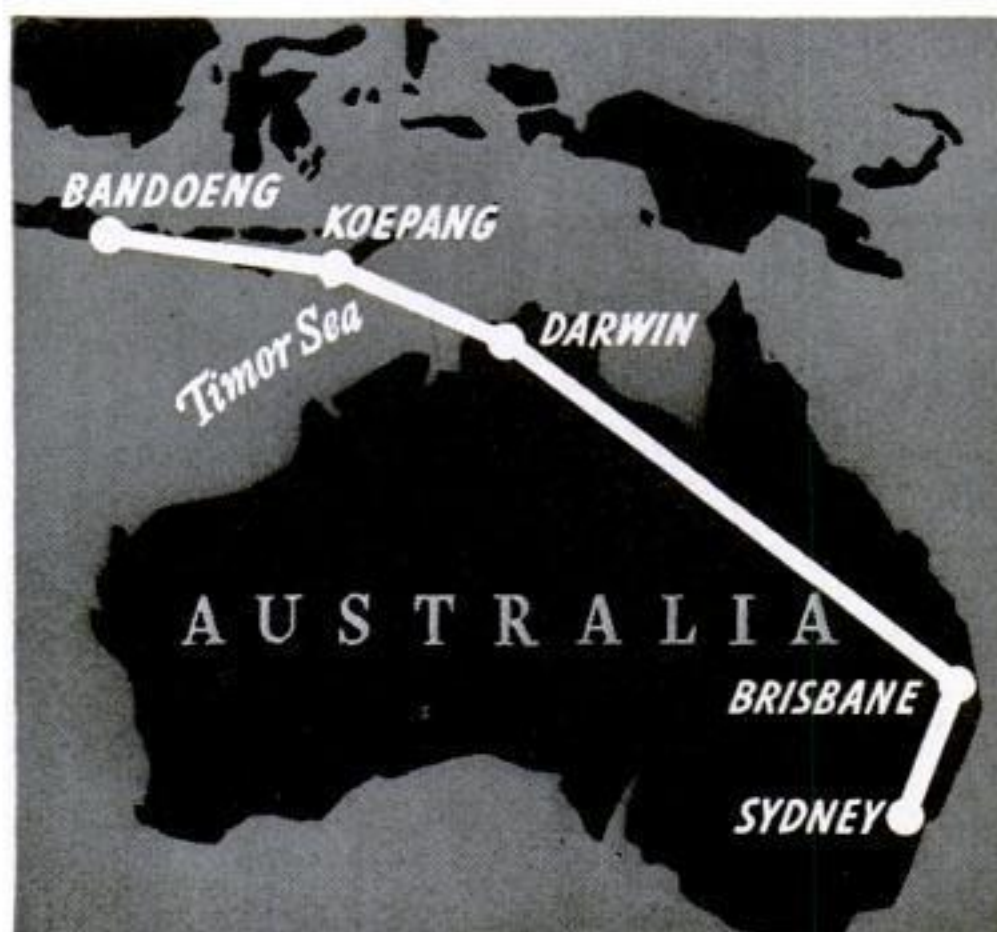


**AROUND THE  
WORLD WITH  
LOCKHEED  
NO. 2**

# Over Bali and the Timor Sea to Sydney



**MIRRORED IN TROPIC WATERS** is a luxurious Lockheed transport, flying a tri-weekly schedule from colorful Bandoeng in Java to Sydney, Australia...over famed Bali and many other romantic tropical islands in the Dutch East Indies...across the picturesque Timor Sea...above thatched houses of aborigines.

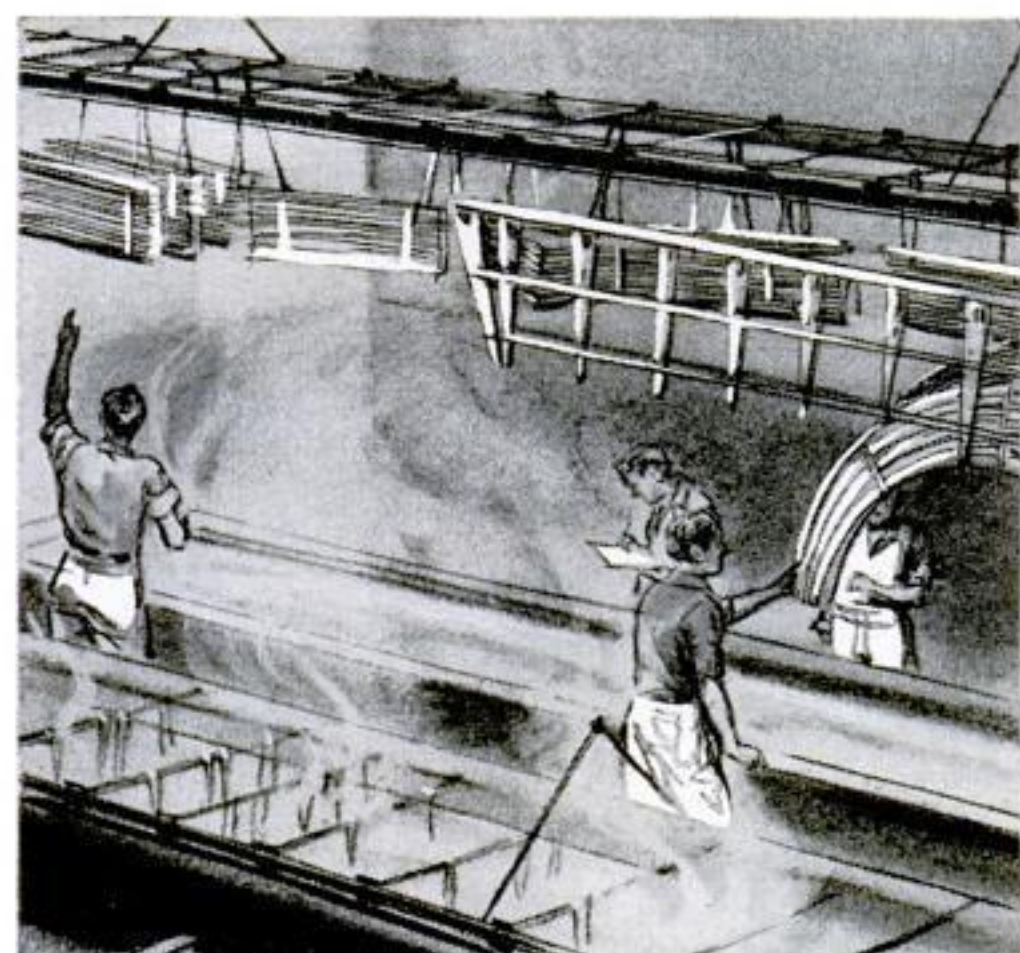


**THIS 3,898 MILE ROUTE** is the last leg of a faster (2½ days) service from Amsterdam being established by Royal Dutch Airlines. This oldest of world airlines operates in many parts of the globe...connects Amsterdam with principal European cities, also flies Lockheed airplanes on several South American routes.

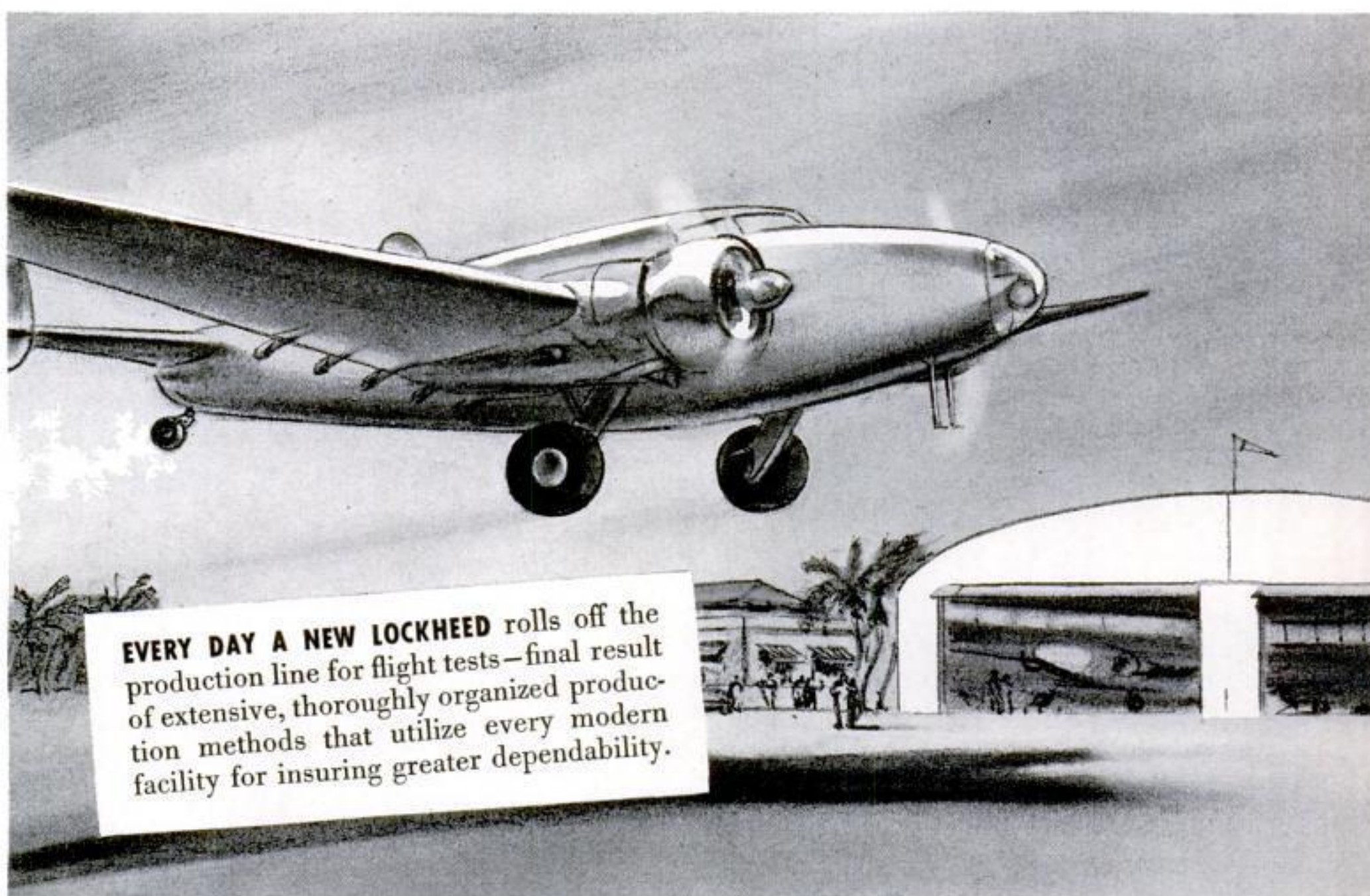


**ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES**, characteristic of the Netherlands, is noted for the meticulous care with which it is manned, equipped, serviced and operated. American passengers feel it a tribute to U. S. aviation that Lockheed airplanes are chosen...a choice based on the longest experience in air transportation.

## ...why the World's Oldest Airline chooses Lockheed



**PERFORMANCE WITH DEPENDABILITY** is imperative with leading operators like Royal Dutch Airlines...and Lockheed's modern, large scale manufacturing permits construction geared to the operation problems created by climate, geography and facilities. For example, Lockheed's standard anodic process (above) protects against corrosion...is just one of many technical advances employed by Lockheed.



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**LIFE'S COVER:** The agreeable young woman on LIFE's cover is Clara Lou Sheridan who, under her Hollywood name of Ann Sheridan, is currently the most widely publicized actress in the world. Clara Lou Sheridan is 24 years old. She likes horseback riding, aquaplaning and potatoes, wears an opal ring, has read Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and Woolcott's *While Rome Burns*, fears policemen and owns neither a boat nor a beach house. For further pictures of, and facts about, Ann Sheridan see "America's Oomph Girl" by Noel F. Busch, on page 64.

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**THEY CALL ME BEAUTIFUL BUT NUMB!**

NEVER MIND, SIS, WHAT PEOPLE SAY! ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE MORE ZIP AND ZEST. AND THAT REMINDS ME, I'LL BET YOU DON'T GET YOUR VITAMINS!

WELL, I EAT SPINACH AND THINGS

BUT YOU MAY NOT BE GETTING ALL THE VITAMINS YOU NEED! THERE'S A GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED **KELLOGG'S PEP** THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, **B<sub>1</sub>** AND **D**. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

BREAKFAST NEXT DAY

SAY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SO CRISP AND DELICIOUS. I COULD GO FOR **PEP** JUST FOR THAT FLAVOR ALONE

IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT **KELLOGG'S PEP**! IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL — CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS **B<sub>1</sub>** AND **D**. GET **PEP** AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

**Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!\***

\*Pep contains vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B<sub>1</sub>, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.



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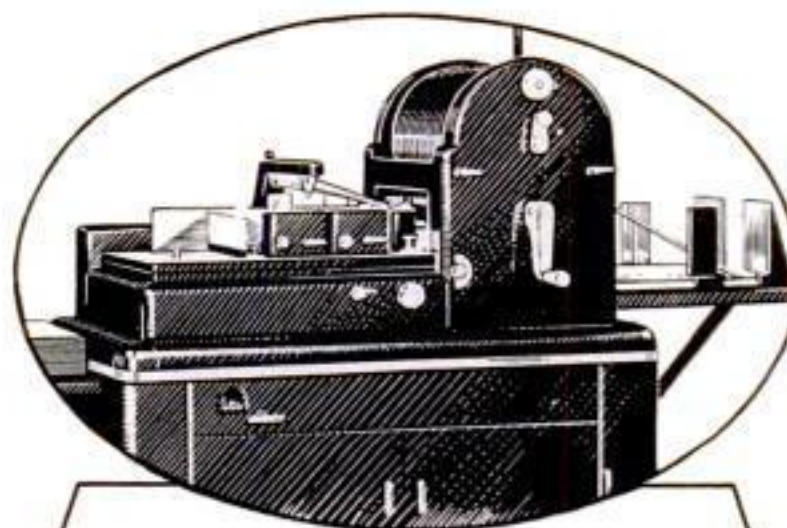
## HE'S THE MAN-WITH-AN-IDEA-TO-BE-DUPLICATED . .

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*Moral for Men-with-the-Idea:* Don't be penny-wise and idea-foolish. Don't ruin a \$100 idea for a couple of cents. A. B. DICK COMPANY, CHICAGO.



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MINNEAPOLIS POLICEMEN ESCORT AN INJURED WPA NON-STRIKER THROUGH A CROWD OF TRUCULENT, INTIMIDATING STRIKERS. ONE POLICEMAN DIED IN ENSUING BRAWL

## RELIEFERS LED BY LABOR UNIONS STRIKE AGAINST UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT



ARMORED POLICE CARS FIRE TEAR GAS

Out of a WPA sewing-project building in Minneapolis on the afternoon of July 10 marched several hundred WPA workers, mostly women, surrounded by 30 traffic patrolmen. The police were there to protect them from a thousand other hissing, booing WPA workers who had walked out in an American Federation of Labor-led strike (LIFE, July 17) because the new Federal Relief Act requires all WPA employees to work 130 hours per month. The mob surged through the police lines, began pelting the non-strikers with sticks, stones, broken glass. As an injured non-striker was being escorted away (*above*), several mobsters attacked the police. One patrolman went down under half a dozen pairs of flying fists. Two hours later, of a heart attack brought on by the excitement and beating, he died.

Tempers grew uglier in Minneapolis as flying squadrons of pickets roved the city, heckling non-strikers on other WPA projects. On July 14, a mob of 4,000 strikers again milled outside the sewing-project building, where 212 women had bravely gone back to work. Police alleged the mobsters attacked with bullets and bricks. Police replied with tear gas (*left*), hand-to-hand fighting (*right*), guns. When the riot was over, one man lay dead, a score were injured. All WPA projects in Minneapolis were ordered closed.

Such was last week's most shocking demonstration yet in the nation-wide Relievers' strike against the United States Government.



POLICEMAN LOSES SHIRT IN FIGHT



# PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "YOU CANNOT STRIKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT"



In contrast to the riot and bloodshed in Minneapolis, most WPA strikers elsewhere in the nation last week contented themselves with picket lines, heckling, mass meetings. Several hundred of Chicago's 2,500 WPA strikers picketed the Stevens Hotel as WPA Administrator Harrington and his State Administrators met July 12-13 to discuss enforcement of the new Relief Act. In San Francisco, 4,000 WPAers marched to City Hall for a protest demonstration. In Detroit, 28,000 gave up \$62,700 pay for a one-day strike-demonstration at City Hall, but all were back at work next day. Hardest-hit WPA project in New York City, where the strike started and centered, was the \$40,000,000 North Beach Airport, where a picket line helped keep away some 5,000 builders. In Akron, a supervisor ordered work stopped when 1,000 idlers, part of 6,000 who joined a half-day demonstration, swarmed on a bridge under repair and heckled non-strikers. In Springfield, Mo., Workers' Alliance demonstrators hanged in effigy three economy-minded Congressmen and the State Social Security Commissioner.

All in all, some 92,000 WPAers—mostly skilled craftsmen, mostly in the building trades, mostly members of A. F. of L. unions—had struck by July 15 for the "prevailing" (union) rates of hourly pay which they received until the new Relief

Act took effect. Also by July 15 some 20,000 of them found themselves getting no pay at all. On orders from Administrator Harrington, strikers who failed to show up for five days were sent "pink slips"—i.e., discharged (*see right*). For once, Relief and Labor protestants found themselves up against a firmly unsympathetic New Deal. At his press conference on July 15, President Roosevelt dared the displeasure of two of the nation's strongest pro-New Deal groups by cracking out with a Coolidgean edict: "You cannot strike against the Government."

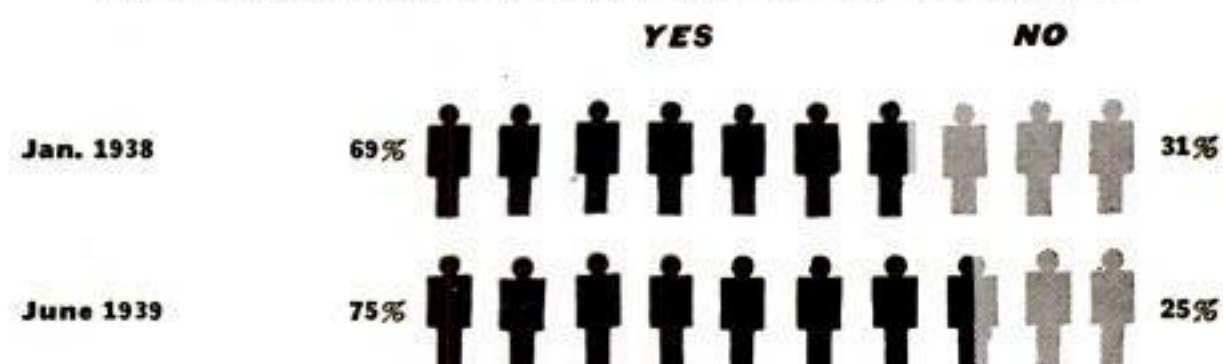
After this forthright declaration, some strikers showed signs of weakening. But A. F. of L. leaders, howling loud threats of political vengeance, proclaimed their intention to keep on until Congress reversed itself.

Meantime, for most citizens, the specific question of prevailing wages was overshadowed by the larger issue of Relief and its beneficiaries' rights and duties. Less than a decade has passed since President Herbert Hoover, echoed by most leaders of opinion in the land, was dwelling fearfully on the dreadful effects which "the dole" would have on national morale. In that brief time there has been a historic revolution in American thinking. This is demonstrated in the Gallup and FORTUNE polls at right. (Figures represent only those having

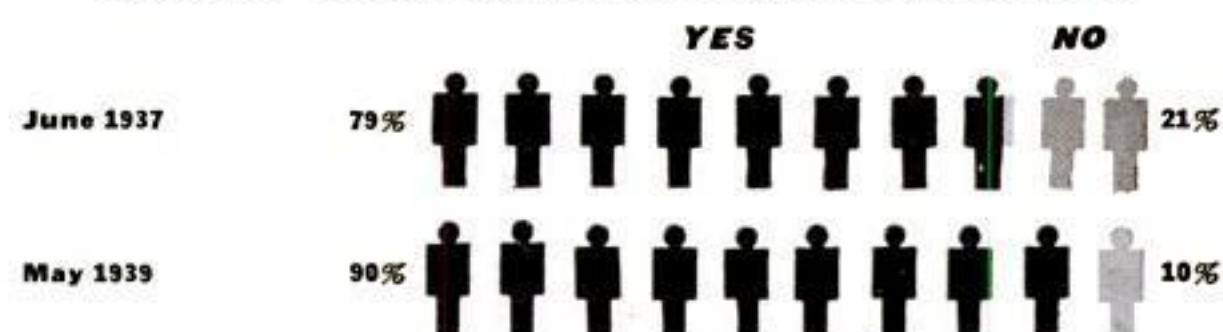


## Polls on Relief, 1936-39

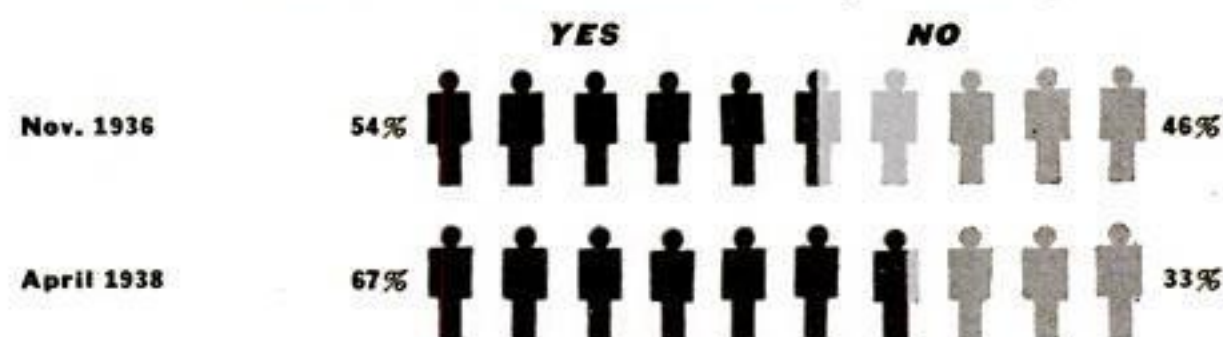
Should the Government support the needy unemployed?



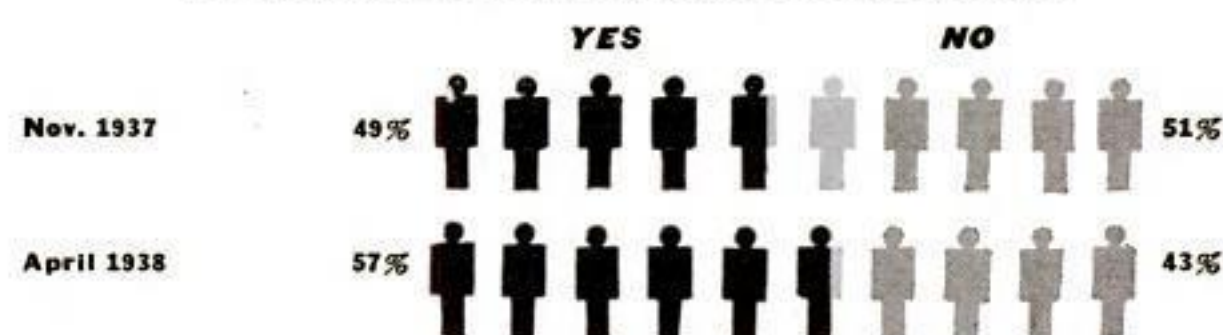
Should the Government give work instead of cash relief?



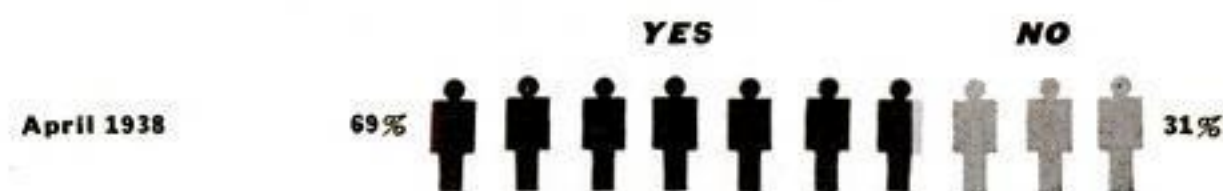
Will America have to continue relief permanently?



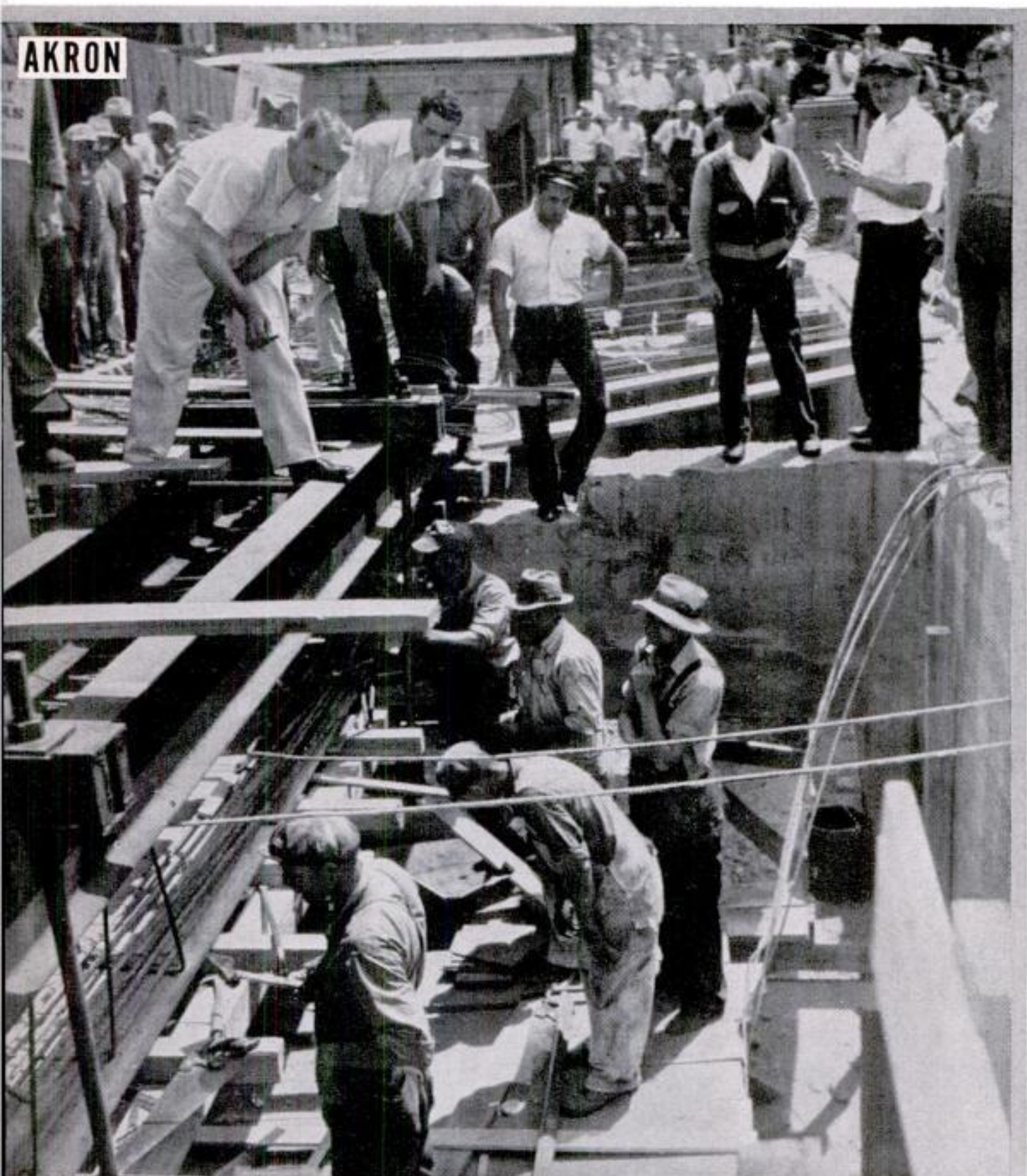
Is the Government spending too much on relief?



Are there any people on relief in your community who could get jobs in private industry if they tried?



Does politics influence relief in your locality?



opinions on questions asked, eliminating "don't know" and "undecided" answers.) No intelligent citizen any longer thinks that all of the unemployed are bums who won't work and should be left to starve. The majority of the American people now unquestioningly accept both the necessity and probable permanence of Relief, believe overwhelmingly that the Government should give the unemployed jobs instead of cash. But that by no means signifies that taxpaying citizens are satisfied with Relief-as-it-is.

The new Federal Relief Act is designed to 1) save money 2) stop shirking and chiseling on Relief. The 130-hour clause is partly aimed to stop the practice of skilled craftsmen who, earning their WPA pay in 42 to 56 hours per month at union hourly rates, went out and got private jobs the rest of the time. The clause requiring discharge of those who have been on WPA rolls for 18 months, which will shortly cost 650,000 WPAers their jobs, is aimed not only at economy but also to spur longtime Relievers to hunting private jobs. The WPA strikers and their backers would do well to note the polls which show that it is on these points of economy and shirking-chiseling, as well as of political malfeasance, that the American people are most dissatisfied with current Relief.

WPA Form 403  
Revised 8-15-35

### NOTICE OF TERMINATION OF EMPLOYMENT

Name Doe, John Identification No. 481142-R  
 Address 100 W. 315th St. Case No. \_\_\_\_\_ Date 7-12-39  
Man. Sex M Race \_\_\_\_\_ Certified ☒ Noncertified ☐  
 Now working as Carpenter Gr. 3 \$85.20 120 hrs. (Title of occupation)  
 at North Beach Airport (Location of project)  
 Effective CLOSE OF BUSINESS ☐ A. M. ☐ P. M. on Wednesday, July 12, 1939 your (Day of week and date)  
 employment will be terminated from Project No. 165-97-6092 for the following reason:  
Failure to Report for Work  
 Last day worked 6-29-39  
 Last pay check \$12.25

5  
WPA-403  
TO WORKER

Albert Smith Timekeeper  
 (Signature of person issuing order)  
 Approved by Albert Smith Title Gr. Lab. Foreman  
 (Signature)

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 410-4101

20,000 OF WPA'S FAMOUS "PINK SLIPS" WENT OUT TO STRIKERS



# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

## New Deal takes McNutt into camp; England flaunts air power; Governor finds sin in New York

A New York *World-Telegram* headline of July 12, SAYS SON "COULD STAND 3RD TERM"

left no reader in doubt about whose son was meant. Not only Mother Roosevelt (who announced on arriving in France that as far as his health is concerned the President "could stand another term very well") but almost everybody else in the country seemed to be absorbed in speculating on the question of: Will he or won't he? Chances are that the speculation is futile, for the best guess remains that Franklin Roosevelt has not yet made up his own mind and will not until he sees better how the land lies and the winds are blowing for 1940.

But it is hard to believe that the President does not have 1940 very much on his mind. Washington correspondents' eyebrows shot up, and stayed up, when they trooped into the President's press conference on July 11 and heard him announce with perfectly straight face that his appointment day before of Indiana's Paul Vories McNutt to the new, high post of Federal Security Administrator had no political implications whatever. As for Mr. McNutt's open and active Presidential aspirations, President Roosevelt airily observed that he was only one of a dozen charming young men whose friends were booming them for President out in the sticks. They couldn't very well help what their friends did, could they?

Two interpretations of the McNutt appointment: 1) President Roosevelt has chosen McNutt as his



MCNUTT

successor and given him the Security post for a build-up 2) President Roosevelt has capably headed off the McNutt candidacy by putting him on a spot where he cannot loyally seek the Presidential nomination until his chief decides whether or not he himself wants it. Hardest hit by the appointment of the ex-Indiana Governor to administer Social Security, National Youth Administration, CCC, Public Health Service, U. S. Office of Education, U. S. Film Service and Radio Division, U. S. Employment Service and the American Printing House for the Blind were the President's own inner circle of New Deal advisers, to whom the appointment came as a complete surprise. To them, platinum-haired, super-handsome Mr. McNutt, as a thoroughly hard-boiled politician with a bad Labor record, is anathema. Now they saw him taking command of what they regard as the very heart of the New Deal. Wrote Columnist Raymond Clapper, warm friend of the New Deal and New Dealers: "They may come out of it, but just now, in the depths of their discouragement, the New Dealers think the New Deal is finished."

**Power Politics.** It was Britain's turn last week to act tough. "For practice," 150 British bombers flew from the Midlands 1,200 miles over France and back. British newspapers pointed out that the same arc would reach Berlin or Milan. "Coarse threats," replied the German press. Some 12,000 British Navy reservists and 130 ships of the reserve fleet were readied for a grand review and possible crisis in August. This year's rearmament outlay was raised to \$1,100,000,000. Meanwhile the Nazi German hierarchy ostentatiously went off on vacations.

But something strange was up in Italy. The Italian Ambassador to Britain, Dino Grandi, was called home to become Minister of Justice and the Tyrolean province of Bolzano was completely shut off from foreigners by the Italian police. German troop movements through Trieste to Italian Libya led to rumors that Germany had rented Trieste for ten years. An Italian newspaper for the first time announced that Malta, the great British naval base, belongs to Italy and that Gibraltar belongs to Spain. Foreign Minister Ciano sailed to Spain to get Generalissimo Franco into the Rome-Berlin Axis.



GRANDI

**Big City Evils.** A month ago Governor Luren D. Dickinson of Michigan, 80-year-old Methodist Sunday School teacher and prohibitionist, who prays in his office, attended the Conference of Governors at Albany, Hyde Park and New York. The women in his party included his 25-year-old granddaughter, a woman secretary and the bride of his chauffeur. Shocked by what he saw, he last week issued a statement warning "mothers and daughters of the dangerous proximity to a hellish brink for unprotected girls in anything smattering of high life." Excerpts: "Fascinations, brilliance, high-life customs, bewildering surroundings, being paired with or alone with strangers at glowing public functions with unlimited flow of liquor, with dance halls and drinking tables, richly dressed and sweet-voiced hosts and uniformed waiters urging visitors, including these girls, to drink—thank God our girls came home unsullied and never will know how near the brink they were!"



DICKINSON

"Less than ten feet away from one of our party was a charming little girl in her sweet innocence, by high-life rules paired at a table with a young man with a wife and children at home. All aglow in her youthful innocent glee she unfolded plans made to pair with him at each following public function, with an added trip at New York to visit a friend of his, to take her through the highways, byways, hellish beckonings at every turn, through similar routes from which thousands like her never return.

"Pure and unmindful of devilish designs, is it strange that this young girl quickly assented to the proposal of this gallant Lothario to hie themselves away from her protectors all by themselves in the dance hall? Yes, all alone with an utter stranger with liquor supplies and adjacent rooms for retreat.

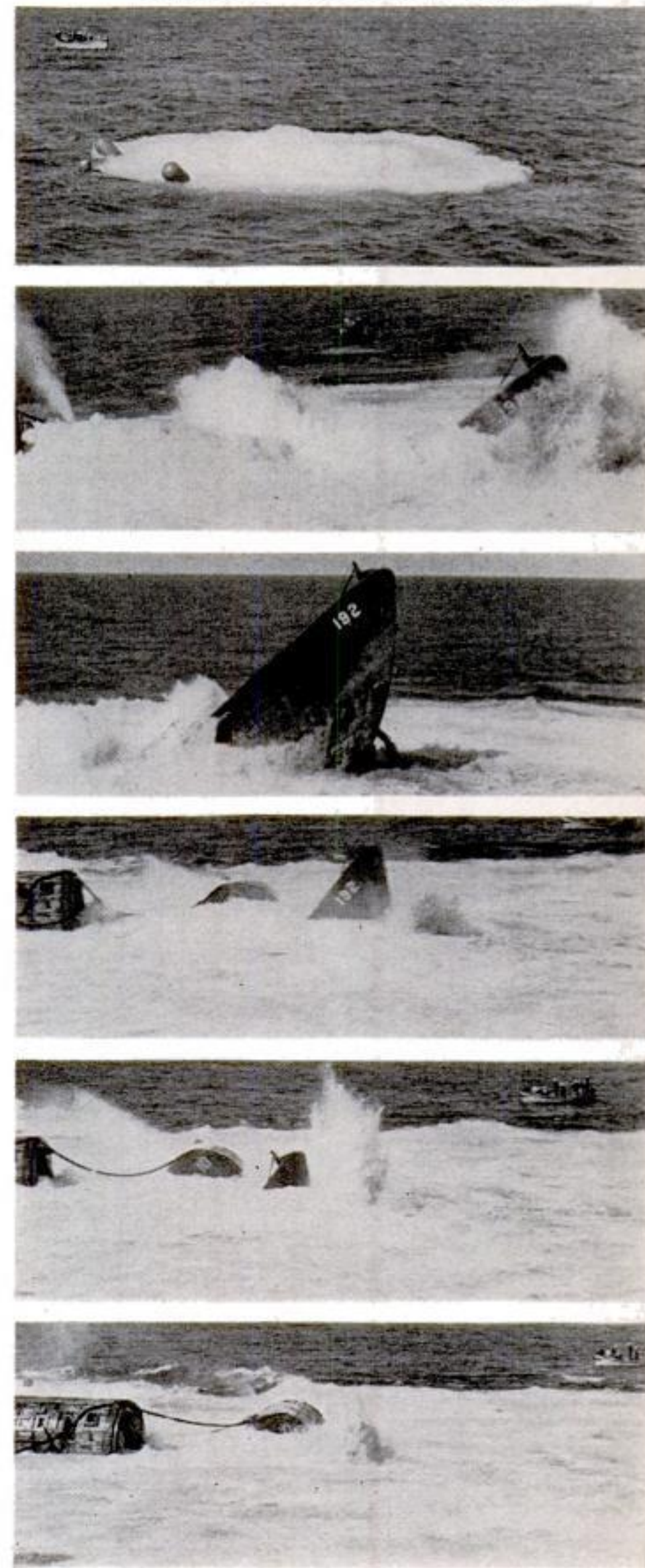
"What a setting for a libertine to accomplish the ruination of that girl, probably persuading her to take her first drink; dizzily, dreamily moving over the dance floor in the embrace of this suspected brute with liquors working on the passions of both.

"What was to be the fate of this young girl? Was he a procurer for a high-class brothel and was there a madame near for him to turn her over to after he had accomplished her ruin? God only knows."

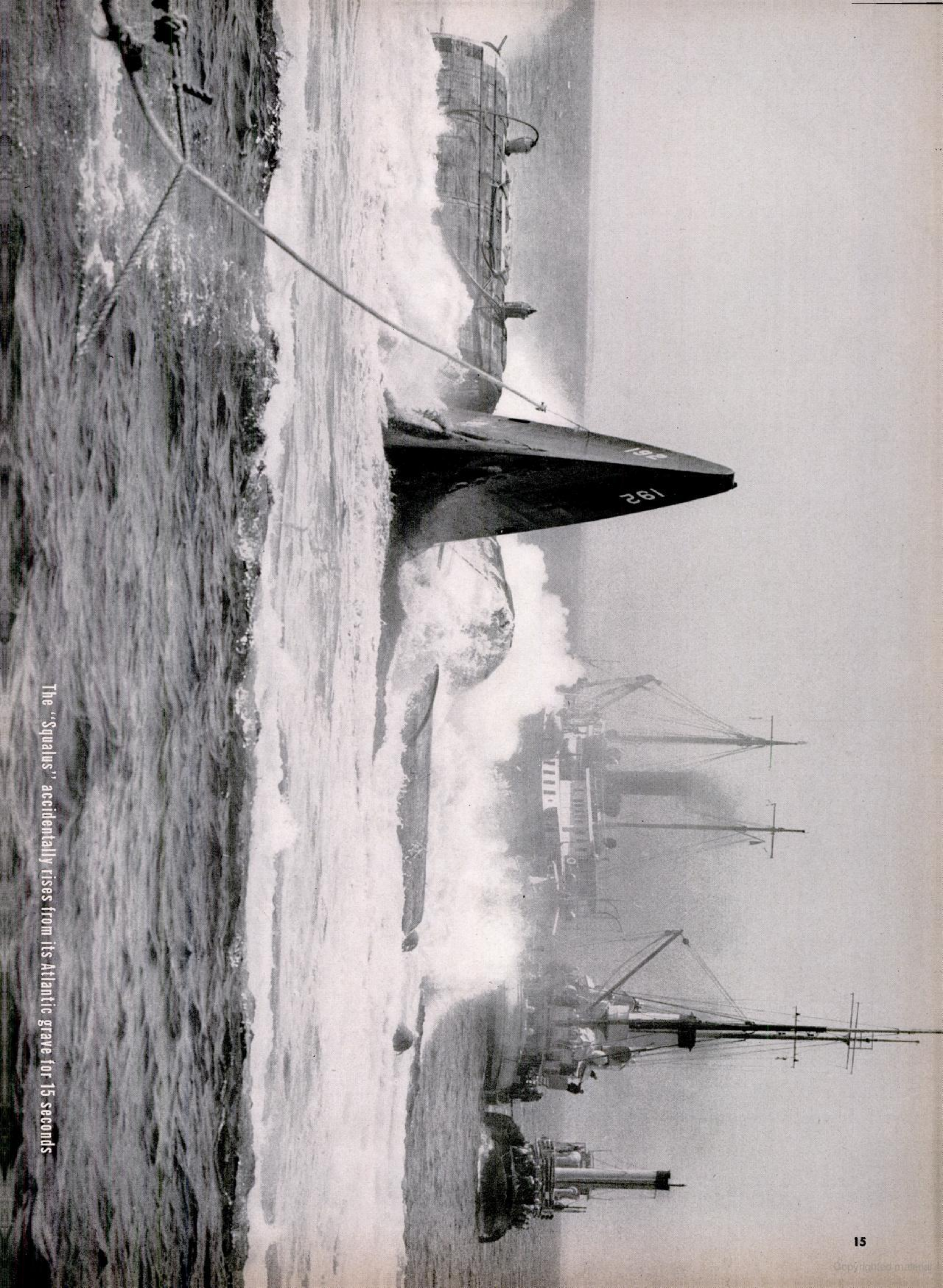
### PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On July 13, seven weeks after the Navy began salvage operations, the bow of the sunken *Squalus* suddenly shot up out of the Atlantic with explosive force off Portsmouth, N. H. As the movie stills from *Paramount News* show (below), a warning blister of foam appeared on the sea and two of the seven air-filled pontoons that were raising the submarine accidentally broke to the surface. Then the *Squalus*' bow suddenly appeared, rearing 34 ft. in the air. For a moment the bow and pontoons looked like a great whale thrashing in the ocean (see opposite page). Then, as a geyser of water shot up and the pontoons tossed crazily, the sub slid back to the bottom, 240 ft. below. Undaunted, the Navy began salvage work anew. Originally they had planned to raise the *Squalus* 85 ft., tow her to shallower water, then repeat maneuver. But this time 14,000 ft. of snarled cables, wires, hawsers and air lines, plus the probability that the stern now rests 30 ft. deep in mud, made divers fear that their task will be still more difficult.

### "SQUALUS" RISES AND SINKS







The "Squalus" accidentally rises from its Atlantic grave for 15 seconds





THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN OF SECRETARY SWANSON PAUSES FOR TAPS IN THE PORTICO OF UNION STATION. STARRED ENSIGN ABOVE IS THE FLAG OF HIS OFFICE



CLAUDE SWANSON LIES IN STATE IN FUNERAL PARLOR

## THE NAVY SOUNDS TAPS FOR SECRETARY SWANSON

In Washington on July 10 the full honors of a state funeral were accorded to Claude A. Swanson, able and popular Secretary of the Navy who had died after a long illness in his 78th year. For three days he had lain in state (*inset*). On the morning of the 10th, his flag-mantled coffin was borne up the Capitol steps to the Senate Chamber's well where Episcopal services were conducted by chaplains of Senate and House. Drawn by six white horses, preceded by two battalions of sailors and marines his caisson rolled to Union Station. A trumpeter sounded taps

in the portico (*above*). That night Claude Swanson lay beside the body of his first wife in a Doric vault overlooking the James River at Richmond.

As a Virginia Senator from 1910 to 1933, Claude Swanson was the Navy's best friend in Congress. As Secretary he brought Navy efficiency, equipment and morale to a post-War peak. Chief candidates for his Cabinet chair: Acting Secretary Charles Edison; Admiral William Leahy, Governor-designate of Puerto Rico; Governor Lloyd Stark of Missouri, Annapolis graduate and Democratic White House hopeful.



# JAPANESE STRIP BRITONS AT TIENTSIN

These pictures show some of the "intolerable" twists which the Japanese have been making in the tail of the British lion as their "strip-tease" blockade of the British Concession in Tientsin continued into its fourth week. They are the most revealing photographs that Japanese Army commanders have allowed any foreigner to make.

With the Concession isolated by electrified fences, Japanese sentries have stripped, searched and prodded British citizens and Chinese in their employ, in full view of tittering coolie crowds. Last week in Tokyo, on the eve of diplomatic parleys about Tientsin, 5,000 Japanese hurled stones at the British Embassy and left a wreath saying "Britain is dead," in one of the bitterest anti-foreign outbursts in the history of Japan.

As the Japanese added insult to injury, white men were beginning to wonder whether the little yellow men should not be ordered to halt. No single move was more calculated to make white men see red than the public undressing of white women by Japanese soldiers. "British prestige," said the *Manchester Guardian*, "is a vital interest on which more depends than a pair of trousers, and we have already reached a point when too much caution may defeat its purpose."

In the U.S., experts pointed out that Japan would be playing with fire if, having maimed British power at Tientsin, it should next attempt to destroy the more important International Settlement at Shanghai, where 4,000 Americans live, 1,000 marines are stationed, and some 10,000,000 American dollars are invested.

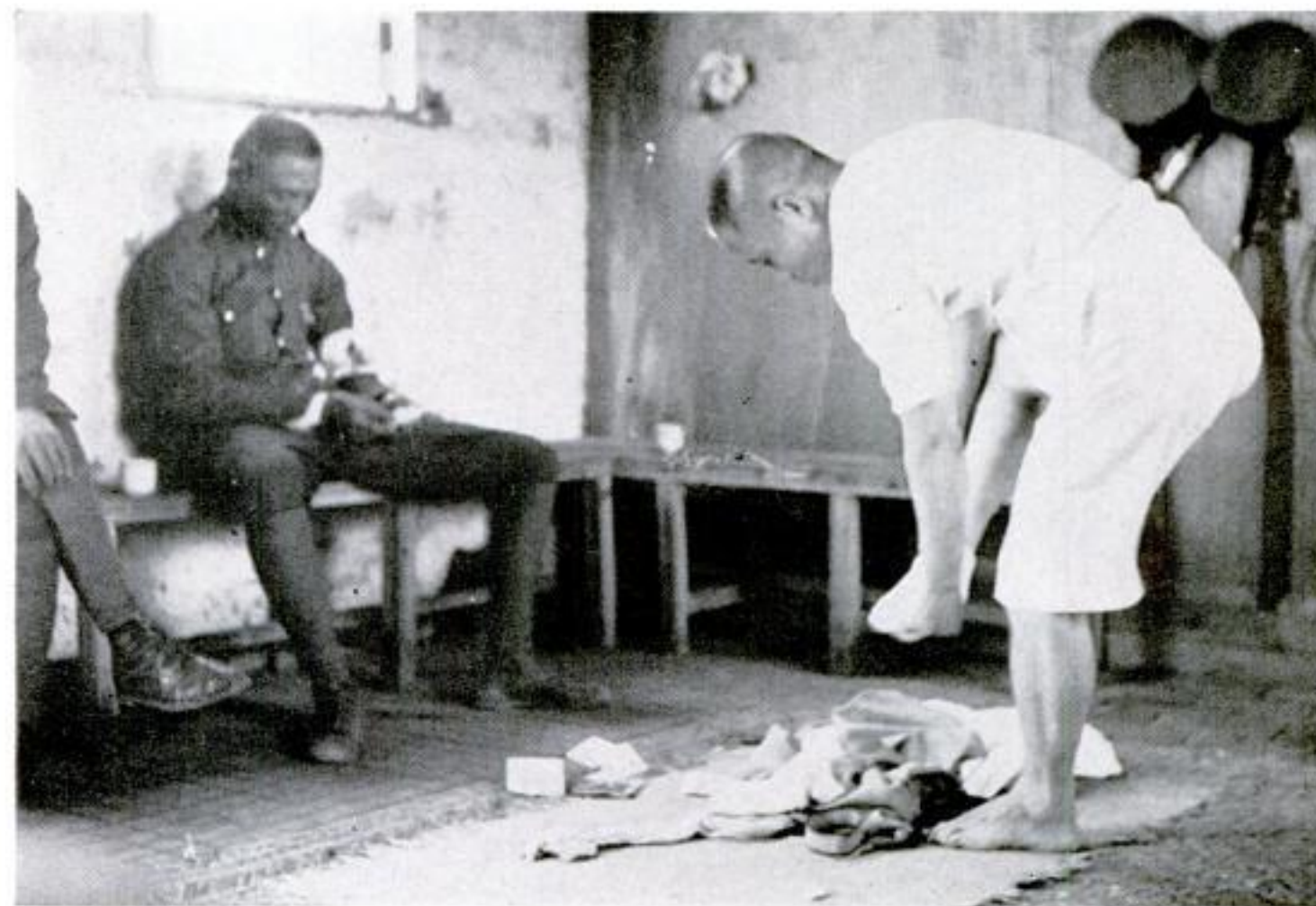
Writing in *Amerasia* Julean Arnold, U. S. Commercial Attaché in China, prophesied: "The longer we delay taking positive action in the Far East, the more difficult will become the task." In the *Nation*, Nathaniel Peffer warned: "The Japanese Army has tasted the sweets of power over Occidentals, and after its fashion will hunger for more. The Japanese must be informed now... that the International Settlement at Shanghai is international."



CHINESE POLICEWOMEN, UNDER JAPANESE CONTROL, SEARCH FEMALE VISITORS



Lines of Chinese stood patiently for hours between barbed-wire fences before they were let out of Concession by Japanese sentries who searched them for arms and anti-Japanese tracts.



Forced to strip in a Japanese guardhouse, a Chinese coolie who wanted to enter Concession removes his coat, then his shoes. A minimum of food is allowed into Concession each day.



Mutual suspicion characterizes the expressions of this British citizen and the Japanese sentry examining his papers. In Tientsin there are 1,500 British citizens, 12,000 miles from home.



First victim to die on electrified wire fence around the British Concession was this Chinese grocery boy attempting to deliver supplies inside. The next victim was a stray dog.



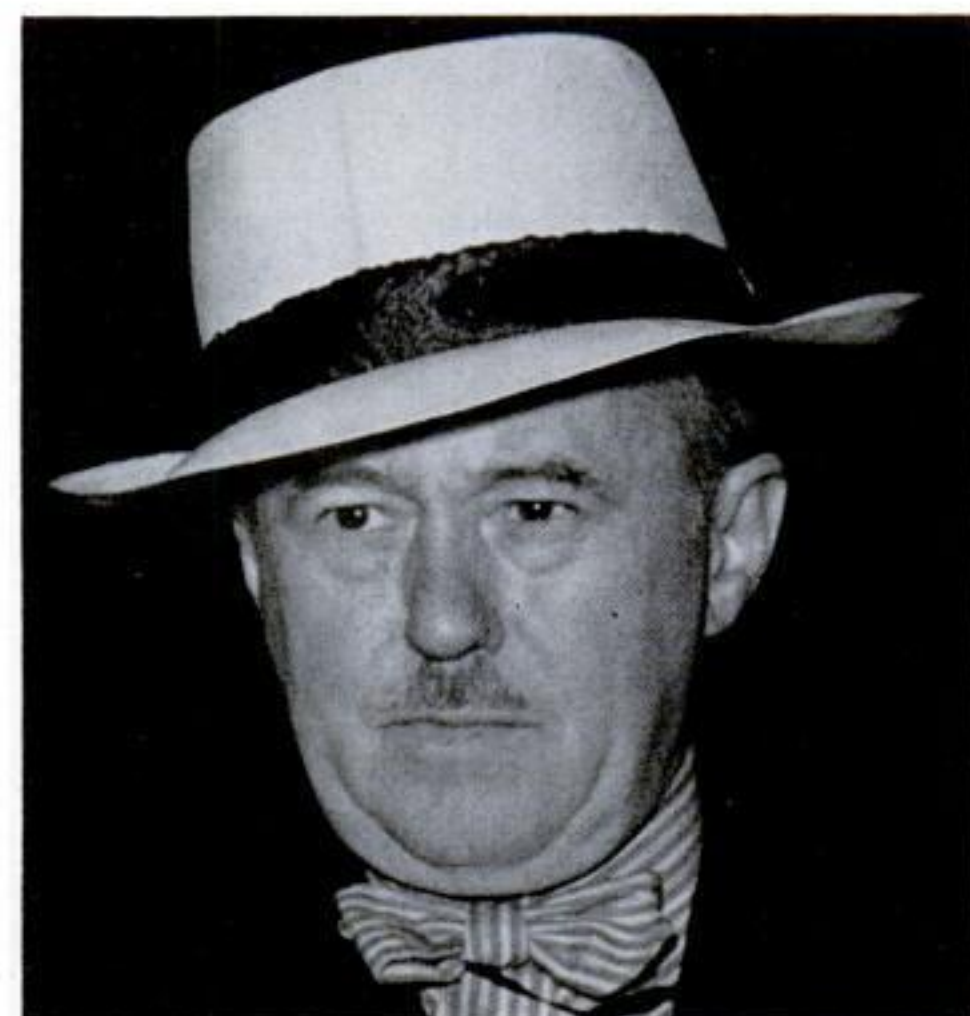
# U. S. PUBLISHERS, WHO FLEW THE ATLANTIC, RETURN WITH ASSURANCES OF PEACE

On the evening of July 13 the *Yankee Clipper* landed at Port Washington, N. Y., having completed the second lap of the world's first transatlantic passenger flight via Ireland and Newfoundland on the northern route. Aboard were nine leaders of the press—publishers from eastern, western and southern States who had left New York on the *Clipper* five days before. During their 52 hours in the air, going and coming, they had talked shop and played poker, demonstrating (according to sporty Roy Howard) "their lack of knowledge of the game." But their three days in Europe they had employed well and energetically as practicing journalists in quest of a story.

Subject of their story was: "Will there be war?" To answer this query some hustled from London to Paris and back. Others remained on the English side of the Channel. Several talked with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, who gave them tea at Westminster, and Lord Beaverbrook, British press tycoon, who gave them dinner. Good reporters, they weighed official utterances against the opinions of "the man on the street." Photographed and interviewed by LIFE on their return, they chorused: "England is calm but determined." Their virtually unanimous prediction: "There will be no war this year."



**Amon G. Carter** of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* uttered the majority opinion, saying: "There will be no war—but England is ready. Sure, there were bomb shelters in the park there, but I found no hysteria." From Foynes, Ireland, he brought back a shillelagh, tied with green ribbons.



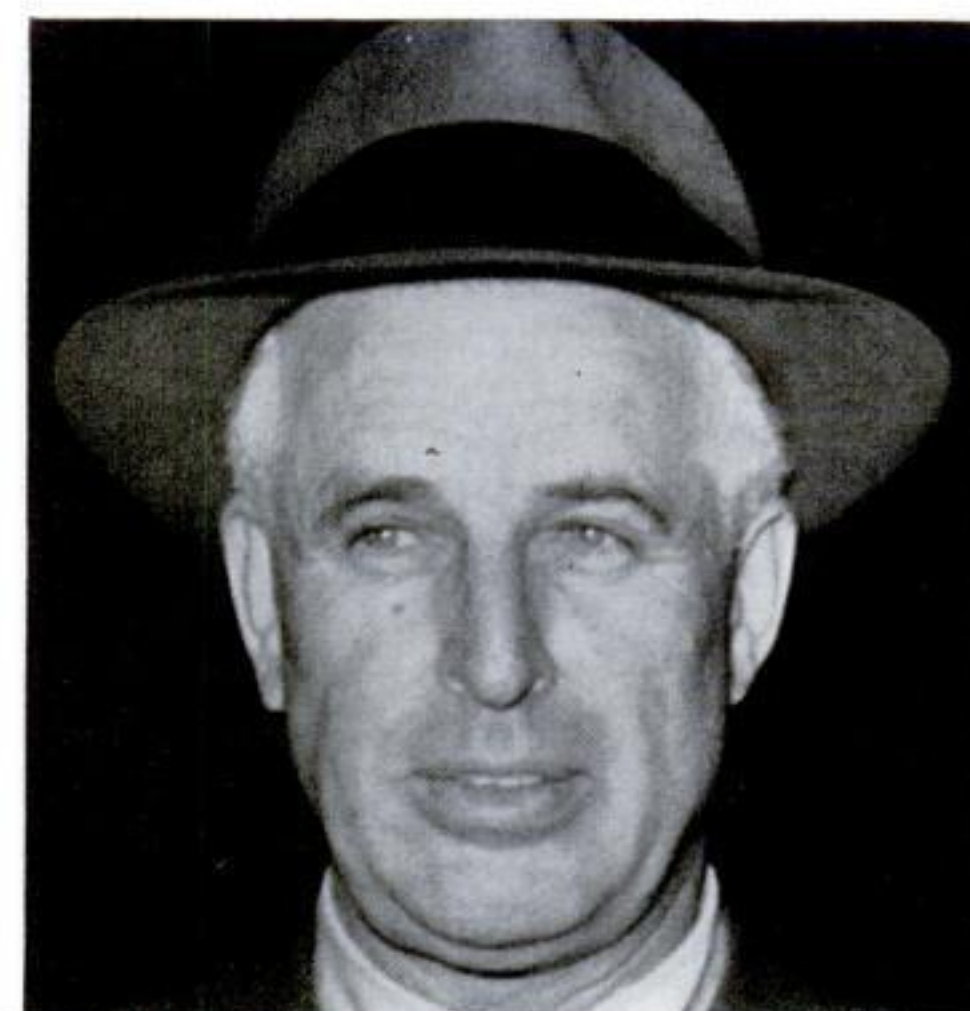
**Roy Howard**, head of Scripps-Howard chain, said Anthony Eden and Lord Beaverbrook had assured him there would be no war. In France he noted the decline of the Front Populaire, in England the ascendancy of Winston Churchill, "who is now a symbol of the anti-appeasement policy."



**James Furay**, of the United Press, withheld his views on war. He said he had not chatted with Chamberlain but had met Lord Beaverbrook. He described his conversation with the British publisher: "Lord Beaverbrook said to me, 'Mr. Furay, meet Lady So-and-So.' And we danced."



**John Ewing** of the Shreveport (La.) *Times* found: "The attitude has changed for the better. England feels secure and better prepared. . . . There will be no war unless Hitler oversteps his mark. I don't know where this will happen, if it does—but Danzig is out. The strain there has eased."



**Merrill Church Meigs** of Hearst's Magazines Inc. declared: "I went over there with an open mind and I came back reassured. Prime Minister Chamberlain is calm and prepared and this feeling is reflected throughout England. I talked to the man in the street, to valets and London police."



**Silliman Evans** of the Nashville *Tennessean* was "greatly impressed by the attitude of the English." They talked little of war but had "a thorough understanding of the situation." "They know the possibilities and they are prepared to act. However, I feel the situation has greatly eased."

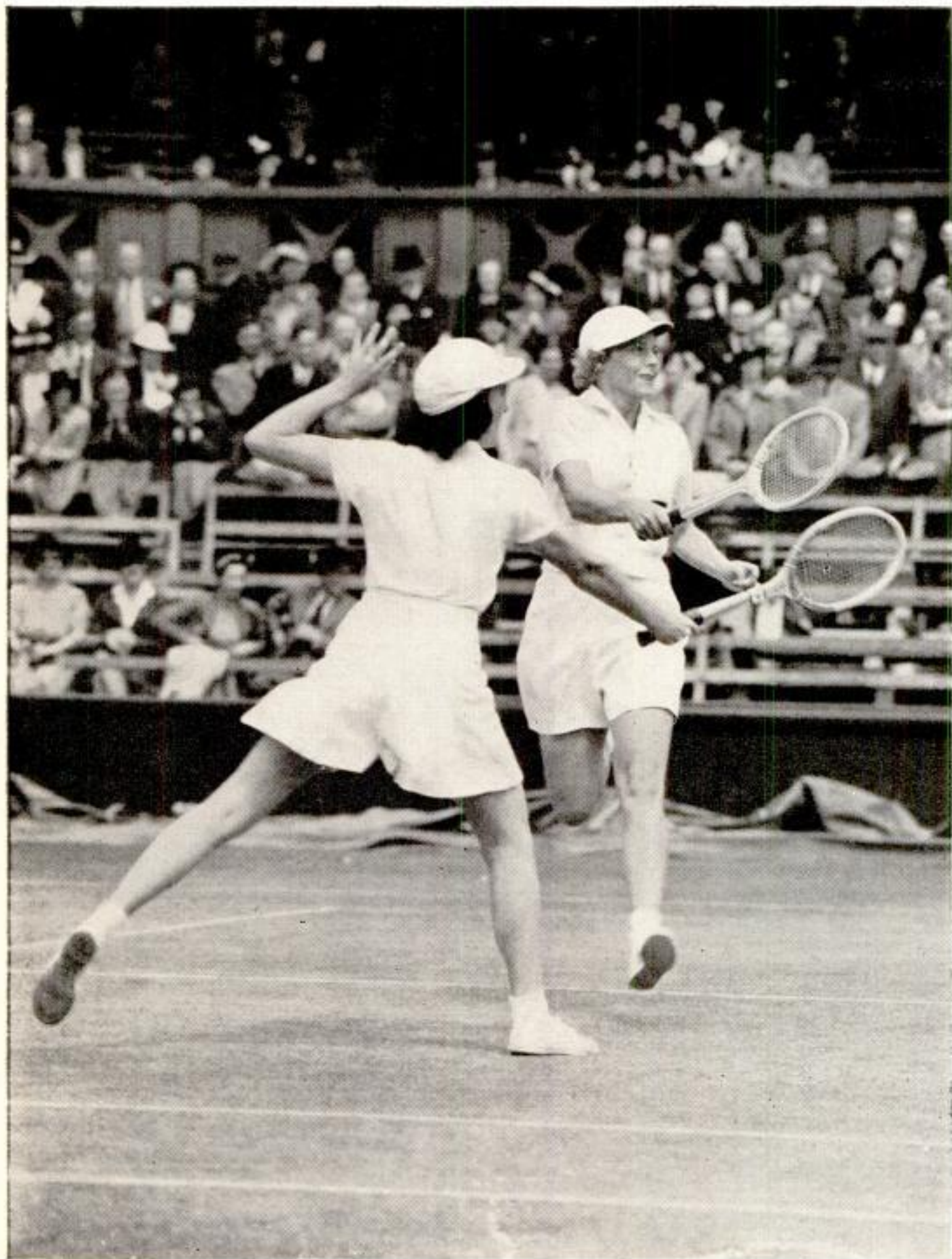


**John Cowles** of the Minneapolis *Star*: "I sat next to Chamberlain at tea and I got an impression of real resolution. He has made up his mind and is determined. England is all set to go. There will be no more Munich. I am less inclined to think there is going to be a war than when I went over."



**Edgar Swasey** of the *American Weekly*: "I talked to many important people over there and some said there was sure to be a war shortly. One newspaperman predicted one in seven weeks. England is not averse to war. However, my impression is there is very likely not to be a war this year."





**All in shorts** the American team (*above*) defeated the English (*below*). Dainty Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, striding toward Alice Marble, away from camera, is always a crowd favorite.

## TENNIS HITS BEAUTY HIGH AT WIMBLEDON

The 1939 tennis matches at Wimbledon will be remembered for two things: 1) Alice Marble's ascent into the ranks of the tennis immortals, and 2) the most eye-filling collection of young ladies ever assembled for a world athletic championship. It took the blonde, long-legged Marble girl from San Francisco less than 30 minutes to beat England's Kay Stammers for the singles title. Then, with Sarah Palfrey Fabyan of Boston she won the women's doubles and with Bobby Riggs of Los Angeles she won the mixed doubles. The British hailed her as peer of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills Moody.

Besides expert tennis, the girls displayed a new high in grace and beauty, revealed by shorts and brief dresses. The champion won not only titles but a Hollywood screen test and the notice of Punch: *Disdaining monuments of brass, Fame chooses Marble for her song: Though Wimbledon's unnumbered pass, her shorts will keep her memory long.*



KAY STAMMERS



SARAH PALFREY FABYAN



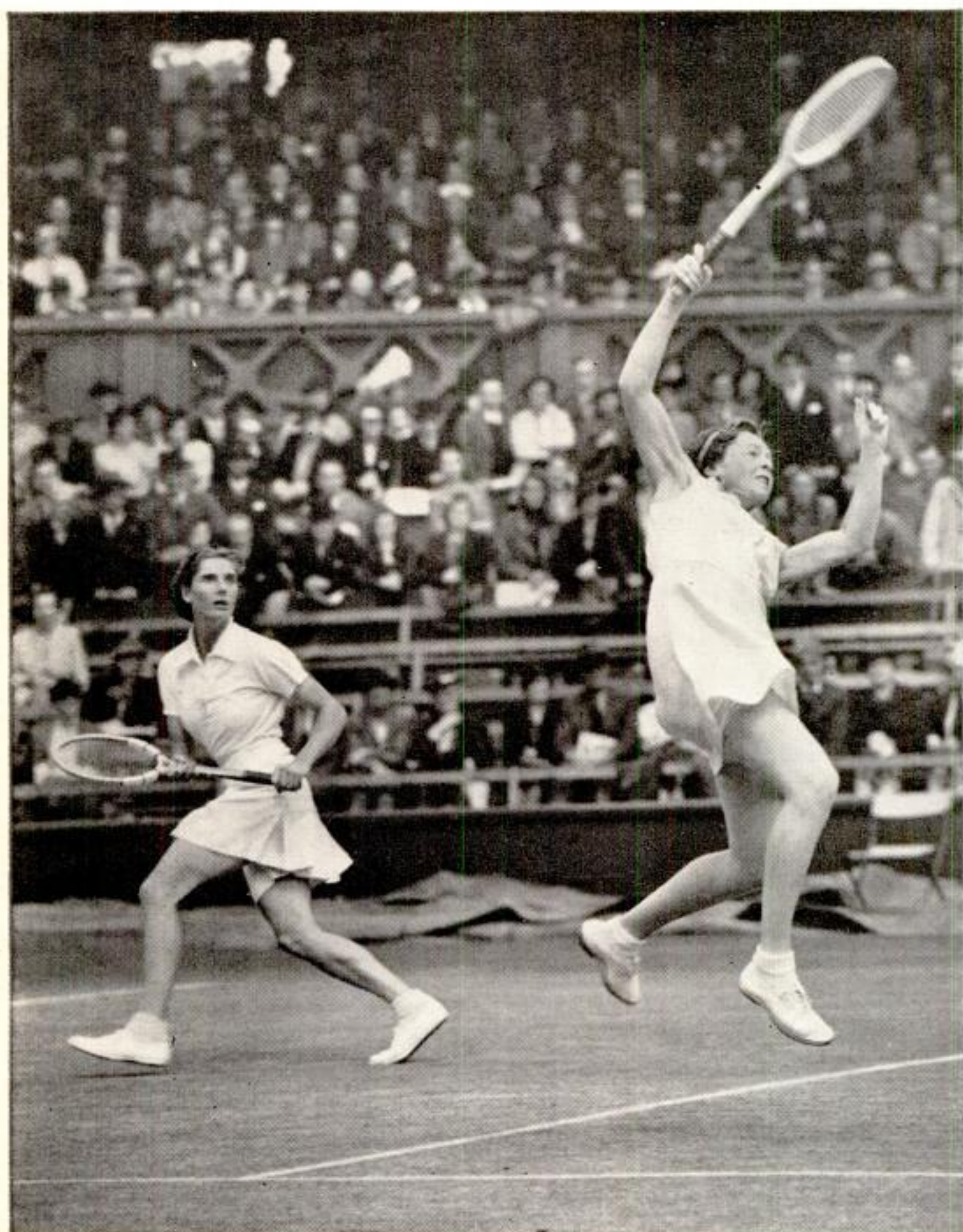
ALICE MARBLE



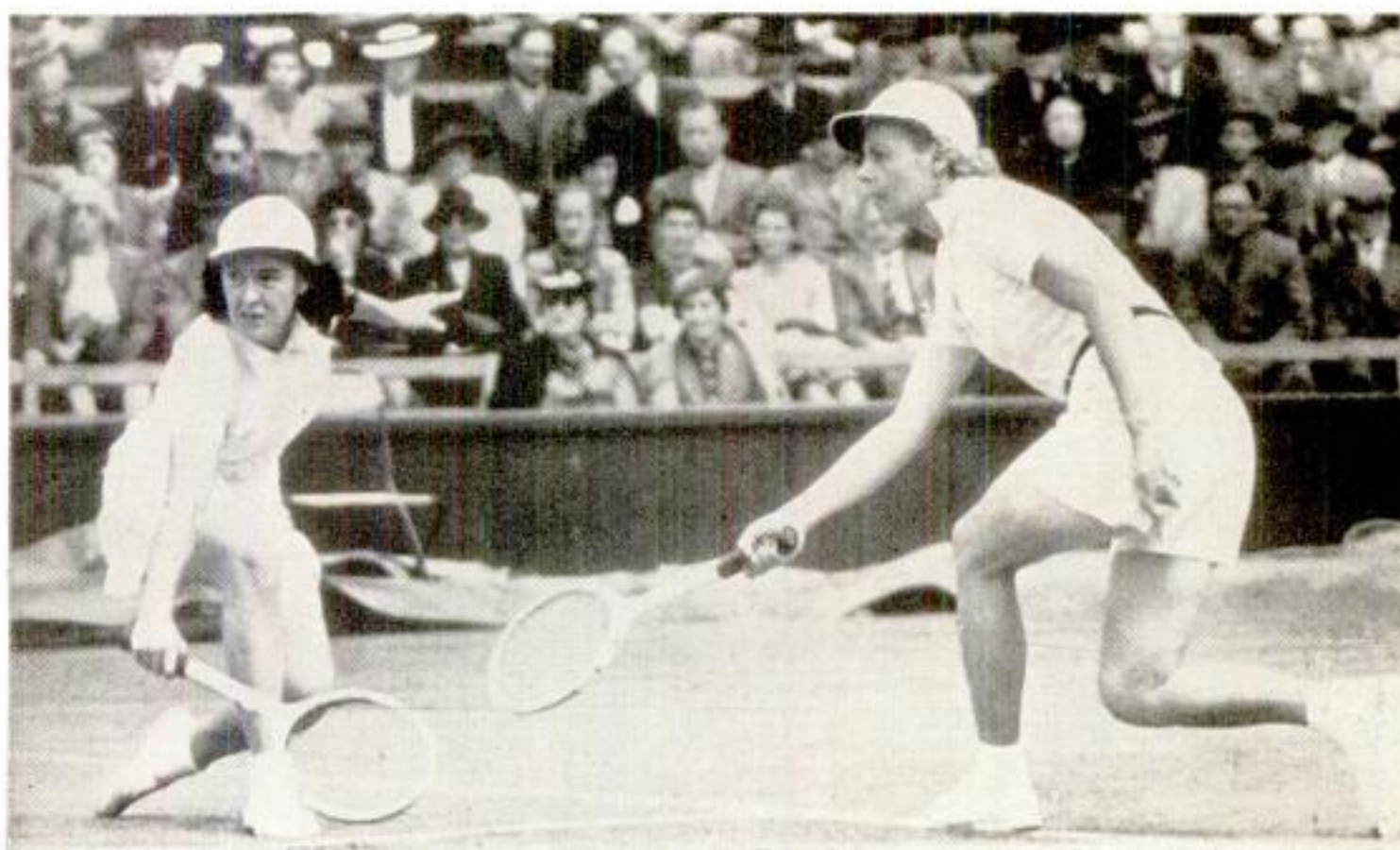
Kay Stammers fought to beat Mrs. Fabyan in semi-finals. Rain stopped match five times.



Left-handed, Miss Stammers sent many a deadly shot to opponent's back-hand corner.



**Leaping in air**, Freda James Hammersley tried to stop defeat, backed by Kay Stammers. Matches were so popular that queues formed overnight, crowds stood in rain to keep places.



Fabyan and Marble, after winning their semi-final match (*above*), went ahead to retain their last year's title. For the second year, the U. S. made a clean sweep of all five tennis titles.



# SENATE COMMITTEE KEEPS BAN ON SALE OF AMERICAN ARMS TO WARRING NATIONS

This picture of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, taken by LIFE's Thomas McAvoy, is obviously a superb news photograph. In time, it may also prove to be an historic one. It was made as the Committee, after five postponements, was settling down on the morning of July 11 to decide what to do about the Neutrality Act. In making their decision these men, in the view of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, quite possibly held the peace of the world in their hands.

The President and his Secretary of State believe that if Europe goes to war America will almost inevitably join in. Hence, they think that the best if not the only way to keep America at peace is to keep a war from starting. They further believe that the best way to prevent a war is to let the Dictators know that if they start one America will be against them from the outset, at least to the extent of selling supplies to their enemies and not to them. Therefore they asked Congress to amend the Neutrality Act, principally by repealing the provision which automatically forbids sale of U. S. "arms, ammunition and implements of war" to any belligerent (Latin-American nations excepted) once the President recognizes that a war has started.

The most the House would do for the President and Secretary was to delimit the automatic embargo to "lethal weapons." Angrily pointing to joy in Berlin and Rome at this half-measure, President Roosevelt summoned the Senate to overrule the House. But Senate isolationists, who think that the best way to keep out of war is not to take sides at all, promptly announced that if the Administration amendments were brought to the floor they would filibuster against them all summer.

The Senators at right, who include several of the prospective filibusterers, averted that threat. One hour and 40 minutes after they had closed their doors, they emerged to announce that they had voted by 12-to-11 to postpone Neutrality revision until the next session of Congress. Thus, if war breaks in Europe between now and next Jan. 3, America will sell no arms, ammunition or implements of war to either side—unless, improbably, President Roosevelt can persuade Congress to reconsider before it adjourns or unless he calls it back in special session. A joint Roosevelt-Hull appeal for reconsideration, July 14, was interpreted as being chiefly for the record.



**Two Senators** whom the President tried to "purge" in last summer's primaries, Georgia's George (left) and Iowa's Gillette, cast deciding votes against his Neutrality revision.



**The Senate Foreign Relations Committee** at beginning of Neutrality session. Left to right around table, members voted thus on question of submitting the President's amendments

to the full Senate: North Carolina's Reynolds (head, left foreground), No; Missouri's Clark, No; Minnesota's Shipstead, No; Maine's White, No; Michigan's Vandenberg, No;





Wisconsin's La Follette, No; Kansas' Capper, No; California's Johnson, No; Idaho's Borah, No; Chairman Pittman of Nevada, Yes; Mississippi's Harrison, Yes; Georgia's

George, No; Texas' Connally, Yes; Utah's Thomas, Yes; Indiana's Van Nuys, No; Montana's Murray, Yes; Washington's Schwellenbach, Yes; Kentucky's Barkley (*head, right*

*foreground*), Yes. Not shown: New York's Wagner, Yes; Pennsylvania's Guffey, Yes; Iowa's Gillette, No; Rhode Island's Green, Yes. Absent: Florida's Pepper, Yes (by proxy).



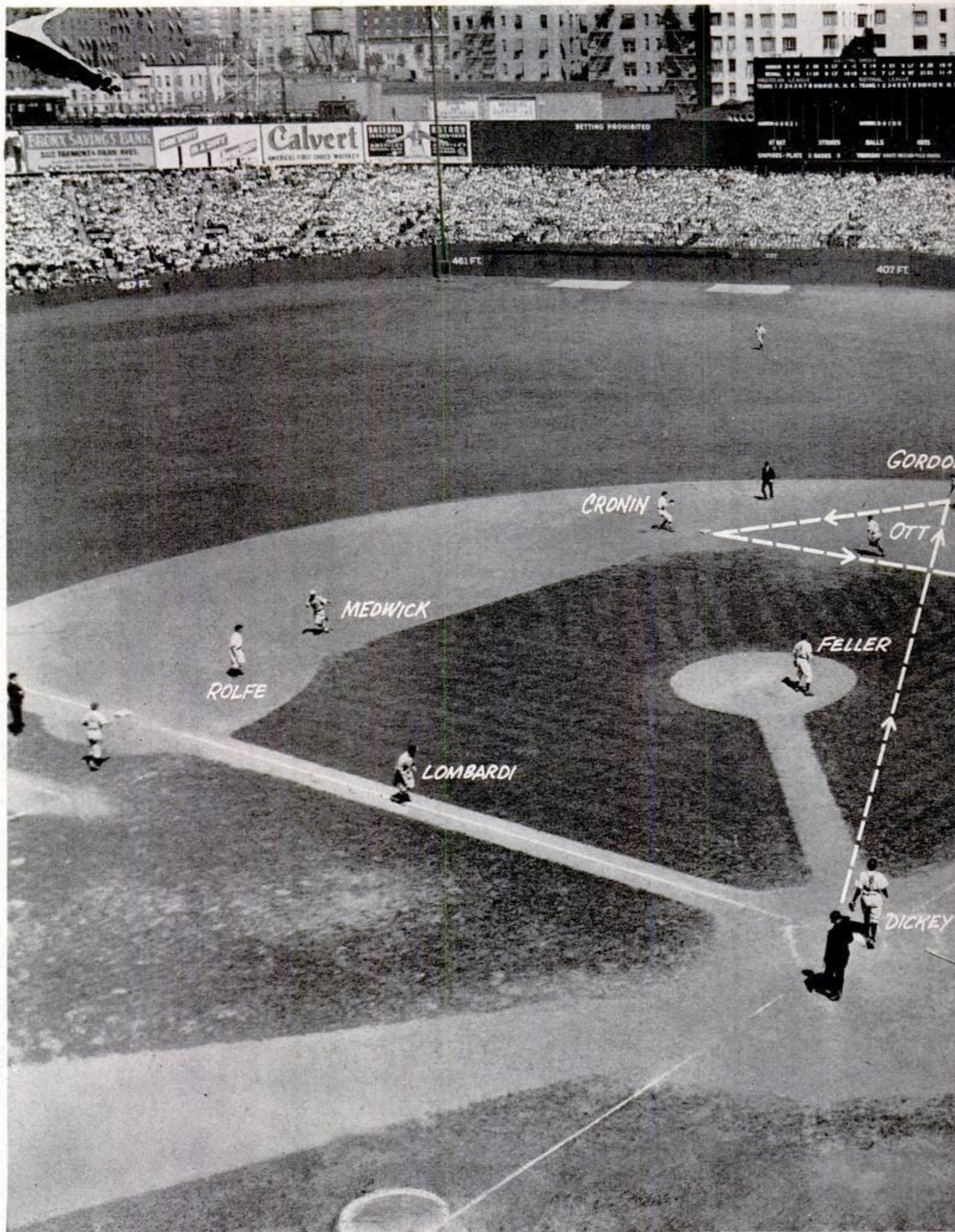
# BOBBY FELLER, BASEBALL'S GREATEST PITCHER, WINS THE 1939 ALL-STAR GAME

On July 11, at New York's Yankee Stadium, young Bobby Feller convinced experts that he is the greatest pitcher in the world. It was the sixth inning, and 63,000 people were watching the best players of the American League play the best players of the National League in the annual All-Star game. The Americans were ahead, 3-1, but the Nationals had the bases filled, with only one out. At this moment Feller appeared to pitch for the Americans. It was the first time he had ever played in an All-Star game. What happened is shown in the picture at right. On the first pitch, Feller made Vaughan slap a grounder at Gordon, who scooped it up and, at the moment the picture was snapped, tossed to Cronin. This put out Mel Ott. Then Cronin threw to Greenberg, completing a double play. The rest of the game was child's play for Feller. In three innings he allowed only one hit, won the game for the Americans, 3-1.

It was three years ago that Bobby Feller pitched his first major league game. The Cleveland Indians were playing the St. Louis Cardinals, and Feller, a skinny, 17-year-old schoolboy, was sitting on the Indians' bench. Few had heard of him. He was a pitcher, but the most sensational thing he had ever done was to burn a fast one through his father's catching mitt, break two of his father's ribs.

By nightfall that day, the whole nation had heard of Bobby Feller. Sent in to pitch three innings, he struck out eight of the nine Cardinals who faced him. Since then, the nation has continued to hear of Bobby Feller. But it was not until this year that he became a really great pitcher. In 1937 he had a sore arm. In 1938 he had not yet learned to study out a batter and try to fool him. In 1939 he is wiser, pitches more cleverly, fools a batter as often as he whips a fast ball by him.

Feller was not the only player chosen for the first time to the All-Star squad. On the next page are nine more. Some are newcomers. Others have been up in the major leagues a few years. All of them are having their best season. From among the nine may well come the great players of baseball's future.



Joe DiMaggio pounded a home run into left field in the fifth. He is welcomed at home by the Yankee bat boy. Catcher is big Ernie (Schnozzle) Lombardi.



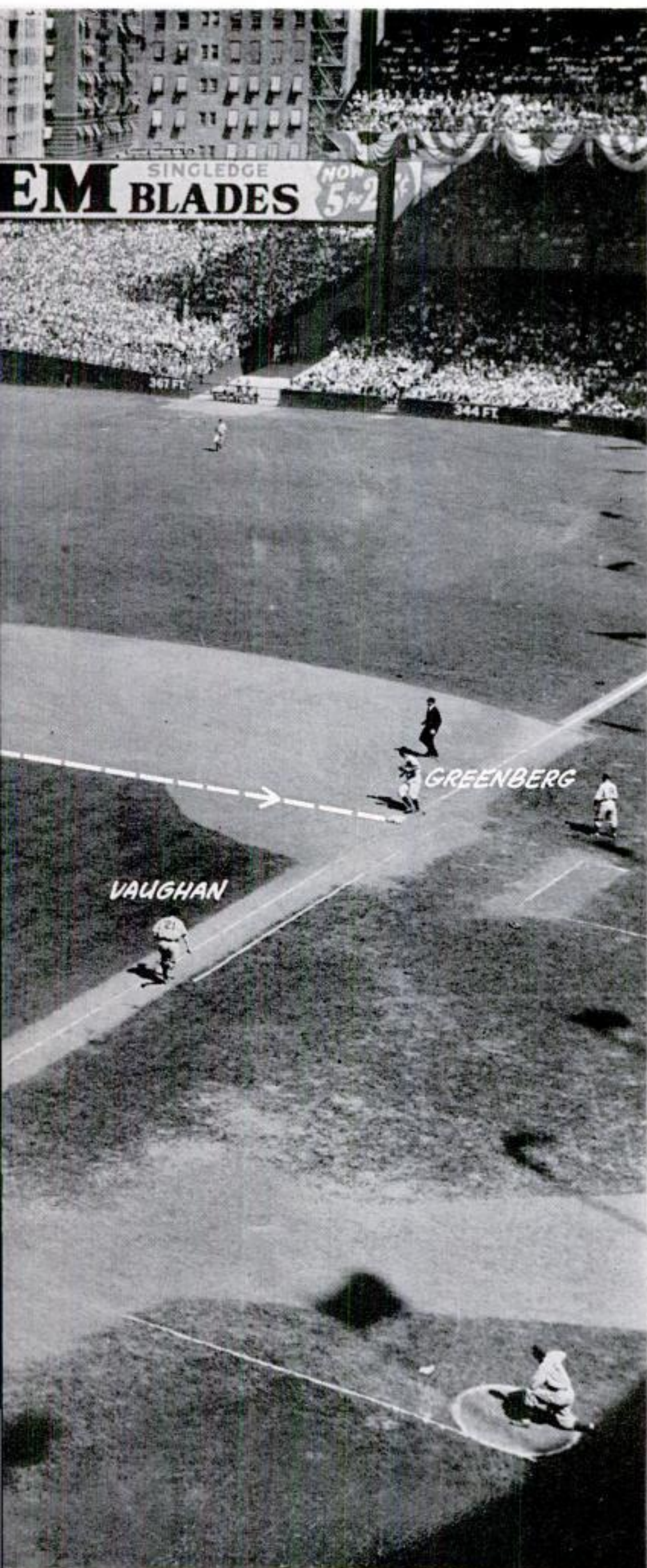
Bobby Feller is calm as he walks to mound in the sixth inning. Shortstop Cronin hands him the ball while Catcher Dickey gives advice.



Bobby pitches with a sweeping, overhand motion. His left foot comes far up and his body moves smoothly forward. He lets the ball go with a snap of the wrist, follow through easily. Batters say that Bobby, now 20, throws the fastest ball since Walter







## These are new players on the All-Star Team



**Joe Gordon** of the Yankees is called the greatest second baseman of all time. He fields like an acrobat and is hitting .311.



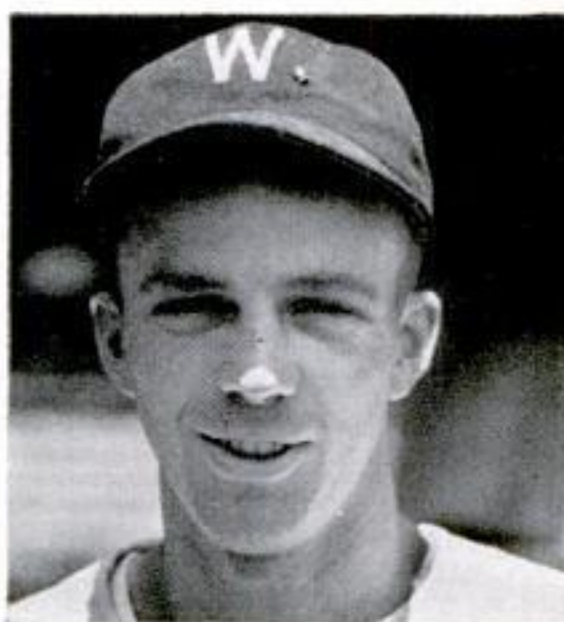
**Linus Frey**, second baseman of Cincinnati Reds, is most improved player of the year. Once a weak hitter, he now bats .307.



**Lou Fette**, Boston Bees pitcher, is 32 years old, has been in the majors two years. This season he has pitched five shutouts.



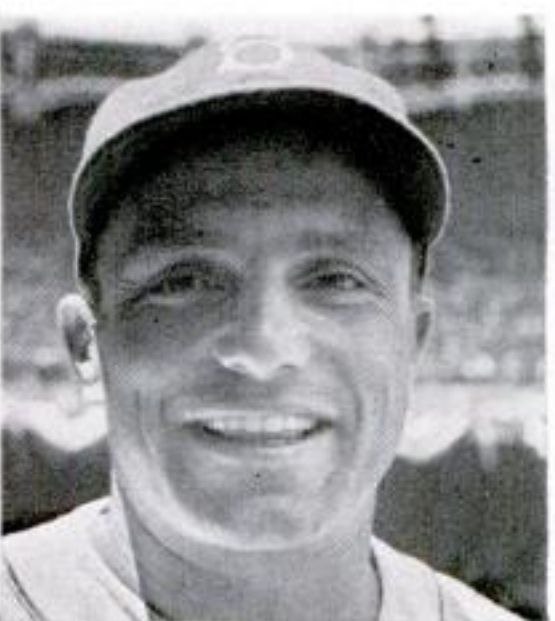
**Whitlow Wyatt** is a rookie with the Brooklyn Dodgers. With eight won, one lost, he is the National League's leading pitcher.



**George Case**, infielder with the Washington Senators, is the champion base stealer, with 29 this year. He is batting .331.



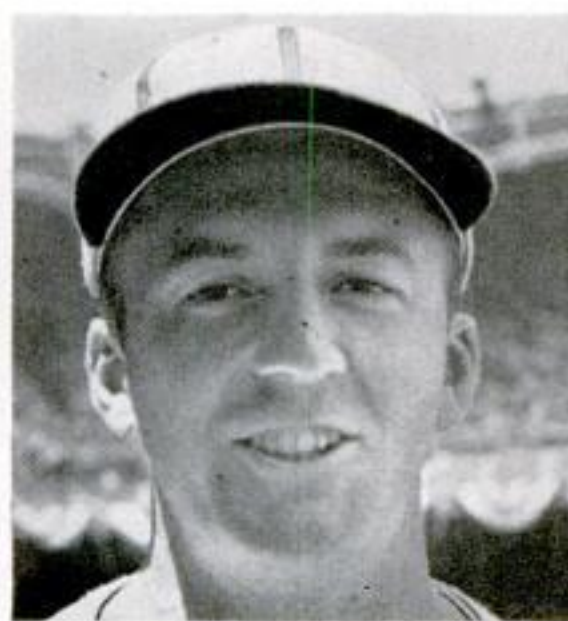
**Morrie Arnovich**, of the Philadelphia Phillies, who never before batted over .300, is leading the National League with .383.



**Dolph Camilli**, one of baseball's best first basemen, has made the Brooklyn Dodgers a pennant threat. He has hit 14 home runs.



**George McQuinn**, once with the Yankees, now plays first base for St. Louis Browns. A great fielder, he is batting .339.



**Terry Moore**, fielder for the St. Louis Cardinals, is fast, has a deadly eye for the ball. Out of season he does oil paintings.



**Johnson**. When he first came to the majors, he was wild, could not pitch with men on base. Although he struck out as many as 17 batters a game, he lost more often than he won. This year he has learned control. Result: he has won 14 games, lost only 3.



**The last play** almost brought a fight. Feller was still pitching and there were two strikes on Stanley Hack. Quickly Feller sliced a ball over the corner of the plate. When Umpire Magerkurth called it a strike, Hack got mad, slammed his bat to the ground. The crowd booed him, cheered Feller.



## PETER HURD PAINTS HIS OWN RANCH IN NEW MEXICO AND SWAPS ART FOR PONIES

People who first see Peter Hurd playing polo on his ranch in New Mexico never take him for an artist. They see 6 ft. of lanky, sandy-haired cowboy who walks with a slouch, talks with a drawl, grins most of the time. But Peter Hurd held his third one-man show at the Sullivan Gallery in New York this spring, and last month sold a painting to the Metropolitan Museum for \$400.

After his boyhood in the sleepy cow-town of Roswell, N. Mex., Hurd went to West Point for two years. There he sold his first painting of moonlight over a guardhouse to an officer for \$10 and flunked mathematics. A year later he resigned from the Point, decided to become an artist for better or worse. His father said for worse. But Hurd found a champion in the famous illustrator, N. C. Wyeth, who gave him instruction while Hurd lived in the loft of a wheelwright shop near Wyeth's studio in Pennsylvania. The Wyeth influence continued when Wyeth's daughter, Henrietta, who is a painter herself, became Mrs. Peter Hurd in 1929.

Today Hurd has moved back home. To paint the clear air of New Mexico, he uses egg tempera technique, mixing his own colors with yolk of egg from his own chickens. Hurd paints with authority, probably because he enjoys his ranch life so deeply, from the polo games with his neighbors to the cowboy songs he plays on his guitar.

When short of money, Peter Hurd sometimes swaps a painting for a pony or a job of carpentering. His cowboy friends refuse to call him a highfalutin "artist." As a tribute, they call him a "sign painter."



PETER HURD, 35, HAS THE HANDS OF A COWBOY AND THE KEEN EYES OF AN ARTIST



At his studio workbench, Peter Hurd grinds up ocher and yellow earth from his own ranch to make some of his paints. On the wall behind easels is a section of the mural he is now painting for the Dallas post office, showing the air mail flying at night over a farmhouse in Texas.



To practice polo, Peter Hurd rigged up this ingenious contraption on his ranch. Inside the chicken-wire cage, Hurd straddles his wooden horse and swings his mallet at the ball. After each hit, the ball rolls down the inclined floor into position for Hurd's next wallop.





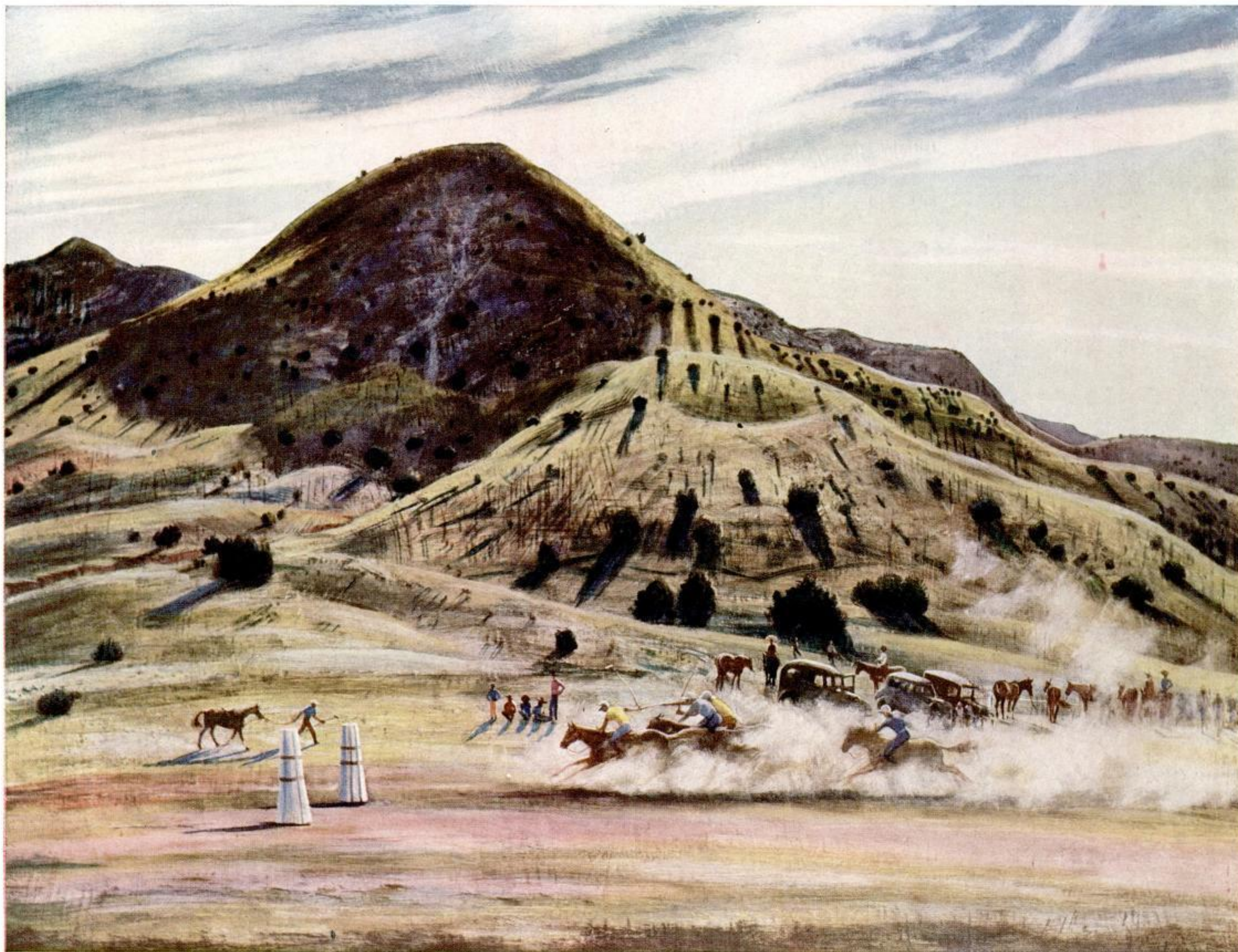
In "The Dry River," painted near his ranch in San Patricio, N. Mex., Peter Hurd uses the deep shadows and yellow glare of an approaching storm to highlight contours of the

New Mexican hills. In foreground the horseman about to cross the river bed is Don Pamino Gonzales, who raises Angora goats. His herdsman lives in the house beyond where

Hurd took refuge when the storm broke as he was making sketches for this painting. Running for shelter, Hurd barely saved his drawings by sticking them under his shirt.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**"Landscape with Polo Players"** is a scene on Peter Hurd's own polo field. He painted it on several successive Sundays last summer when cowboys and ranchers from the neighbor-

hood rode in for their weekly polo match. Up behind the cars Mexican boys are playing their own polo with borrowed mallets and balls. The high, round-topped hill is called

"El Centinela" because 75 years ago a sentinel was posted there with a swift horse and rifle to warn the local Mexicans against marauding Indians and unfriendly Texans.



**"Boy from the Plains"** is Earl Wagner, 18, son of Peter Hurd's crop tenant. Earl "rides like a centaur," says Hurd, and is a smart polo player. He painted him because his skin was richly sun-tanned and his clothing "interestingly time worn and sun-faded."



**"Lady Bronc Rider"** is Mary Haral who has been a fruit-picker, chorus girl, cook. Hurd was so impressed by her trick riding at a rodeo that he asked to paint this portrait. Married four times, Mary has a daughter 16. She wears Mary Pickford curls, still much admired by cowboys.



## MODERN LIVING



AT THE WESTCHESTER COUNTRY CLUB'S HORSE SHOW, SEVEN DIFFERENT TYPES OF UMBRELLA-PARASOLS WERE LINED ALONG Paddock RAIL. ALL ARE DOUBLE-DUTY ITEMS



**Queen's influence** is this frilly straight-handled parasol of Mrs. Behr of Newport.



**The Chamberlain influence** is the curved handle of Mrs. Harold W. Brooks's parasol.

## PARABRELLAS DOMINATE COUNTRY SCENE

To the makers of parasols and umbrellas the reign of George VI of England will be memorable not for the Munich Pact nor for the first North American trip of Their Britannic Majesties. To them the reign of George and Elizabeth will ever be the period when a Queen and her Prime Minister raised the parasol and umbrella to unprecedented pinnacles of international significance and chic.

For the past 25 years parasols and umbrellas have been in disfavor. The umbrella, whose function is to provide shelter from rain, was gradually supplanted by raincoats. The parasol, or sun-protector, was discarded at about the same time because fashion decreed a woman could be sun-tanned and still be a lady. Thus the \$30,000,000 umbrella-parasol industry of the early 1900's had, by early 1930's, dwindled to a \$5,000,000 one.

In January of this year, a plain black-silk umbrella with a curved handle became an international symbol of appeasement. Harassed men the world over took to carrying umbrellas again. Six months later, Queen Elizabeth came to the United States with a wardrobe of parasols. By combining the curved handle and the waterproof qualities of the Prime Minister's umbrella with the Queen's decorative parasol, manufacturers created the parabrella. The photographs on this and the following page show how the parasol-umbrella has changed the U. S. summer scene.



**Parasol wardrobe** has been acquired by Mrs. Herbert Weston. One above is Japanese.



**Like the Queen's** at right, but with Chamberlain handle, is this one of Mrs. Weston.



**Shelter from sun and rain** is provided by this white-silk parasol with dark-green lining, which Queen Elizabeth carried as Her Majesty rode with Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





No bigger than a hat is the parasol carried at Southampton Beach by Mrs. Orson D. Munn.



A 40-ribbed Japanese-type parasol shields Mrs. Yoakum Fosdick from Newport sun.



The bright flower-print parasol carried by Dorothy Kavanaugh doesn't shield from sun.



Ruffles and print provide shade for Mrs. R. L. Patterson and Mrs. Albert Jaeckel.



Parabrella and bathing suit were combined at Southampton by Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau.



Lacy parasols like this one on Miss Sylvia Hillhouse's shoulder are light and cool.

## London gentlemen buy umbrellas at Brigg's

At No. 23, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, stands the umbrella shop of Thomas Brigg & Sons, Ltd. There, generations of English Royalty and English gentlemen have bought umbrellas, riding whips, walking sticks. The man in the street knew nothing of Brigg's until Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella made it famous.

One morning in January, gentlemen of the press flocked to the Brigg shop to get details of the Chamberlain umbrella. They found a well-mannered clerk who told them it was a stock 57/6 (about \$12) model, made of fine black silk, hand-sewn and hand-riveted. Descriptions of it were flashed around the world and men everywhere became umbrella-conscious. Men who had never bothered about how their umbrellas looked were shamed by the sleekness of the Prime Minister's model into neatly furling their own. Meanwhile the Englishman's habit of judging a man by the way his umbrella is furled is spreading to other countries.



Purveyor of umbrellas to gentlemen for more than a hundred years is the Brigg Shop. Most expensive one costs \$105. Most sell for \$10, last a lifetime.



No gentleman would carry a sloppily furling umbrella like one shown above.



All gentlemen are mindful to see that their umbrellas look as neat as this.



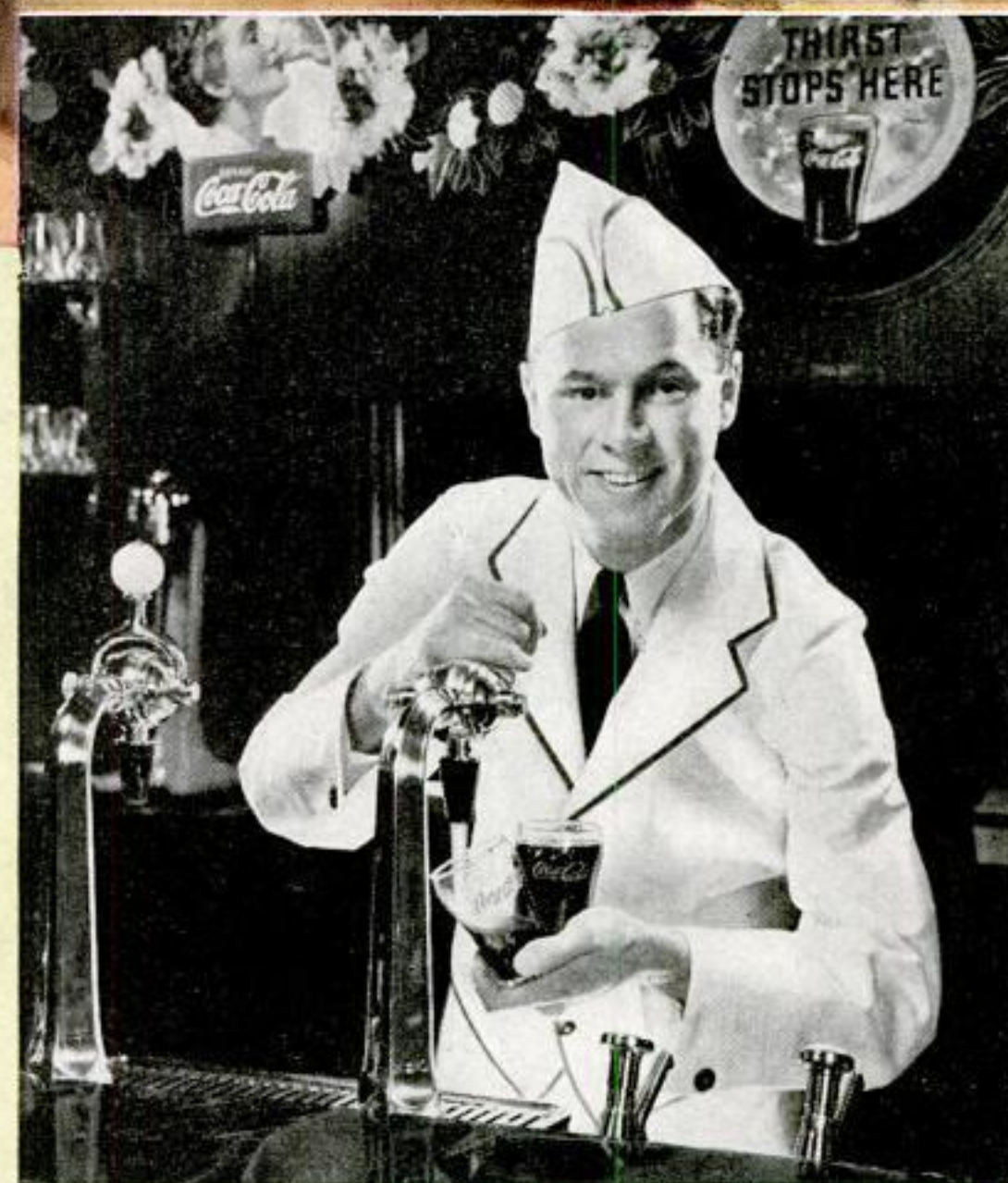


“Let’s get  
a Coca-Cola”



COPYRIGHT 1939, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

It’s a lucky thirst that meets an ice-cold Coca-Cola  
...at America’s favorite meeting place, the soda  
fountain. Coca-Cola has the taste thirst goes for.  
It leaves you with an after-sense of complete  
refreshment...making a pause *the pause that refreshes.*



COLD...ICE-COLD...AT BRIGHT  
AND CHEERFUL FOUNTAINS





FEELING HOT AND PEPPLESS? You'll forget all that as you draw down a tangy, sparkling, C-O-O-L-I-N-G drink of iced tea! A delicious companion for a cold snack. A perfect way to cool off between meals. And mark this well: Tea peps you up. Especially the good

black teas that most American men and women prefer. So here's to a tall, frosty glass of iced tea the next time you're hot. The ideal family drink. The favorite of the young active crowd. Invigorates as it cools. Here's to iced tea—*black* tea—drink it down!

These good black teas are especially suited to the American taste. For economy and full enjoyment . . . buy quality tea



MR. ICE  
CUBE  
SAYS:



ICED TEA —  
AT LESS THAN  
A CENT A GLASS — IS  
A GRAND WAY FOR  
THE WHOLE FAMILY  
TO COOL OFF AND  
PEP UP!

# TEA

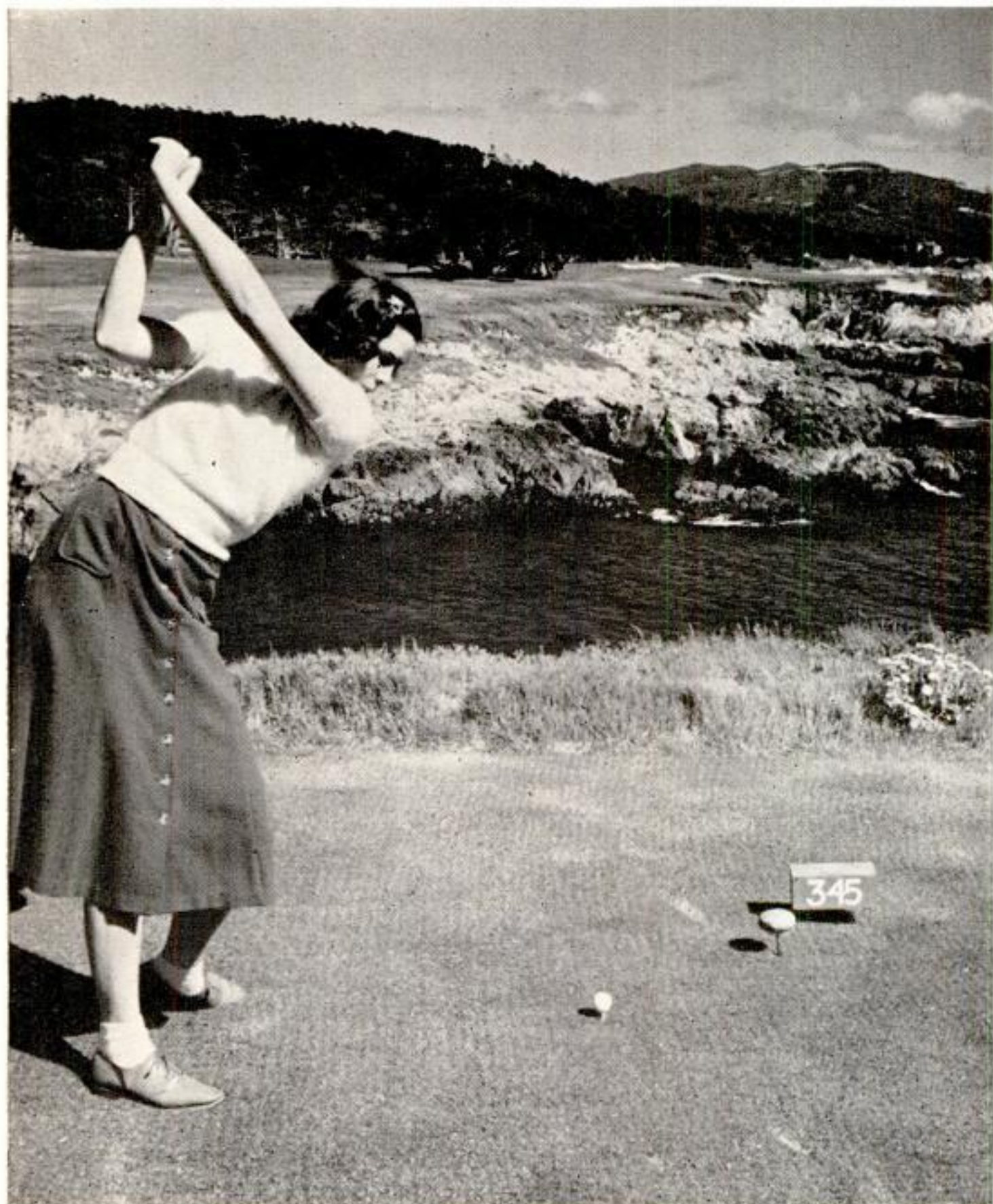
# PEPS YOU UP!







MOST SPECTACULAR HOLES AT CYPRESS POINT ARE 16TH AND 17TH. THEY RIVAL HOLES ON THE CASCADES COURSE AT HOT SPRINGS AS AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL



CLARA CALLENDER, FORMER CALIFORNIA CHAMPION, DRIVES FROM 17TH TEE

## THE CYPRESS POINT GOLF COURSE

### It overhangs the Pacific at Monterey

In the year 1542, Juan Cabrillo, a swashbuckling, seagoing Portuguese, with a conquistador beard and two rickety ships, discovered California's Monterey Peninsula. Looking out across bright blue water, he saw a jutting headland of granite rock, crowned with cypress and pine trees. Below steep cliffs curved lovely beaches, and in the distance rolled smooth green hills.

Today, on Monterey Peninsula, millionaires have taken the place of swashbuckling Portuguese and Spaniards. The granite cliffs, the cypress and the pine, have been used to build four of the world's most beautiful golf courses. Three of them, Pebble Beach, Del Monte and Monterey Peninsula, belong to Hotel Del Monte. The fourth is exclusive Cypress Point, most spectacular of them all. Shown here in pictures, it is owned by 65 rich men. Sometimes, for three or four days at a time, not a single person plays it.

To play Cypress Point is an experience long to remember. The course is tough. The hazards are the ocean itself, the snow-white sand dunes and the gnarled cypress trees. Most unusual feature of all are the hundreds of animals—deer, rabbits, pelicans and sea lions—which scamper back and forth on the green or frolic on the rocks under the cliffs. A few years ago there was even a herd of elk. Their end came when one prominent club member, furious at an elk's hoof print which ruined a putt, shouted, "This is supposed to be a golf club . . . not an Elk's Club." The animals were caught and sent to the Fleishacker Zoo in San Francisco.



THE CLUBHOUSE IS NEXT TO 18TH GREEN





The 16th green is perched high at the end of a peninsula, with the 30-ft. cliffs dropping off on either side. In the background are sand dunes and the low hills near Pebble Beach.



From a dangerous lie on top of a massive rock cliff, Clara Callender plays toward the 16th green. The hole is 222 yd. long, has par 3. Nobody has ever made a hole in one on it.



Sea lions flop off the rocks into the water as Golfer Bob Perry tries to hit his ball back to the fairway. The sea lions, often mistakenly called seals, sun themselves at the foot of the cliffs, seldom

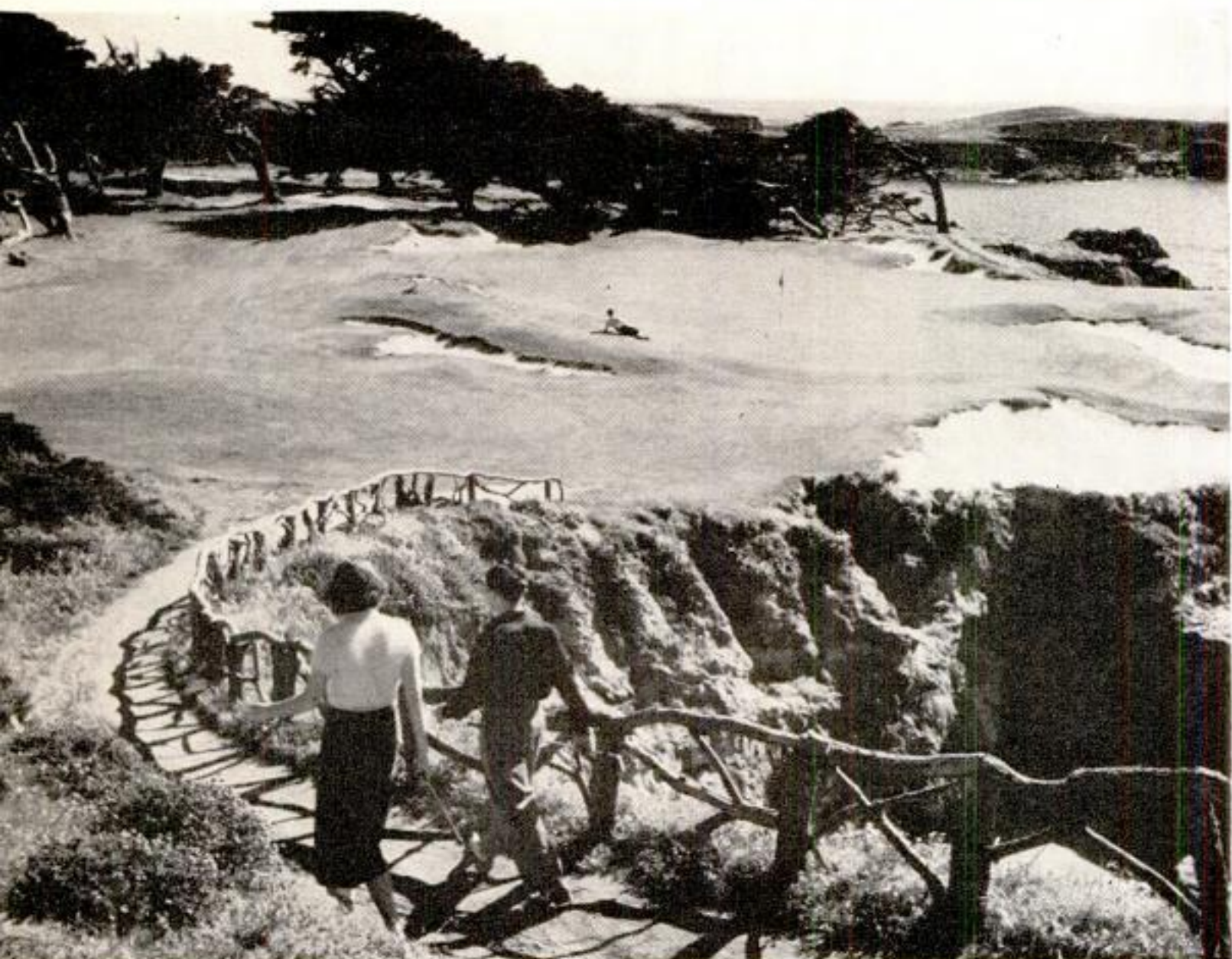


A wild shot can be humiliating. Golfer Bob Perry, playing with Miss Callender, overshot the 16th green. He had to climb down the cliff and retrieve his ball from the sea lions.





vander on to the course itself. Mostly they annoy golfers by their continuous barking. A story has been told that when anybody makes a hole in one at Cypress Point, the sea lions bark all night.



**The 15th green** is well trapped. The winds blowing continuously off the ocean have twisted the trees back of the green out of shape. They also prevent golfers from being accurate.

## Animals are pests to a greenskeeper

**T**o a golfer, animals running wild on the Cypress Point course are picturesque and exciting. To a greenskeeper, they are pests.

Every one of the 5,200 U. S. courses has a few of these pests. Most of them are less spectacular than the sea lions, deer and gophers at Cypress Point, but even so it costs golf clubs \$36,000,000 a year to get rid of them. They are never really exterminated. Year after year, Japanese beetles destroy grass. Gophers and moles continue to raise ridges on the greens. Deer make footprints in the traps, and woodpeckers kill the trees.

Below are some of the more important pests and what they do.



**Deer** frequently dash out of the woods on to the Del Monte course. They are kept off the putting greens by electrified wire, which shocks, but never kills them.



**Woodpeckers** are killing this tree. The holes are stuffed with nuts by squirrels.



**Pine cones** and branches, chewed off trees by squirrels, fall on the greens.



**A ground squirrel** blinks his way out of a hole he has made in the rough, just off the fairway. A favorite sport of greenskeepers is to shoot these squirrels.



## Take it or leave it but look at it first!

Compare before you choose! Compare Ancient Age with bottled in bond brands and you will see that this All Around whiskey is identical in age with 4-year-old bonded brands, comes at the milder and pleasing 90 proof, costs 50c a fifth less.\*

STRAIGHT WHISKEY  
AVAILABLE IN  
BOURBON OR RYE



\*The price of Ancient Age is 50c a fifth less than the average cost of 6 nationally advertised 4-year-old bottled in bond brands. Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

## Pebble Beach golf courses (continued)



A gopher trap is set by Greenkeeper Harry Clemens of the Del Monte course.



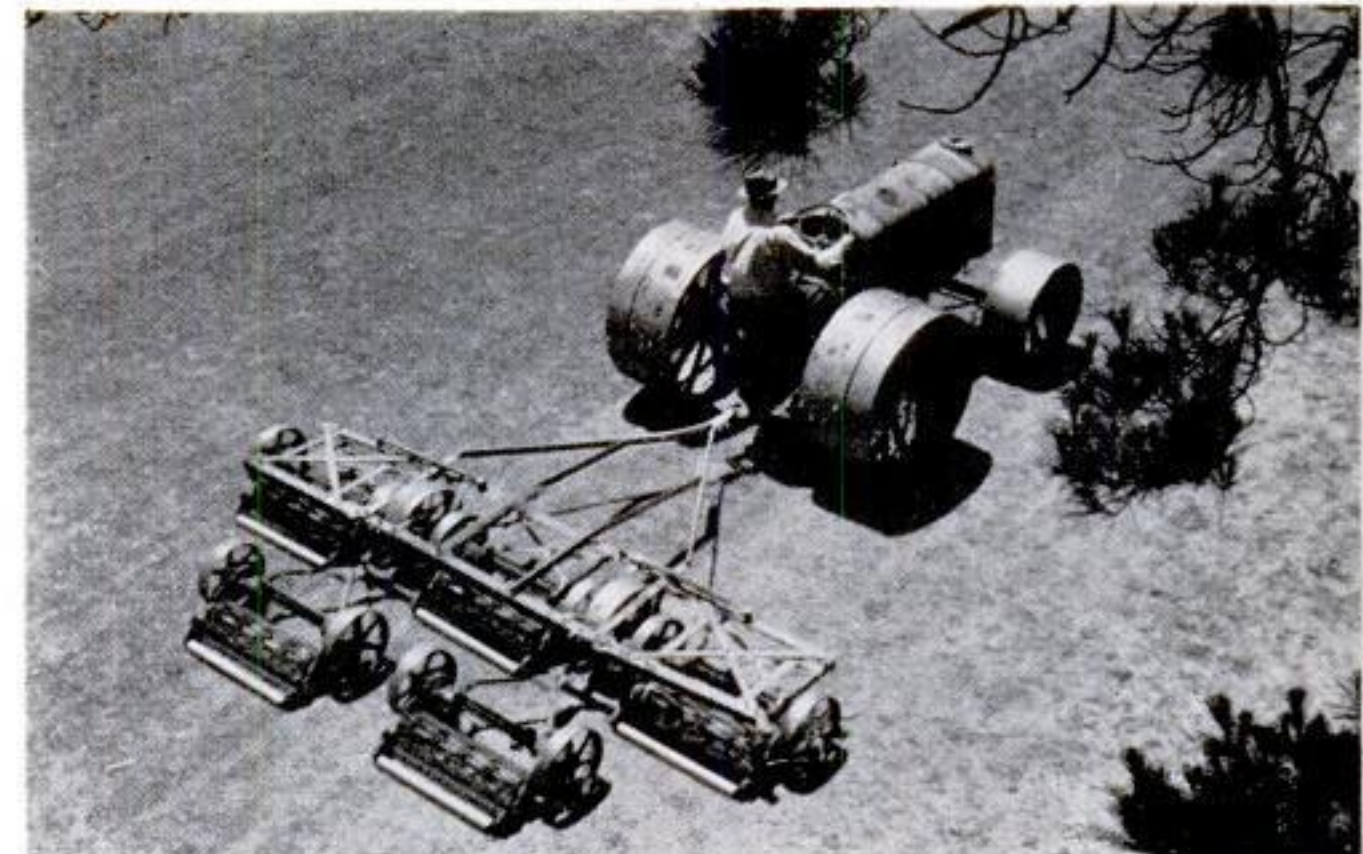
Gopher is caught. These animals pile up mounds and ridges of earth on fairways.



Exhaust from a tractor will kill gophers and moles. A long rubber hose is connected to the exhaust pipe, and carbon monoxide pours into the small animal's hole.



Biggest headache for a greenkeeper are brown patches. Sometimes they develop from little spots that look like cobwebs. This one was caused by a fungus growth.



Grass on fairways must be cut twice a week. Here a tractor pulls five mowers. A top dressing made of sand and manure makes the grass grow thick and velvety.



NO. 1

# Glamour Girl

ANN SHERIDAN, voted "first in allure" in nation-wide poll of motion picture critics, now brought to stardom by Walter Wanger, who also gave America Hedy Lamarr.



Dartmouth College was a man's world until...



1500 girls invaded the fraternity houses for Carnival Weekend.



She was "hard to handle"...until she met the handsome young professor.



The Season's  
Gayest  
Picture!

## ANN SHERIDAN in "WINTER CARNIVAL"

with Richard Carlson

Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong  
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin  
James Corner, Marsha Hunt

A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION ••• DIRECTED BY CHARLES F. RIESNER ••• RELEASED THRU United Artists

Screenplay by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole • Music by Werner Janssen

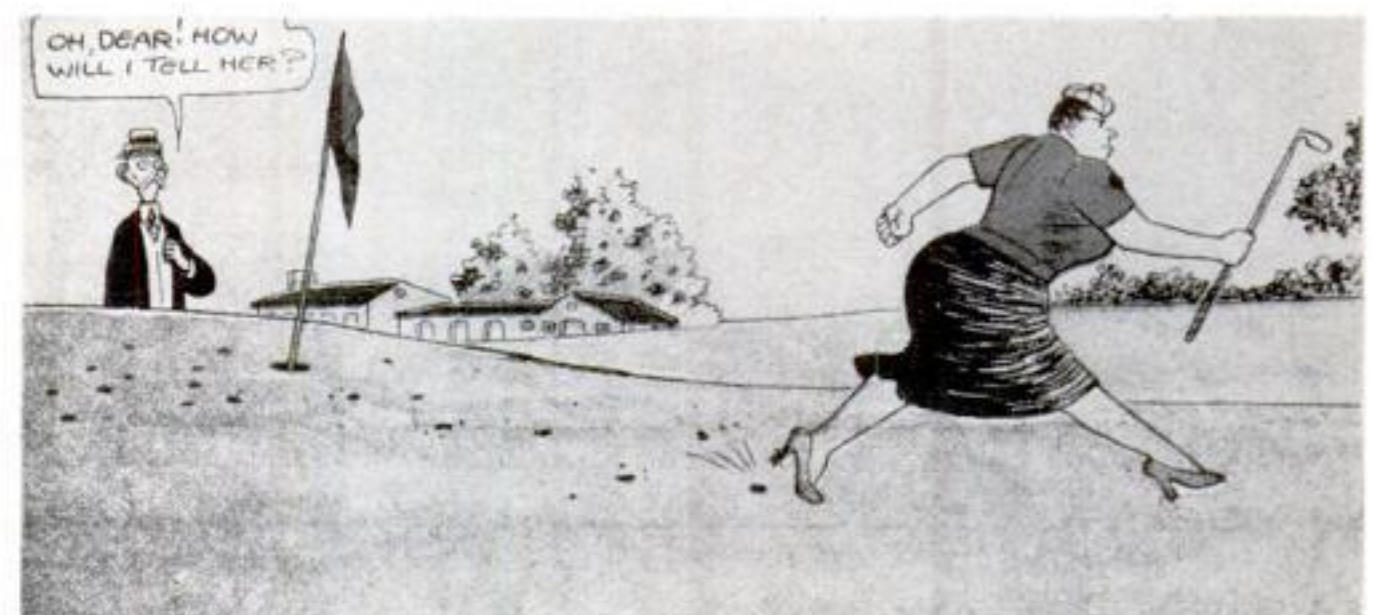


## Mr. Milquetoast is a Greenkeeper

**M**ost thankless job in a golf club is that of chairman of the greens committee. It is he who sees that the greens are in shape and that divots are replaced. One who is having a particularly painful tenure as chairman of a greens committee is Caspar Milquetoast, the Timid Soul, drawn by Cartoonist H. T. Webster. Some of his troubles appear below.



MR. MILQUETOAST WAS HIGH-PRESSURED INTO THE UNWANTED JOB IN MAY



MR. MILQUETOAST ORDERS A WOMAN WITH HIGH HEELS OFF THE COURSE



MR. MILQUETOAST PROMISED TO SEE THAT SMITH REPLACED HIS DIVOTS



MR. MILQUETOAST TAKES STEPS TO PROTECT THE TREES FROM LIGHTNING

# TAN

## BEAUTIFULLY WITHOUT BURNING

Here's a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that actually filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and ugly, painful redness.

- Skol lets you tan comfortably, beautifully, even if you are blond. Made after a formula originally developed in Sweden for snow-burn, Skol is now used on beaches in 25 countries.

Be sure to apply Skol before you go out in the sun and again after each swim! It's not greasy, doesn't show, won't pick up sand. Skol Company, Inc., New York.

# SKOL

NOT OILY  
NOT GREASY

SKOL  
BLOCKS OUT HARMFUL SUN-RAYS  
ADMITS BENEFICIAL SUN-RAYS  
RELIEVES SUNBURN—NON-OILY

SKOL COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.



## TIME FOR A MASTER STROKE



A MASTER STROKE is required when the situation is critical whether in a friendly game of golf, or in the more serious business of living.

If your family should ever have to go along without you, would they be forced to get back on the fairway of life the hard way — or would they have the dependable help and "follow through" of life insurance to lift them out of a difficult situation?

There is a John Hancock plan especially designed to meet such an emergency. It is called the readjustment income plan, because it carries dependents smoothly through the readjustment period. It is the master stroke which gives them the income that they need while they plan

to get along without the full financial support of husband and father.

### HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY

ARRANGE a John Hancock readjustment income plan to meet your personal ideas of an adequate readjustment income for your family. A popular use is to maintain income at the accustomed scale for a year and adjust payments gradually downward for another year or more.

Its cost? Probably no more than you spend every day for some minor luxury which means far less to you than the peace of mind a readjustment income plan affords. Ask a John Hancock representative to tell you about it or write Department L-7 for a descriptive booklet.



**JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
GUY W. COX, President





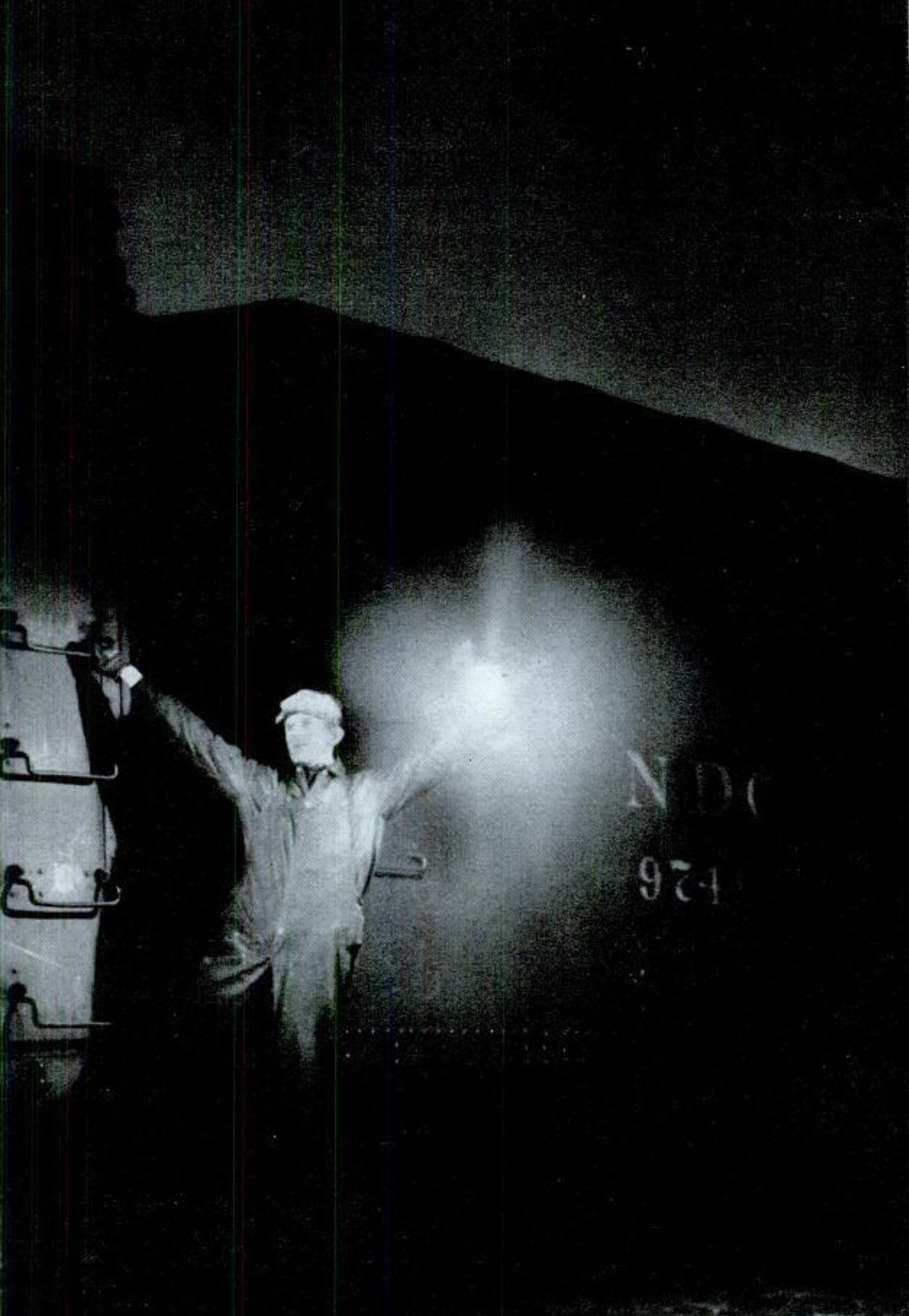
**Pictorial** John Levick's world-famous photograph, *Two Sailboats* (above), was made on Long Island Sound, off Greenwich, Conn., from his own powerboat "Snapshot," during a thirty-five-mile-an-hour wind which dismasted five neighboring yachts. Water on the lens, one of the major problems in marine photography, became a particular hazard in this case, owing to the force of the wind, which drenched everything in the boat with spray. The photograph has appeared in yachting and marine publications all over the world—including a newspaper in Tasmania, Australia—and prints of it have been sold to more than 250 private collectors. It is being displayed as a mural at the New York World's Fair. *Made on Eastman Film.*

**Action** Charles J. Belden, of the Pitchfork Ranch, got this fast picture of a bucking bronco (right) during the annual barbecue, held on Labor Day, at Meeteetse, Wyoming. "Cyanide," the horse in the picture, so named because he was poison to riders, was originally bought for a cow pony, but turned out to be unbreakable, and has since become famous in professional rodeos. The rider in this case succeeded in staying on the full ten seconds without pulling leather—a standard test in broncobusting. The photograph is remarkable for its clearness of detail, fine composition, and dramatic action. *Made on Eastman Film.*



EW 5-1  
EH 13-2  
IL 10-6  
FW 10-6  
IH 10-6  
GIFT 3-2





## Commercial

"Ease up—reduce speed." Victor Keppler's distinguished photograph of a signaling brakeman (left) was made in a New York City freight yard, just before dark on a summer evening, when there was still enough light to outline the freight cars against the sky. A synchronized flash bulb wired through the man's clothing to a battery between the cars was the only artificial light. The picture was used in an advertisement of the United States Steel Corporation, and attracted notice as one of the outstanding photographs of the year, because of its imaginative treatment of a familiar subject. Reprinted by permission of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc. *Made on Eastman Film.*

## Amateur

"I didn't think it was that good," said 33-year-old bachelor Kenneth M. Wickware, of Ferndale, Detroit, when told that his snapshot, *Cloud Castles* (right), had won the grand prize of \$1,000 in the Newspaper National Snapshot Awards for 1938, also \$500 as the best picture in Class A (babies and children). The judges saw in the picture excellent human appeal, good composition, and the story of thousands of boys who look out on distant horizons and dream the American dream. Mr. Wickware said he intended to spend part of his prize money buying new photographic equipment. *Made on Eastman Film.*

**Going to the New York Fair?** Be sure to take your Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the Greatest Photographic Show on Earth. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it.

**New Low Prices on Kodaks . . .** Picture making has grown beyond all experience. To meet the unparalleled demand for cameras, Eastman is now building an extensive addition to the world's largest camera works. This great plant will cut manufacturing costs. In a sweeping reduction, Kodak prices are now brought in line with these lower production costs to come. You save, beginning right now. Get the good news at your dealer's.



# The great pictures are made on EASTMAN FILM

There is an Eastman Film for every picture-taking need. Use Eastman Film always. It pays . . . **Roll-Film Users:** Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.





**Students of soaring** are Madelyn Frary (*in front cockpit*), a clerk in the Frankfort Post Office, and Lois Morrissey,

a bank cashier. Both girls are now novice gliders, but they can fly several types of planes. Their two-seater weighs 375

lb., has a 54-ft. wingspread and costs \$1,000. Like a motor plane, it has foot rudders, a "stick" and a wheel brake.



# U. S. GOVERNMENT PAYS TO TEACH SMART COLLEGIANS TO SOAR



GLIDER OVER FRANKFORT AIRPORT

All aviators must know about wind currents, weather conditions and cloud formations. The best way to learn them, according to aviation experts, is to glide and soar in a motorless plane. In May, before the House Military Affairs subcommittee, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh said: "You should promote interest in gliding. In Germany, glider clubs are all over the place."

Last week it seemed as if Col. Lindbergh's words were coming true. At Frankfort, Mich., where local carpenters, stenographers and garagemen have been gliding and soaring in homemade planes, a new American school for soaring was getting under way. Instructors were Ted Bellak and Stanley

Corcoran, two of America's greatest sailplaners. Pupils were the carpenters and stenographers of Frankfort, plus twelve high-ranking college boys, sent by the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority. For each boy the Government was paying \$200 for two weeks of instruction.

Bellak and Corcoran could not have picked a better place for their school. The prevailing wind is a warm westerly which blows across 50 miles of Lake Michigan, bumps into a row of tree-covered dunes near Frankfort. There it is swept upward like an inverted waterfall, forming an upward current which can lift a motorless plane as high as 8,000 ft. Students first learn to take off at end of rope towed by an auto. Instructor Corcoran (right) from the ground signals them what to do. Next they learn gliding and as they get better, they are able to soar upward in a thermal current, reach cumulus clouds, travel 100 miles before being forced to land.



A GLIDER IS LAUNCHED FROM A TOW ROPE TO A CAR. CORCORAN, AT RIGHT, SIGNALS INSTRUCTIONS TO STUDENT AT TAKE-OFF



Strapping herself in cockpit, Lois Morrissey makes sure the buckle is fast. A glider can do inside and outside loops, just like an airplane.



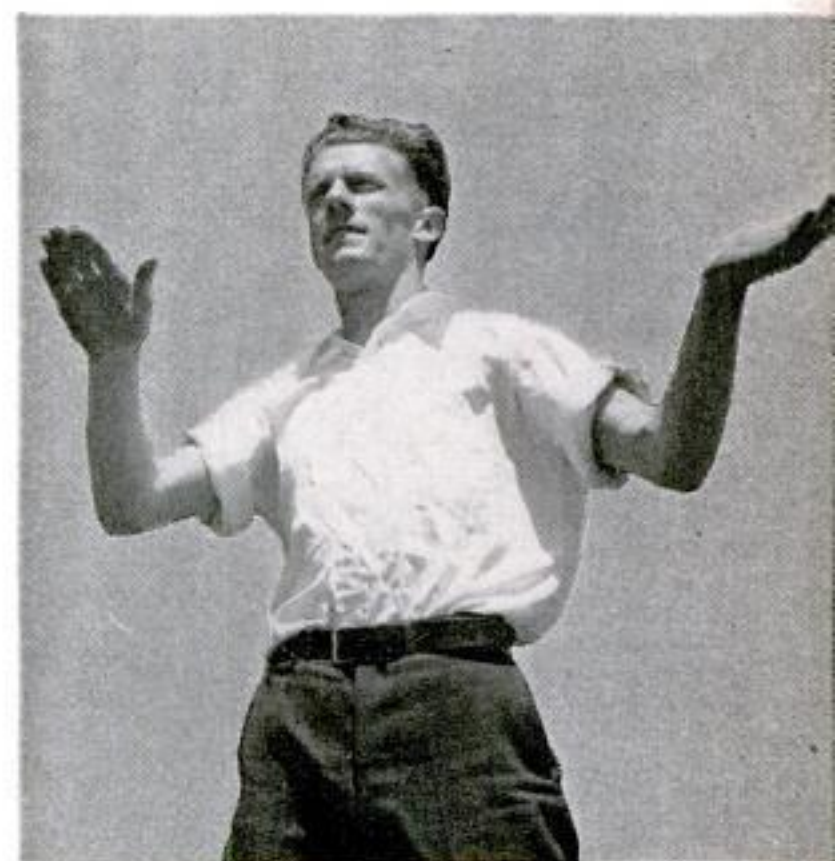
Ted Bellak recently glided from Green Bay, Wis., across Lake Michigan to Frankfort. His German plane is of light laminated wood, cost \$2,000.



"HOLD LEFT WING. LOWER RIGHT"



"SLOWLY LIFT THE PLANE'S NOSE"



"LIFT RIGHT WING. LOWER LEFT"



ABOVE "STEADY." BELOW "CUT TOW"





## Science Finds New Way to Lessen Fatigue

A new way of building up a reserve of muscular endurance was revealed by the findings of a recent nutritional experiment. In a series of tests on human subjects, the energy output was measured before and after the addition of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine to the diet. Every man tested was able to do considerably more work when on the gelatine diet.

Already the results of this important discovery are finding practical application on the athletic training tables of leading universities. And people in all walks of life are reporting beneficial results. Not only athletes and manual workers, but people who work in stores and offices say they experience less fatigue and are able to work harder and play better.

Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice (or half water and half fruit



*Will gelatine-fed athletes set new marks?*

juice). Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink immediately before it thickens. Take four times a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

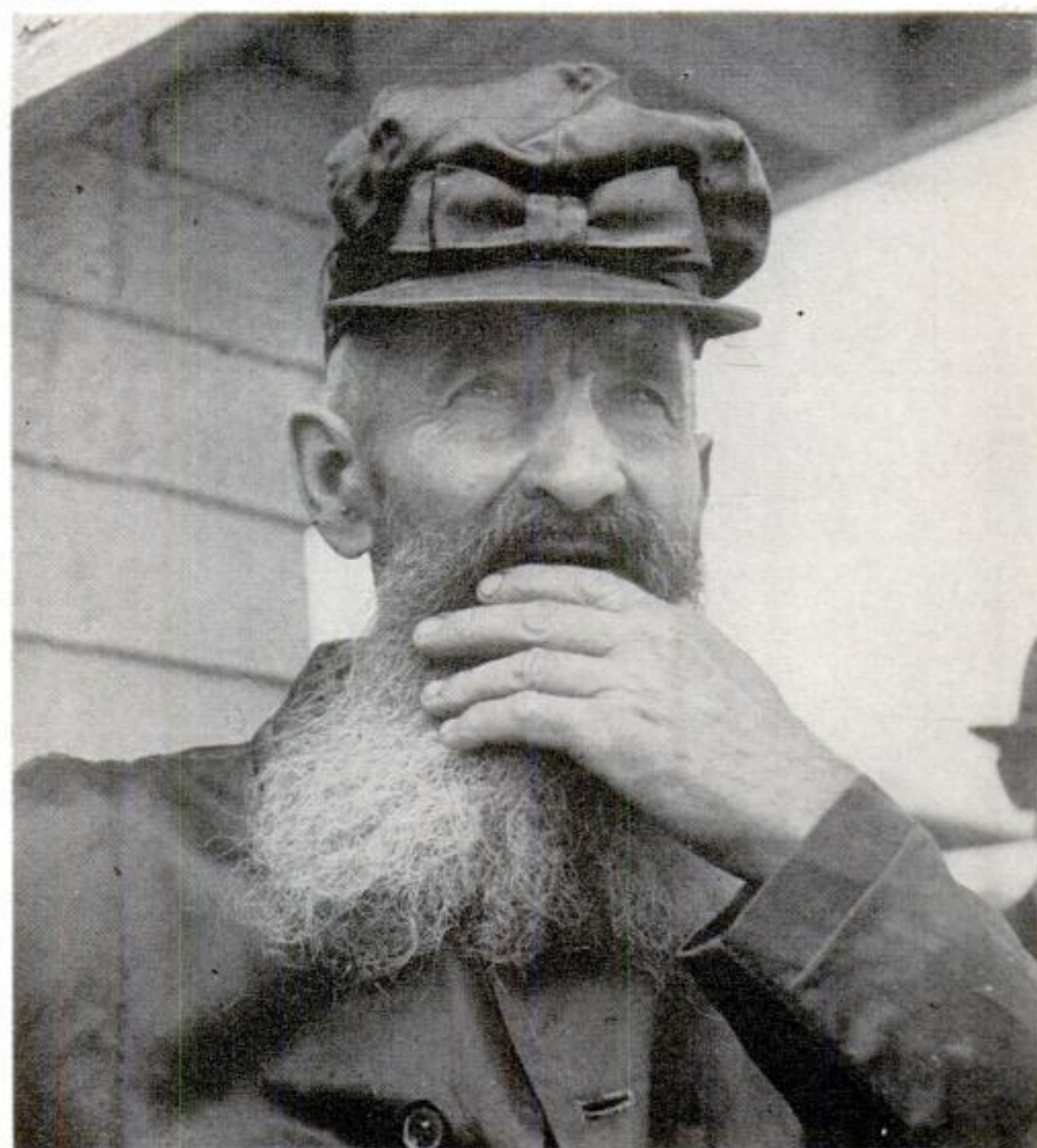
Pure Knox Gelatine doesn't affect appetite or digestion. Most people see a noticeable improvement within two weeks (some within one week) and feel the full effect before the end of the first month.



*How to take Knox Gelatine*

**CAUTION:** Be sure you use plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine which you can get at any grocery. Knox is the gelatine on which the tests were made. Do not accept any substitute. Factory-flavored gelatine desserts will not do because they contain only about 10% gelatine. For further information, write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 71.

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*BEFORE THE RACE, PAT LISTENS CAREFULLY TO THE JUDGE'S INSTRUCTIONS*

## BEARDED SULKY DRIVER WINS TROT

At Goshen, N. Y., July 4, the dressy socialites who watch trotting races got a big laugh. Out from the pack in the first heat of the important *Times Herald* Trot, shot 71-year-old Pat O'Connell. He was driving a big bay gelding named Kelly, and as he furiously waved his whip and rocked back and forth in the little sulky, his eyes were popping with excitement, his long, bushy beard streaming out in the breeze. He crossed the finish line a winner, and the crowd cheered. Pat took off his hat, bowed proudly to the grandstand.

To trotting fans, Pat O'Connell is no new figure. He is one of hundreds of smalltime horsemen who make their living from purses won at trotting races. Wherever he appears, he wears kelly-green silks, paints his sulky a bright, Irish green. For Kelly he hires a stall. For himself he gets a cot outside. His happiest moments come when he drives onto a track and the loudspeaker blares "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Pat hates to have his picture taken. On July 4, when LIFE Photographer Herbert Gehr tried to get a shot of him in stable with Kelly, Pat got mad, soaked Gehr with a bucket of water.

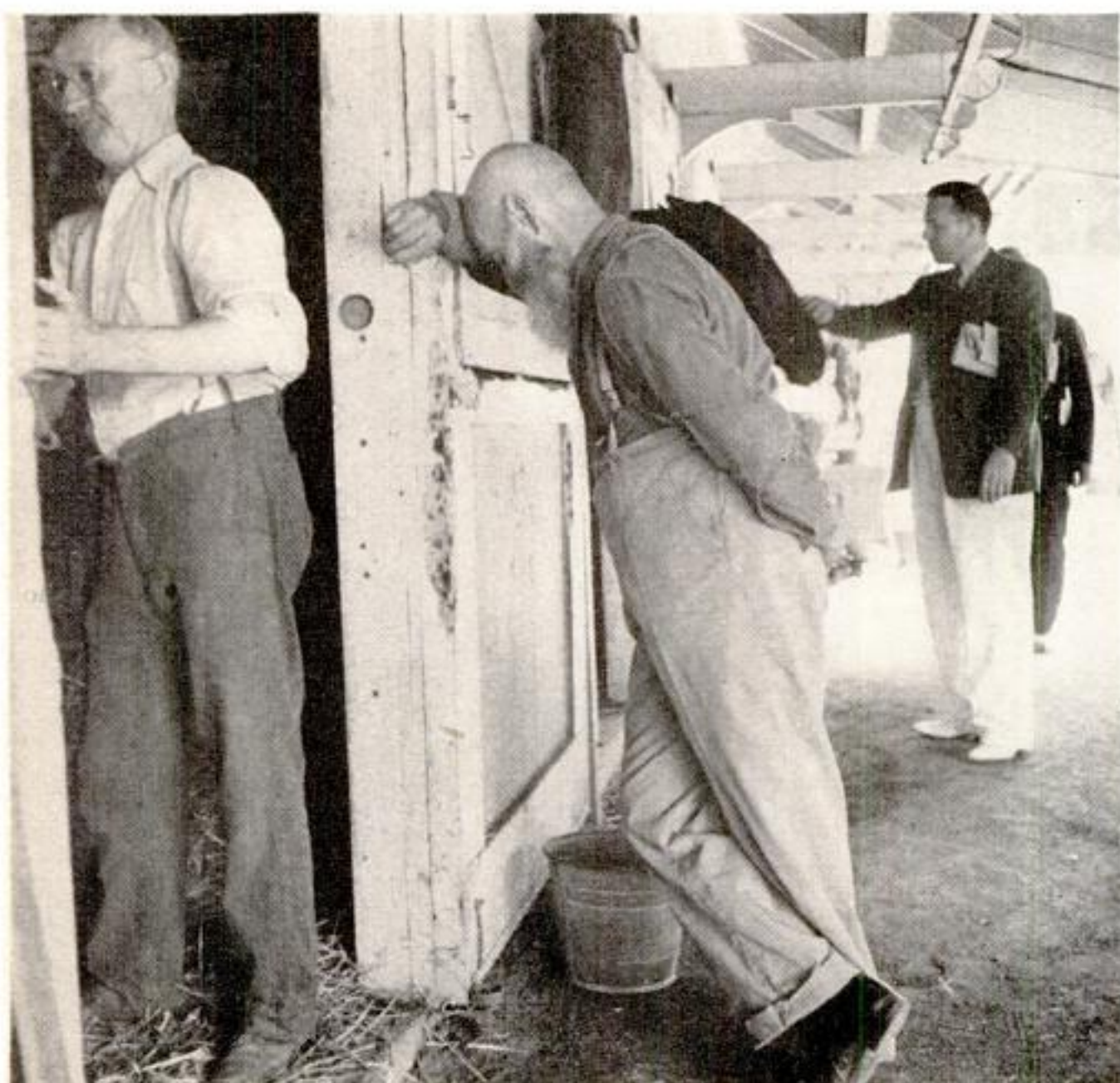


*Back in his seat rocks Pat O'Connell as Kelly crosses the finish line. During the last five years, Kelly has won \$8,523. Pat has another horse called Little Kelly.*





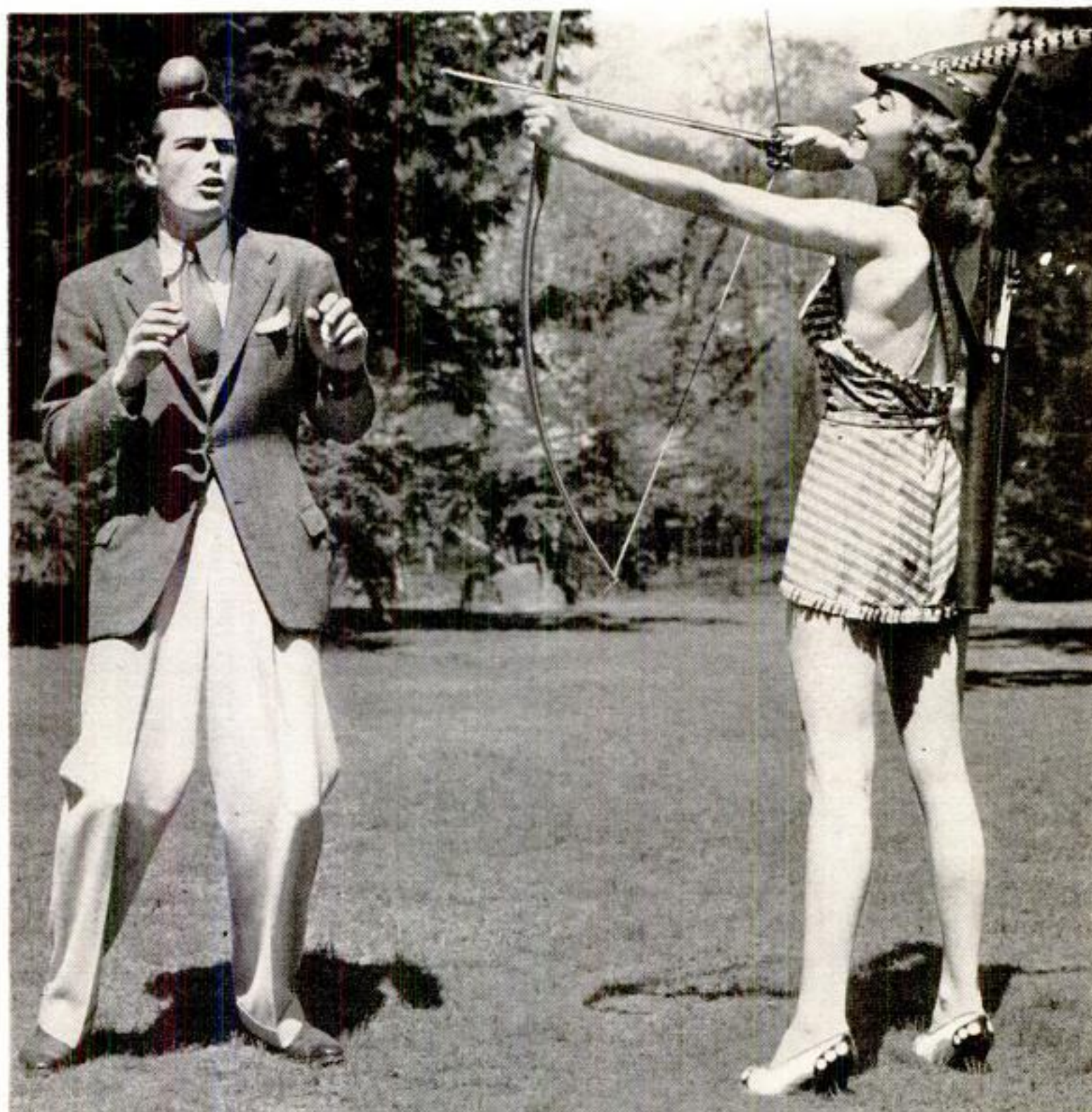
**Pat proudly lifts his hat** to the crowd. A horse trainer-driver all of his life, Pat's home was at the North Randall, Ohio, track until this year. Now he lives at Goshen.



**A tragedy in Pat's life** is the losing of a race. After winning the first heat of the *Times Herald Trot*, he got off to a bad start and lost the next two heats.



**Angry over losing**, Pat takes it out on LIFE Photographer Herbert Gehr. With a bucketful of water, he chased Gehr for 20 ft., then tossed the water unerringly.



**"It's all right** for a boy to take chances — but NOT with his breath. Keep *your* breath safe with LIFE SAVERS."



**"When you're 'in the doghouse,'** open a package of the *new* BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS and cheer up. The flavor is dee-lightful!"



**"Any time** my mouth feels a mite stale and dry . . . it's PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS for me. They're so e-o-o-l—so refreshingly minty!"



**"Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!" 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢

**When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the 250-foot Life Savers Parachute Jump. A real thrill!**





**Dr. Vincent's face** is drawn after a 7-hr. operation. He is primarily a scientific researcher, more interested in medical progress and discovery than in his own private practice. He started operating on his own in 1932 and is now one of the world's foremost brain surgeons.

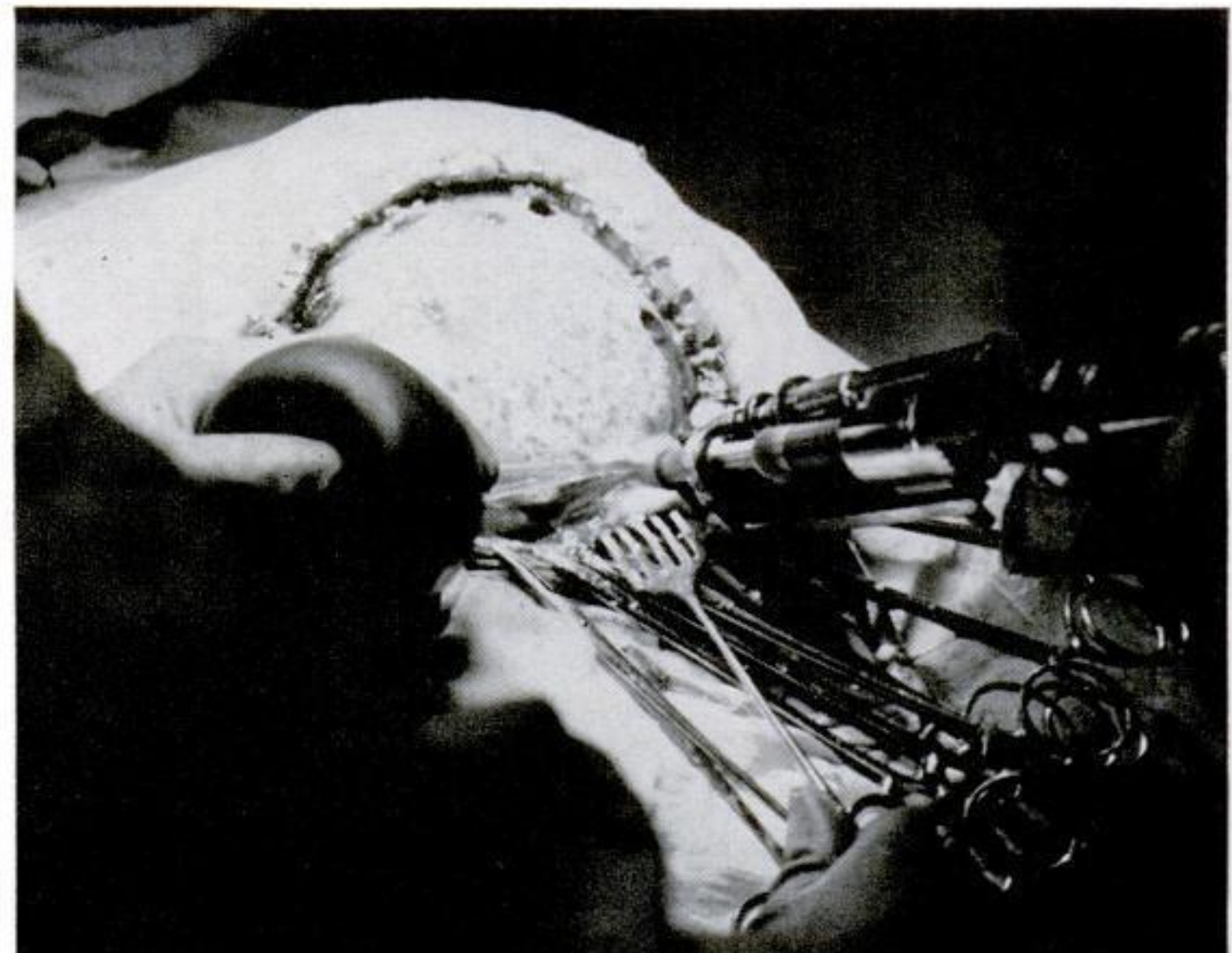
## DR. VINCENT, GREAT FRENCH SURGEON REMOVES A TUMOR FROM THE BRAIN

**W**hen disease interrupts the normal functions of the brain, there is little that a doctor can do but operate. And of all operations, those performed on the brain require the most superlative skill. On these pages you see the highly perfected technique used by Dr. Clovis Vincent, the French brain specialist, in removing a cerebral tumor.

A neurologist without formal surgical training, Dr. Vincent was long barred from operating on patients in the Paris hospitals. In 1928 he came to the United States to study the surgical technique of Boston's famed Dr. Harvey Cushing. Returning to Paris, he performed over 2,200 brain operations from 1932 to 1937 in a special clinic. But it was only this year that he received the official and international seal of approval in the form of a chair of brain surgery at the Medical School of the University of Paris endowed equally by the Rockefeller Foundation and French Government. So great is Dr. Vincent's surgical fame today that he performs operations like this in any hospital in Paris he chooses.



**3** At start the patient's shaved head is bound tightly to a sandbag (a pillow would give too much). Dr. Vincent has traced the parts of the scalp which will be folded back, and the anesthetist gives 30 injections around this area. Only the first one hurts.



**4** After the scalp and the temporal muscle have been pulled back, the surgeon, using an electric drill, bores six holes at the edge of that part of the skull which is to be opened. An assistant squirts water through a syringe to prevent the drill from overheating.



**7** Most tedious job preceding the actual removal of the tumor is isolating and ligating a large number of blood vessels on the surface of the brain. The long white gauze rolls are always on hand to stanch the blood and keep it from flowing into the vital areas.



**8** While the tumor was being incised, the patient had several hemorrhages and lost a quart and a half of blood. The blood donor in the foreground is transferring to her nearly a quart of human blood. The balance of the loss is compensated by injections of serum.

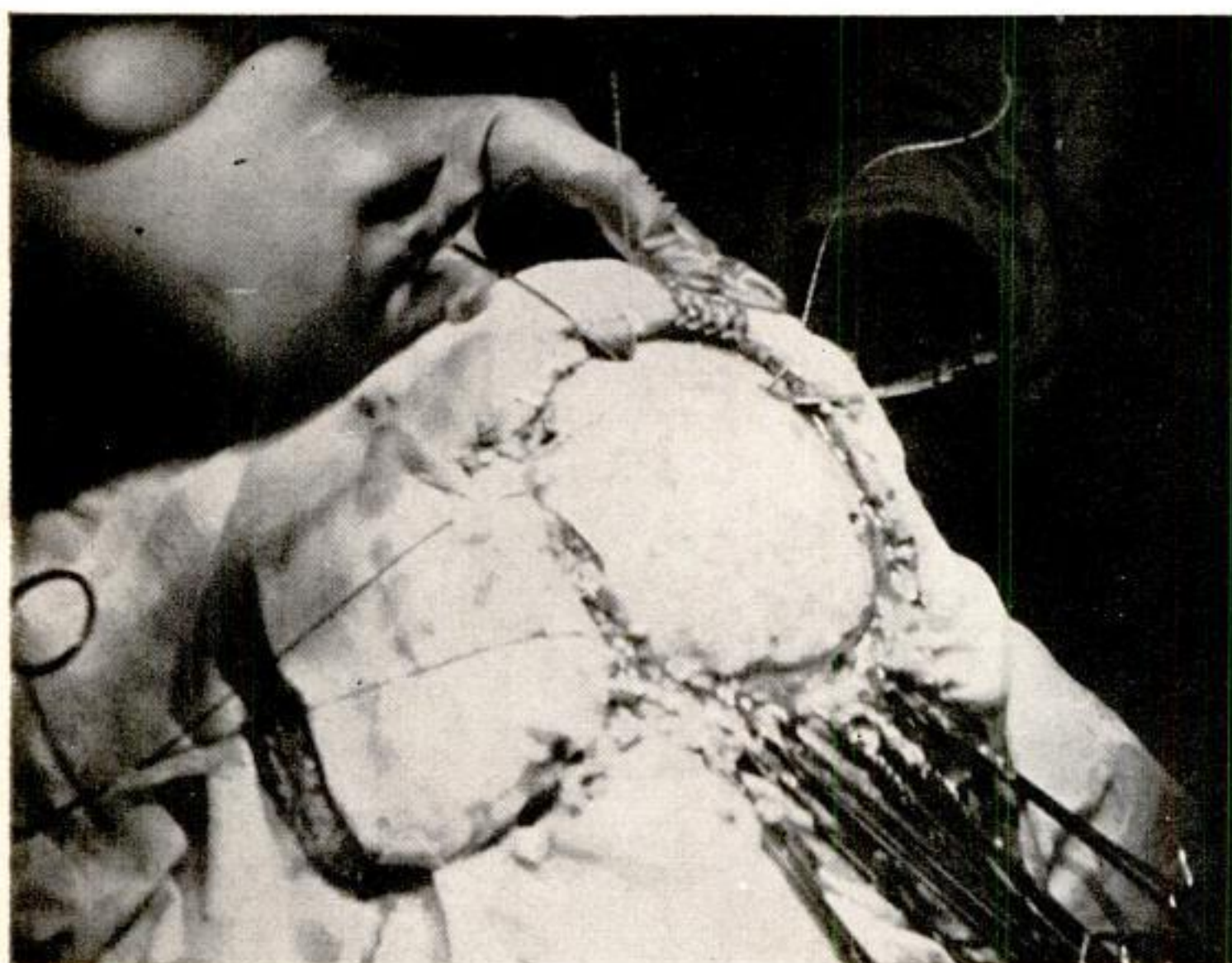




**1** Woman patient, whose operation is shown here, sits facing Dr. Vincent. At right is the patient's own physician and at left a nurse, filling out the history card, and two internes. The brain tumor was progressively paralyzing the left side of the woman's body.



**2** The operating table has platform for instruments over it. The patient has had her head shaved. Compresses were placed on scalp after she was given local anesthetic. Three cables lead to instruments which measure blood pressure, respiration and serum injections.



**5** Fine steel wire, passed through one hole and out the other, acts as a saw, making a clean cut through the bone. The skull bone is not completely cut away as the blood vessels must continue to nourish it through one small section during the entire operation.



**6** Dr. Vincent, wearing glasses, calls for an instrument during the operation. He puts knitted cuffs and gauze around his wrists and inside his rubber gloves to prevent the tension of the rubber from cutting off his circulation during these lengthy operations.



**9** The base of the tumor is now being incised. The frequent hemorrhages which occur are stopped with electrical cauterizers and clips. The rolled compresses are inserted around the diseased area where they absorb the blood. A mask covers the patient's face.



**10** While the tumor is being removed, an assisting surgeon takes a relatively large piece of quadricep muscle from patient's left leg which has been locally anesthetized. This healthy tissue is then placed in the cavity left in the brain by the excised tumor.





# argus again AMAZES EXPERTS!



ARGUS MODEL M

**\$750**  
IN ATTRACTIVE  
GIFT BOX



**"HARD-BOILED CAMERA BUGS"** exclaim about the efficiency, simplicity and economy packed into the jewel-like, tiny case of the new Argus Model M . . . with its high-precision triplet Anastigmat f:6.3 lens, fully color corrected. Uses new 35 mm. Arguspan film or specially spooled Dufaycolor film for natural color shots. Takes a wide variety of pictures.

**WOMEN ADORE** this new Argus! A beautiful little camera . . . streamlined in design and sparkling with smart chrome ribbon trim. So tiny it slips easily into purse or pocket.

**A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT...** so easy to use. Lens openings marked for "dull," "cloudy," "bright," "sunshine" or "color," to make good picture-taking simple. Two-speed shutter for instantaneous or time exposures. Has a built-in optical view finder and tripod socket; collapsible lens mount.

**COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY FANS** will enjoy the new Argus Model M because it takes economical half-size as well as full-size pictures. Twice as many shots . . . a great saving in color film.

## 5 OTHER ARGUS MODELS



- ARGUS MODEL A**  
with f:4.5 Anastigmat lens . . . . . \$10.00
- ARGUS MODEL A2**  
with built-in exposure meter . . . . . \$12.50
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with f:3.5 lens; coupled range finder . . \$25.00
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with f:3.5 lens; coupled range finder and built-in flash synchronizer, \$30.00

## Get Close-Up, Portrait and Pictorial Effects with These Accessories

Adding to the versatility of the Model M are two efficient, inexpensive accessory lenses, one permitting pictures as close as 24 inches, especially adapted for nature study; another for portrait work. Also available are Model M sun shade, 2X filter and a tripod. Choice of two beautifully designed carrying cases . . . one with convenient shoulder strap and one pocket type.

Let your local dealer show you the amazing pictures taken with this new Argus Camera.

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Please send me further information on the new Argus Model M.

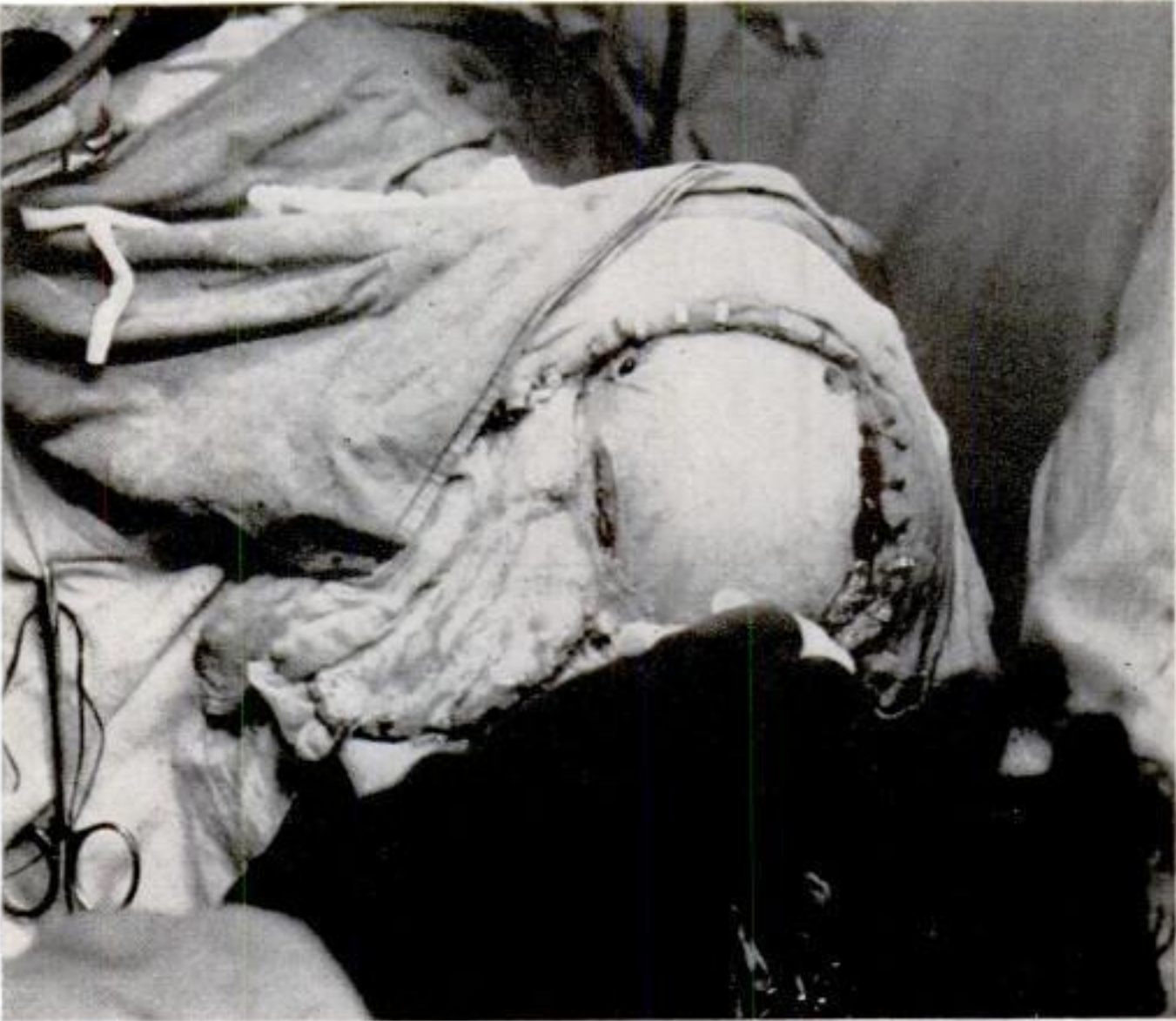
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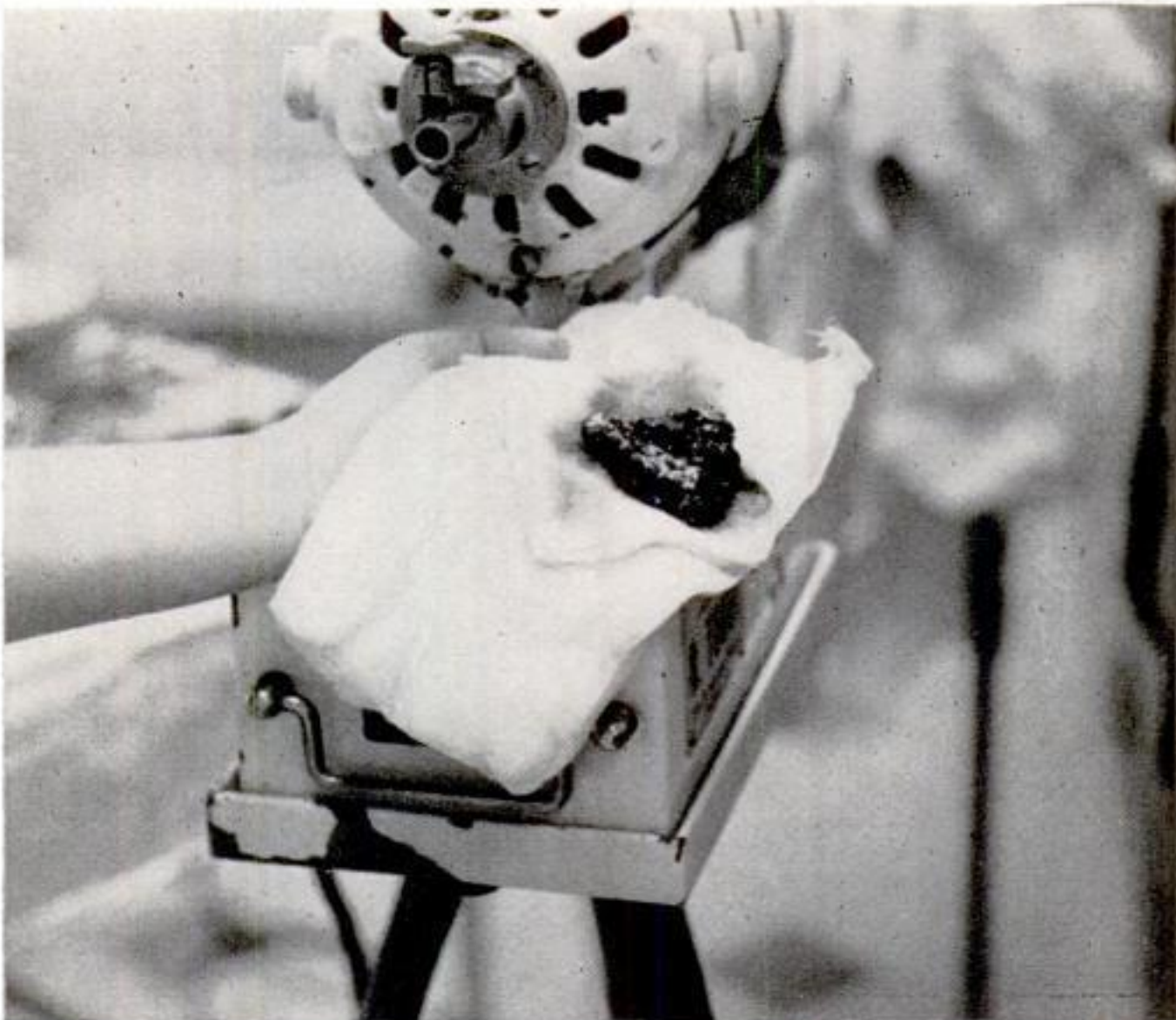
## Brain Operation (continued)



**11** The tumor, which was slowly blinding one eye and paralyzing one side of the patient's body, has been removed, leaving a deep dark cavity. This cavity is about to be filled with the muscle tissue taken from the patient's thigh.



**12** The bone is finally laid in place in the skull where it will gradually become united with the rest of the bone tissue. The muscles and the skin flap are carefully sewed into position and the tedious 7-hr. operation is completed.



**13** The size of the excised tumor can be seen in relation to that of the nurse's hand holding it. Cerebral tumors are relatively common and, when discovered at a sufficiently early stage, can be safely removed by a skilled brain surgeon.



# CRACK DOWN ON TRAFFIC BONERS LIKE THIS

## "SCREWDRIIVER"—DON'T YOU LOVE HIM?—

The light is red—the cars are lined up—when he arrives! Does he fall in behind? Never! He pulls a sneak to the head of the line—*smart guy!*—so he can snarl up traffic *plenty* when the light goes green . . . Remember, your engine uses 3 times as much gasoline in low and second as in high—when a "Screwdriver" makes you use your gears, he's tapping *your* gas tank!

## STOP-and-GO driving can be cut down fully 25%



*"It is astonishing that a well-behaved man so often becomes selfish and irresponsible when he drives. Teach him ordinary good sense and good manners, and you can reduce all 'stop-and-go' driving 25%."*

*Murray D. Van Wageningen*

State Highway Commissioner of Michigan  
and President, American Road Builders' Association

**M**OST of your Stop-and-Go can't be helped. But 25% of it is *needless* and can be wiped out!

A new plan—developed out of the same research that produced Super-Shell, the gasoline to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go—shows you how!

Put public opinion to work against "Screwdrivers"! It lowered our accident

rate—it can cut down traffic boners.

Join the Shell Share-the-Road Club—a nation-wide legion of motorists who are banded together FOR common-sense driving—AGAINST "Screwdriving"!

Pull into your Shell dealer's today! He'll put the Share-the-Road emblem on your car FREE—give you a booklet showing how "Screwdrivers" snarl traffic and increase Stop-and-Go.

Join up—show your colors. Let's go!

Join the SHELL  
SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB  
—help rid the road of  
"Screwdrivers"!



**SHOW YOUR COLORS!** The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%.

**THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO**

He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care!

"SHARE THE ROAD"  
AND **SUPER-SHELL**  
BOTH SAVE ON  
STOP-AND-GO





## CONSCIOUSNESS

This is the starting point of the brain's functions. Unless a man is conscious, his brain will not work. Consciousness is the brain's waking mechanism. It produces emotion. Here, because the man is conscious, he will have the sensation of seeing the headlights.

## SENSATION

Sensation is a conscious experience, aroused by impulses from the sense organs—the eyes, ears, skin, nose and mouth. It is a nervous replica in the brain of the stimulus which has affected the sense organ. Here the eye transmits an image of automobile headlights to the sensation circuit.

## PERCEPTION

A sensation is transmitted to the perceptive circuit where the brain performs the vital act of recognition. Comprehension, which is the next step, takes place in the frontal perceptive circuit. Having recognized the sensation as headlights, the brain realizes what they mean, i.e., danger.

## VOLUNTARY ACTION

Having comprehended danger, the man darts back. This voluntary action begins in two circuits. One is acted on by comprehension, the other by perception. Action is carried out through the downward connection, to spinal cord, motor nerves and, finally, the muscles.

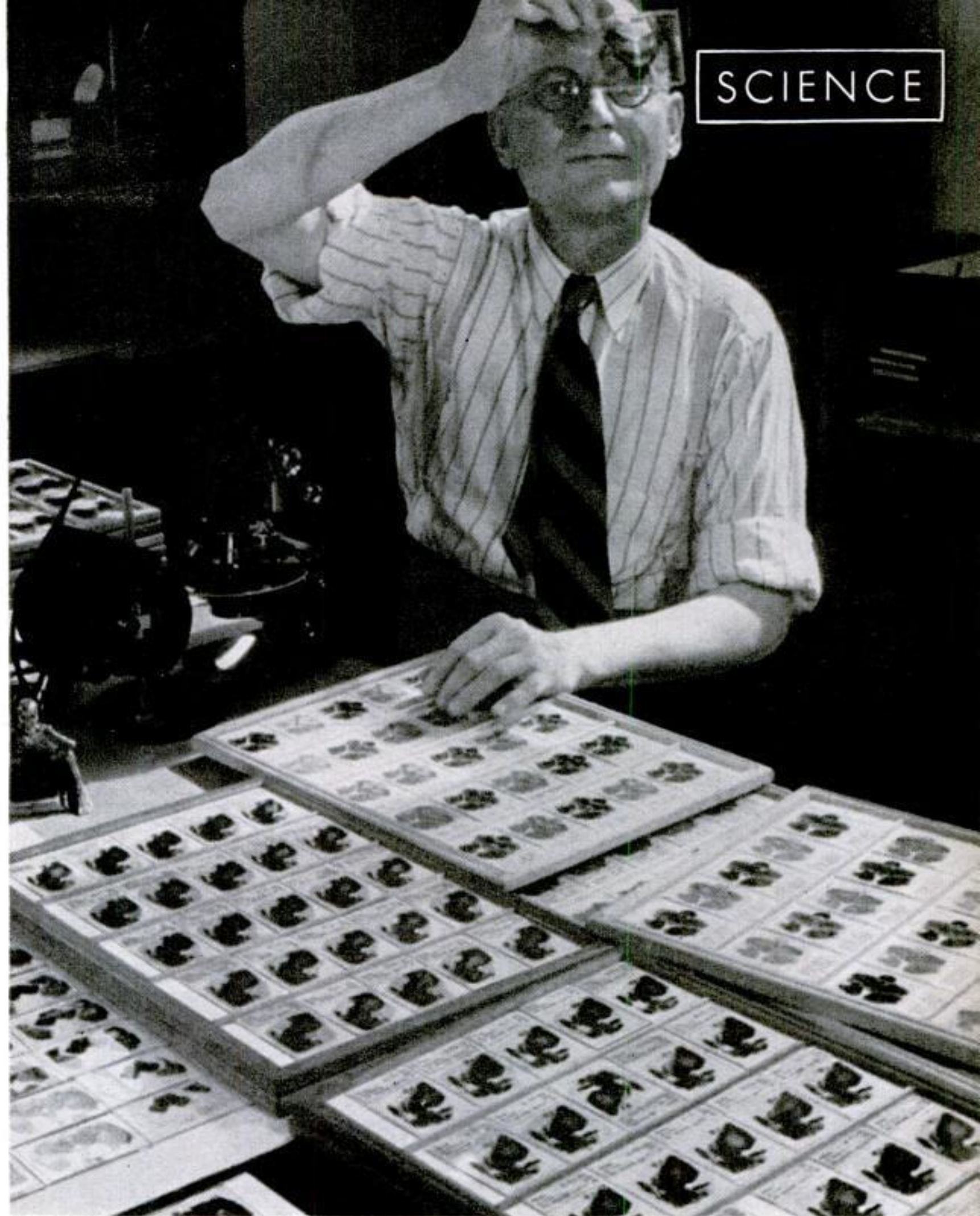


# AT CORNELL BRAINS ARE DISSECTED TO FIND THE MECHANISM OF THOUGHT

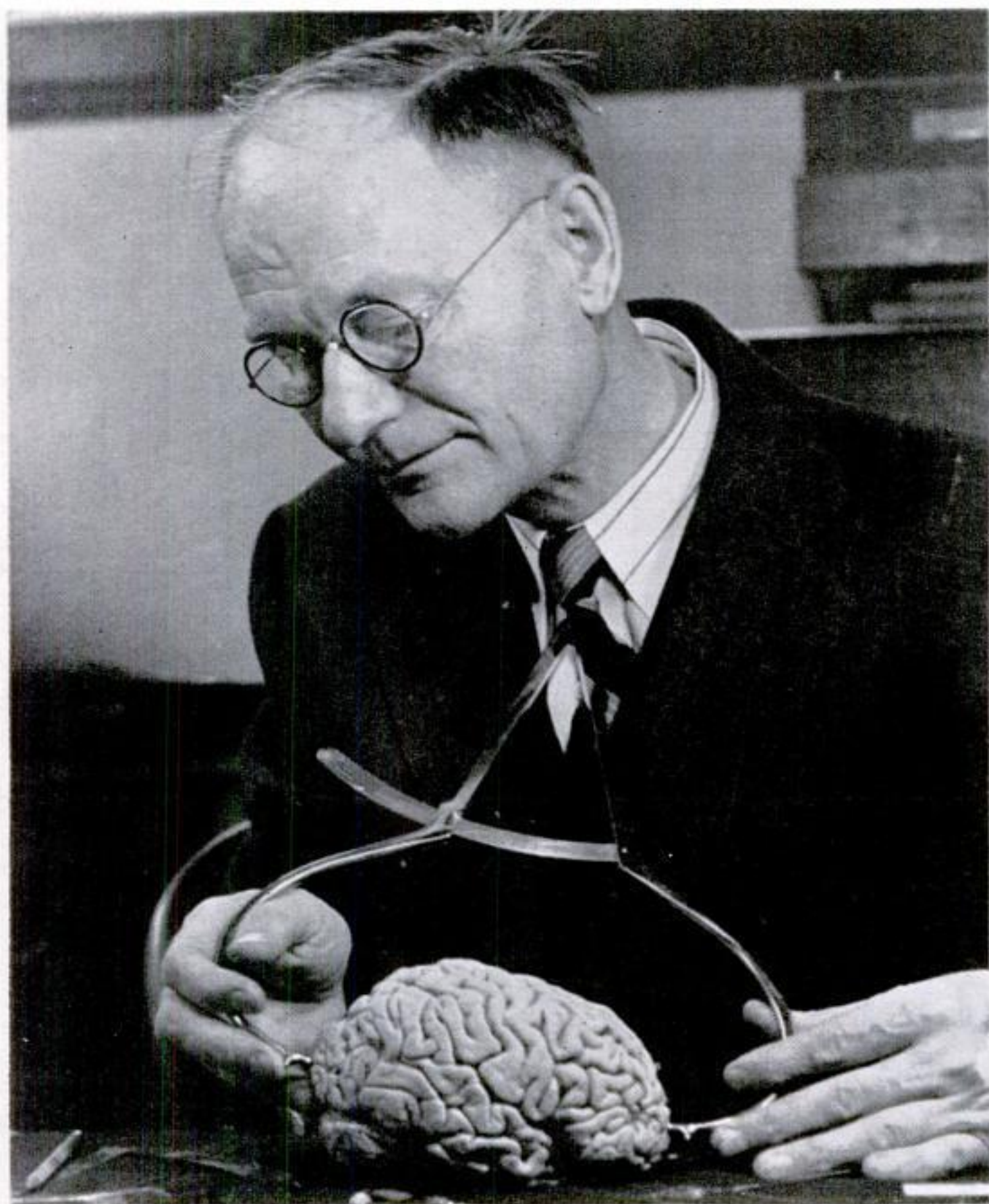
In the color picture on the opposite page the four primary circuits of the brain are shown in action as a man sees automobile headlights, senses his danger and leaps out of the car's way. These diagrams were prepared for LIFE under the direction of Dr. James W. Papez of Cornell University (*below*), whose 27-year study of the brain and what makes it work has put him at the top of his scientific class.

Dr. Papez's work has been done in Cornell's Wilder Brain Collection, shown on this page. His aim has been to bridge the enormous gap between the well-known anatomy of the brain and the mysterious realm known as thought and emotion. He has studied microscopically hundreds of brains, tracing the connections and intricate inter-connections of nerve cells, and has evolved the first solidly scientific theory about the mechanisms of thought and emotion.

Functionally the brain is a machine to receive sensations, sort them out into meaningful patterns and direct the actions of the rest of the body. To accomplish these things, Dr. Papez believes that minute electrical nerve impulses travel in the four well-defined circuits illustrated on the opposite page, forming patterns. Given an unknown brain to analyze, Dr. Papez can often deduce the behavior patterns of its late owner from any brain injuries.



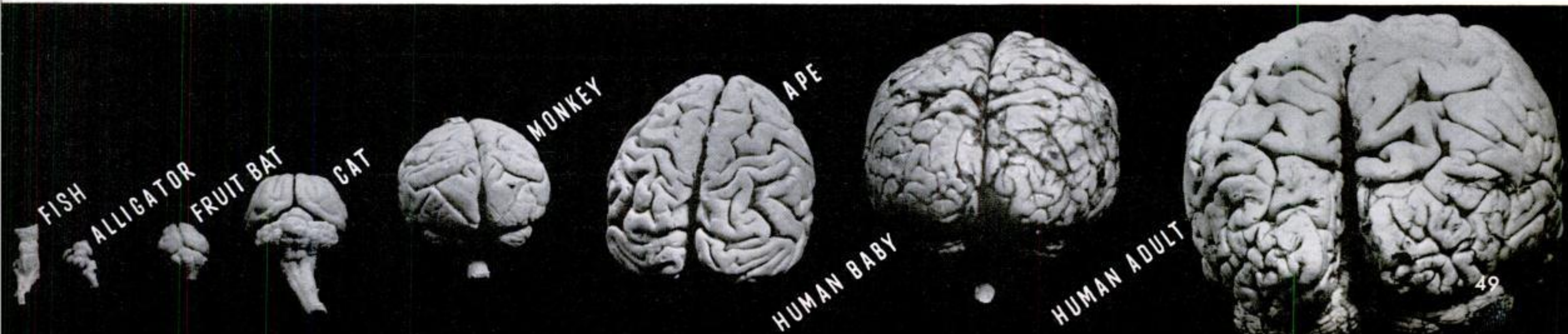
Dr. Papez for microscopic study slices tissue-thin brain sections which are mounted on glass plates (*above*). Cornell's Wilder Brain Collection of about a thousand specimens (*below*) gives him an opportunity to study savants' brains as well as those of paupers.



The brain's dimensions as well as its convolutions are important in Dr. Papez's work, though neither of them is a definite index of mental ability. Below, the evolution of

the brain from fish to adult man shows the immense increase in the size of the cerebral hemispheres which play the greatest part in perception and intelligent think-

ing. The evolution of the brain is duplicated in human development—the brain of an embryo at five weeks looks like that of a fish, at 7½ months like an ape's.





# THE NURSERY IS RAIDED FOR NONSENSICAL SONGS

For their theme material swing musicians make a standard practice of looting other fields of music. Negro spirituals, hillbilly music and the classics have long been grist in the Swing mill. Two years ago *Loch Lomond* and *Annie Laurie* were swung. For this summer's repertory, swing has raided the nursery. Now adults in their second childhood and jitterbugs in their first are singing *Where Has My Little Dog Gone?*, *London Bridge is Falling Down*, and at least five other similar ditties.

The simple nursery jingles, acutely susceptible to the swingers' improvising genius, suffer strange revision in their hands. *Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush*, swung into *Stop Beatin' 'Round the Mulberry Bush*, gets very non-nursery in the lines:

*You are in all my dreams and hopes  
Dreams and hopes, dreams and hopes  
You've got me hangin' on the ropes  
Ready for the knockout.*

© 1938, Bregman, Vocco and Conn Inc.

Few swing nursery rhymes would be recognizable in the nursery after the first line. It is unlikely that they ever will be. Like *Annie Laurie*, *Loch Lomond* and the classics, the originals will survive long after the swing versions have grown banal.

Swing nursery rhymes, however, have had other consequences. Full-grown adults are consulting dance studios for re-instruction in the routine of *Patty Cake, Patty Cake* (see below) in a craze that has already taken firm grip on the Eastern Seaboard and promises to sweep the country. And swing nursery rhymes must be credited with having cleared the ground for the even more infantile and successful *Three Little Fishies*, whose first verse follows:

*Down in de meddy by de itty bitty poo  
Fam fee itty fitty and a mama fitty, foo.  
'Fim,' said de mama fitty, 'fim if oo tan'  
And dey fam and dey fam all over de dam.*

© 1939, Santly-Joy-Select Inc.



"Poochie, poochie," wails Betty Hutton in the swing version of *Where Has My Little Dog Gone?*\* She sings the orthodox first verse in little-girl fashion, then breaks into

the mood of exasperation shown here. Swing's recovery from the nursery craze is promised in swelling popularity of a good fast song with the sober title of *Beer Barrel Polka*.  
\* © 1938, Robbins Music Corporation



"Patty Cake, Patty Cake" routine was launched last May from the peak of the social pyramid at opening of Manhattan's St. Regis Roof. There Paramount Starlets Billy Dan-



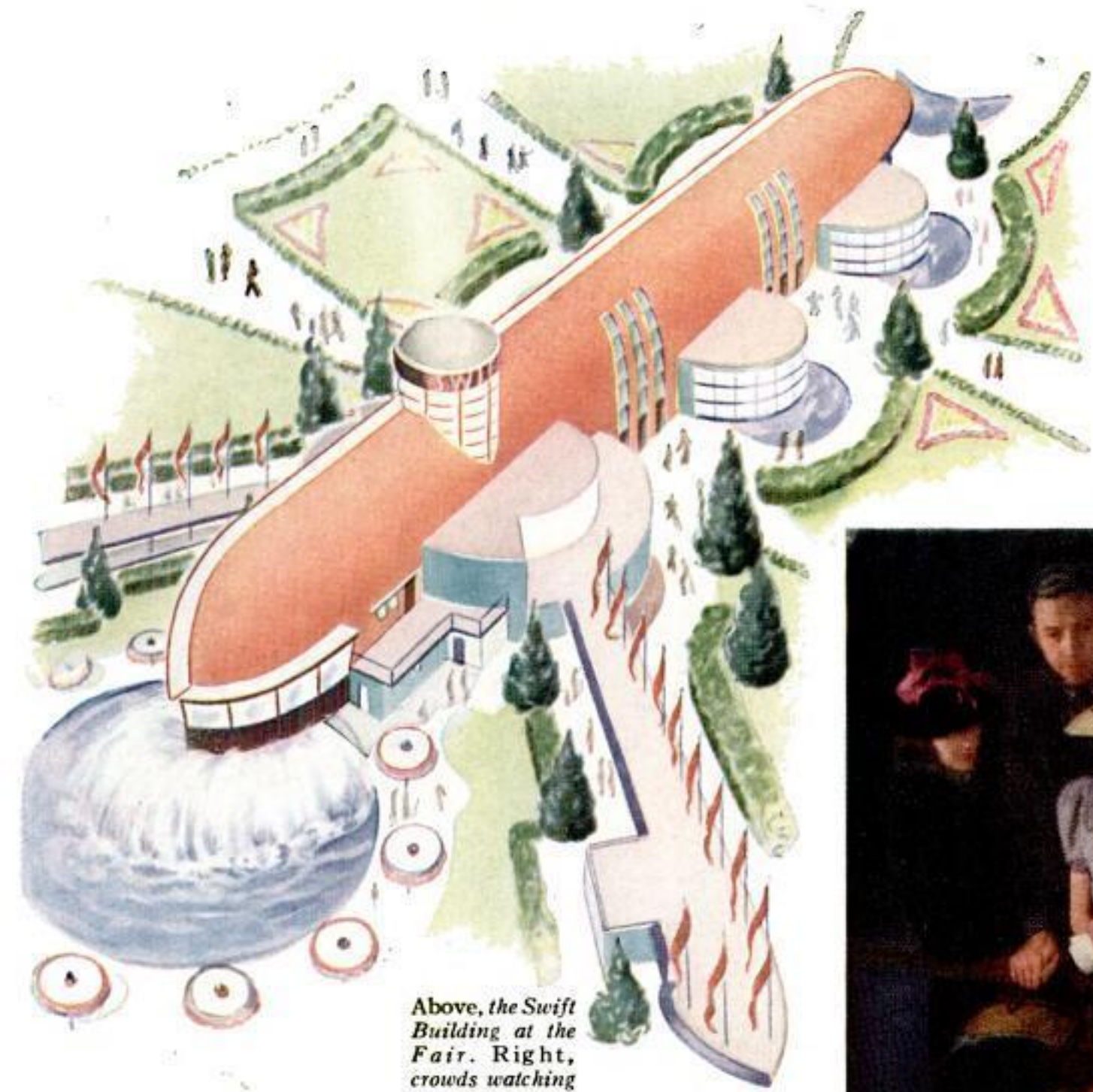
iels and Mary Parker, who demonstrate above, taught it to an assemblage which included Barbara Hutton Haugwitz Reventlow, the John Jacob Astors, et al. With the



music at a fast clip it goes: *Patty Cake, Patty Cake, baker man, Mix your music in a rhythm pan, Give it all the heat you can, Serve it right away. . . . Start the band to play.*  
© 1938, Sam Fox Publishing Co.



# Swift's Premium Frankfurts — the talk of New York World's Fair!



Above, the Swift Building at the Fair. Right, crowds watching Swift's Premium Frankfurts being made.

Millions see them made from fine meats and rare spices...rave about their tantalizing flavor! You can get the same marvelous frankfurts from your neighborhood dealer. Serve them for a "jiffy-ready" summer supper!



IF YOU were one of the spectators in the picture at the right, you'd hear this comment all around you: "No wonder Swift's Premium Frankfurts are so good—just look at the wonderful meat that goes into them!"

And it's true—Swift refuses to use any but fresh, *fine-quality* meats. But there's more to the story. Swift goes to extra expense to secure rare spices from far-away lands... and combines these fine ingredients by their own special recipe which no one else has equaled!

The result is a frankfurt hard to describe without seeming to exaggerate. Actually so tender that it bursts almost at the touch of your fork. So rich in flavor... so delicately spiced... that with your very first taste you realize *this* is what a frankfurt *ought* to be!

Your own dealer has these luscious frankfurts. You're really missing something if you don't try them! You can easily recognize them by the red, white and blue band on every fourth link (*right*) which carries the Swift's Premium seal... the seal that's *always* your guide to the finest quality meats.



Copr. 1939 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S SPIC-AND-SPAN KITCHENS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ALSO MAKE THESE AND OTHER SUPERB TABLE-READY MEATS:

- Swift's Premium Meat Loaf
- Swift's Premium Braunschweiger
- Swift's Premium Cervelat
- Swift's Premium Lunar Loaf
- Swift's Premium Leona
- Swift's Premium Salami
- Swift's Premium Liver Cheese
- Swift's Premium Cheemead
- Swift's Premium Pot Roast of Beef
- and Swift's Premium Ham, Delicatessen Style

TASTE THEIR REAL HOME GOODNESS! YOUR DEALER HAS THEM.

**HOW SWIFT'S PREMIUM FRANKFURTS ARE MADE.** The process and materials used at the Fair are the same as Swift employs in its Kitchens all over the country. In the foreground you see fine, juicy pieces of fresh meat moving to the grinder. From there it goes to a mixer where carefully blended spices are added. The meat is then made into frankfurts, and the links smoked in clean, fragrant ovens. Every fourth link is banded with the Swift's Premium seal of top quality.

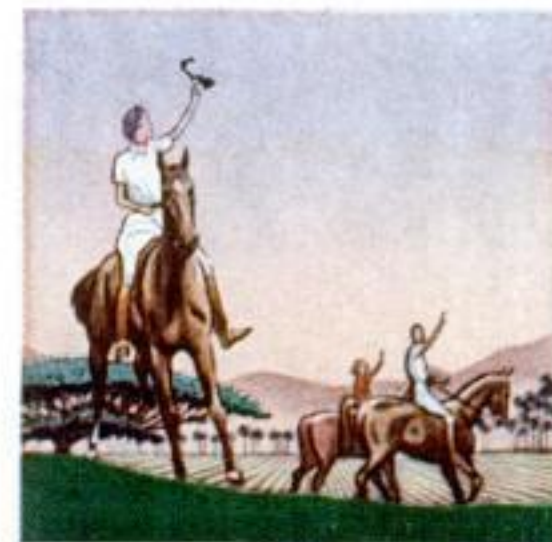


## SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Frankfurts*

Tempting supper for a warm evening! Tender, savory Swift's Premium Frankfurts... with cool potato salad in attractive tomato cups. The frankfurts are ready in a jiffy—just heat them in simmering water for 5 to 8 minutes. Want some interesting frankfurt recipes?—write to Martha Logan, Swift & Company, Chicago.



Photographed in Hawaii by Grancel Fitz for Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.



"You ride on and enjoy the view while I go home and see that lunch is ready. I know that you will be hungry when you arrive."



"Of course, they'll want some nice cold Dole Pineapple Juice before lunch. I'm thirsty, myself, for a glassful right now."



From sun-ripened pineapples in Hawaii comes Dole Pineapple Juice—pure, zestful, unsweetened—rich in fruit sugars. A good source of vitamins A, B, C.

**DOLE**  
PINEAPPLE JUICE  
FROM HAWAII

HI-HO  
HAWAII!



Tall, cool glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice . . . golden in color—alluring in tropical fragrance. That's a view of Hawaii that you can enjoy in your home daily . . . with your family—with your friends—after work—after play.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT... FOR THAT CRISP "OVER THE HILLS" FEELING  
—ASK FOR **DOLE** PINEAPPLE JUICE AT YOUR GROCERY STORE!



## TYPICAL COUNTRY PREACHER

## PICKED TO WRITE MEMOIRS

For 40 years Rev. George B. Gilbert has been Rural Missionary for the Episcopal Church in Middlesex County in the heart of Connecticut. On July 30, when his parishioners gather for their annual Summer picnic they will celebrate not only this anniversary but the fact that their 67-year-old parson is finally going to write his book. For Harper Bros., he has been picked by the *Christian Herald* as the typical country preacher, to write a companion book for Harper's popular *Horse and Buggy Doctor*.

Parson Gilbert, who was born in Vermont, originally entered the ministry because of his dislike for the typical country preacher, who saw his people only sitting stiffly in their pews or even more stiffly in their parlors. Preaching and visiting are the least of Parson Gilbert's functions. For the people in the 100 square miles of his parish he has been a combination county agent, handyman, barber and even, for two years, a state legislator.

With his wife and four of his five children he lives on a farm near Middletown. Their house has rarely been without unexpected guests in need of food and shelter. Two of them, orphan girls, were adopted into the Gilbert family. One of his out-buildings he has furnished as a bunkhouse to shelter transients. Back of his house he dug a swimming pool for the children who swarm over the farm.

On Sundays his activities switch to his three churches in Durham, Haddam and Killingworth. The Gilbert car is loaded with food, a trailer is hitched on and he sets off, picking up parishioners along the way, delivering them at church, feeding them after services and carrying them home later.

Unlike most ministers, he is never bothered by budgets. He is, by his own choice, one of the lowest-paid ministers in the Episcopal Church. Most of his expenses and charities are carried by local people who find his good work contagious. Windfalls come in now and then from summer visitors. A little extra cash is earned by Parson Gilbert himself, from his column, *The Pastoral Parson and His Country Folks*, which he writes regularly for the *Rural New-Yorker*. He is so far one superb chapter along on his book.



In his pulpit Parson Gilbert preaches informally with no notes or set text. His sermons are usually little homilies

on the week's news and his recent readings. His parishioners say "it seems as though he was just visiting with us."



Service ends with Recessional at the village church in Durham. Sermons are often illustrated with lantern slides thrown on screen at left.



Christening of a squalling baby follows service in Durham. At least one parishioner's baby has been named after Parson Gilbert.



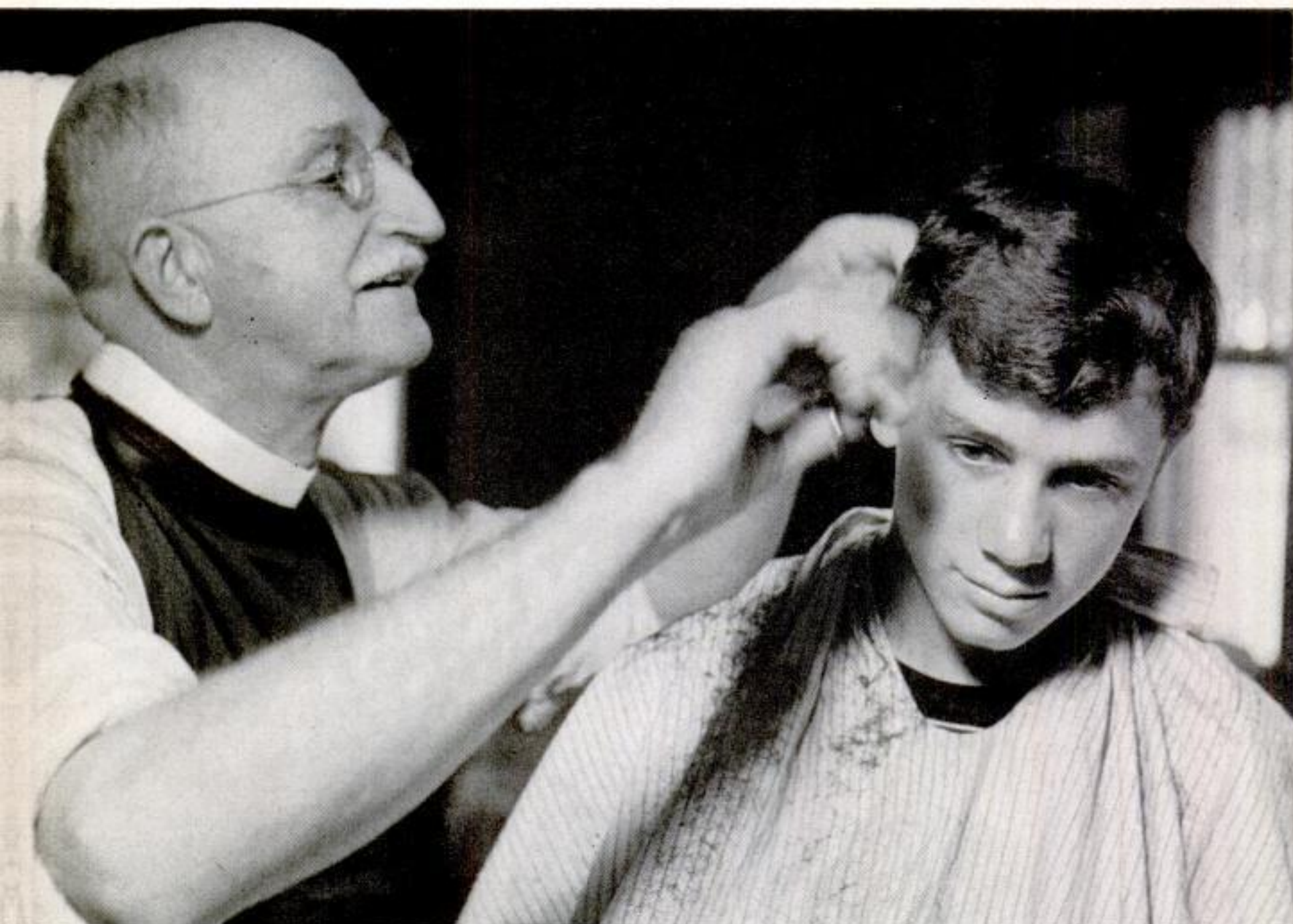
Lunch in parish house consists of stew provided by Gilbert, salad and dessert by the parishioners.





**Swimming pool** on Mr. Gilbert's land took twelve years "of knitting work" to build at cost of \$75. It is equipped with diving board, two rowboats and

has a shallow part for small children. Parson Gilbert sometimes joins children in the water. At parish parties he plays baseball and pitches horseshoes.

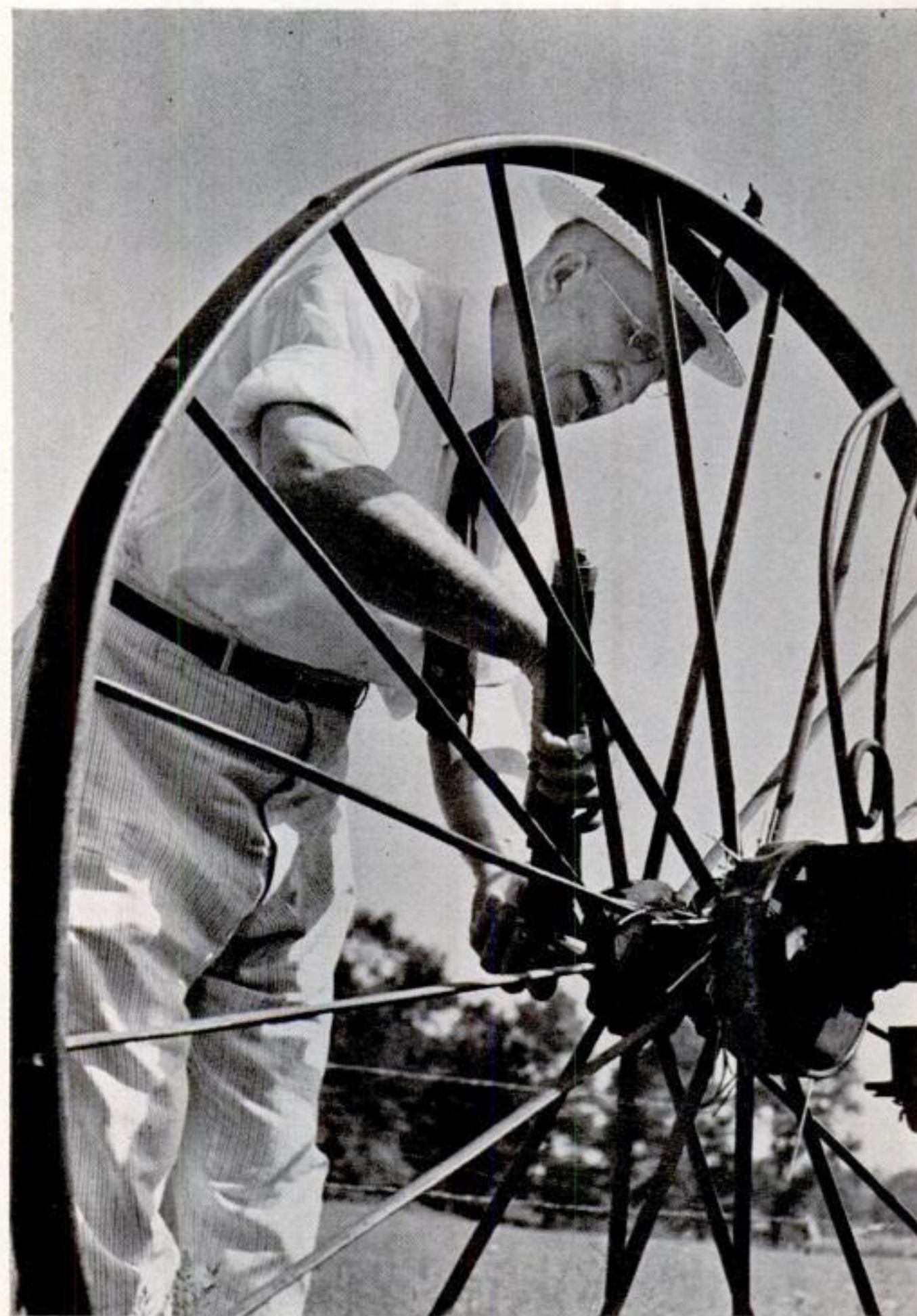


**An expert barber**, Parson Gilbert regularly trims the heads of many of his congregation. In his parlor (below), he reads farm and church papers. His

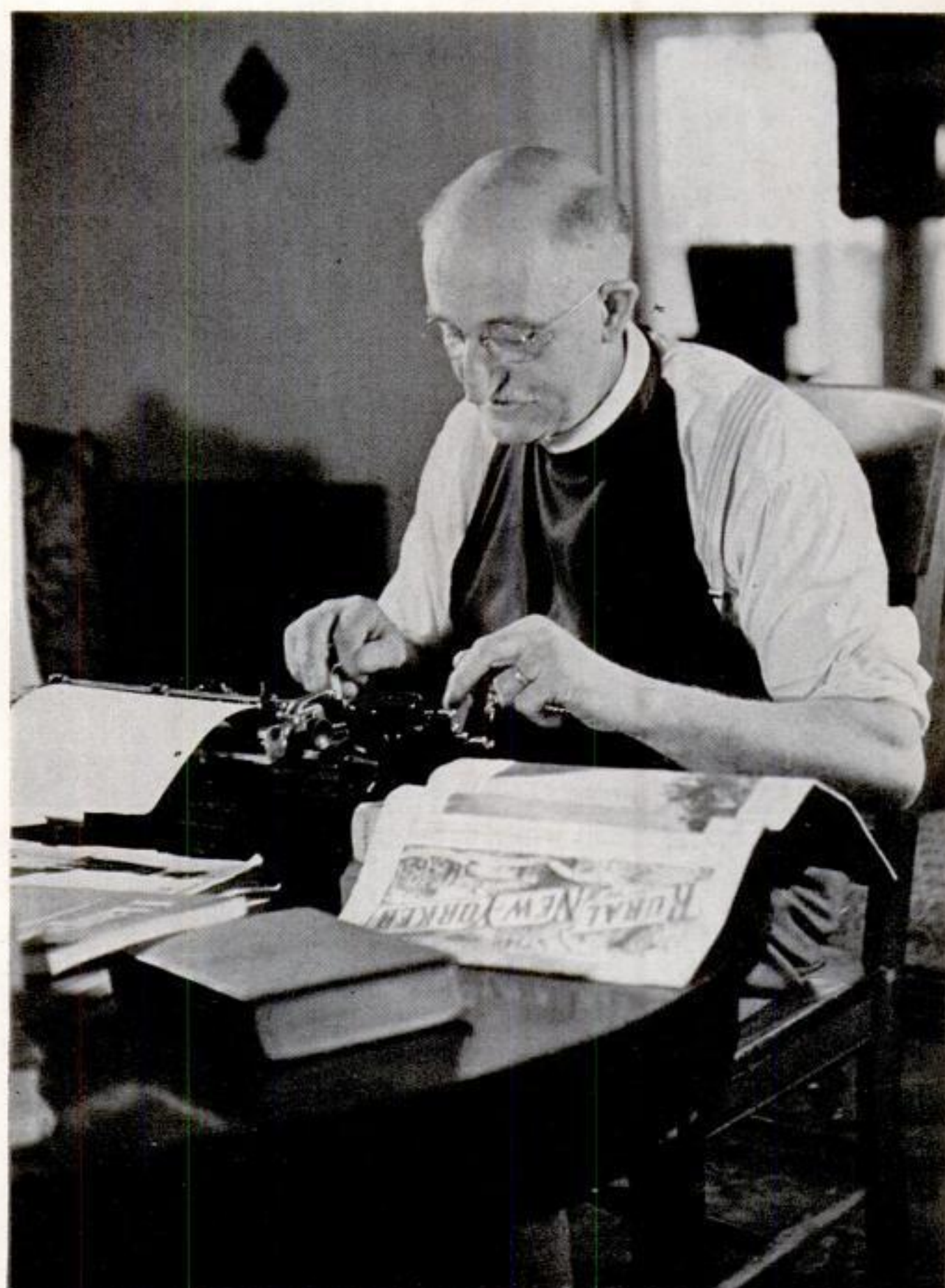
books range from *Pilgrim's Progress* to *The Bobbsey Twins*. He finished three-year course at small Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown in two years.



## Country Preacher (continued)



**Farm mechanics** take part of Parson Gilbert's time. He has fitted up a portable saw rig which he takes with him when he goes calling in his parish during the fall



**Columnist Gilbert** pecks out his regular stint for the *Rural New-Yorker*. It is a popular feature and brought him many nominations as typical country preacher.





**Madonna Lily**, one of prize plants in the parson's garden, was given Mr. Gilbert by woman who found shelter at their

house two years ago. He keeps his grounds attractive for his parishioners. Feature of his garden is a reflecting pool

in which he grows water lilies. Phi Beta Kappa key which he got at Trinity College, Hartford, hangs from his watch chain.







# IRELAND

## A NEW FLAG BRINGS HOPE TO AN OLD AND PIOUS LAND

Ireland is a lovely green island about the size of the State of Maine. A few ranchers raise cattle on its central plain. The mass of its people grub for a living on the coastal mountains. And in the last 90 years while the population of the rest of the world was increasing 98%, that of Ireland fell 50%, from 6,000,000 to 3,000,000. Many of the missing migrated to America. But Ireland began to die when the young men put off marrying until they were 30 and 40. And the poverty that made them bachelors was largely the result of English landlords and English laws which compelled the Irish to sell their produce only to England at fixed prices.

The economic society of Ireland is aboriginal. The unit is the family and "friend" in Ireland means relative. After 50 years an unrelated neighbor is still "stranger." Whole villages, however, are kinsmen. LIFE examines one such village, Quin in County Clare. On the opposite page, Quin's patriarchs, Dan Cider Clune and Thomas O'Brien, visit their family's graves in the Franciscan Abbey, ruined by Cromwell's men in 1651. Over the Abbey flies Ireland's sovereign flag of green, white and orange (*right*). Land is as precious to the Irishman as to the French peasant but far more holy (*see below*). Land and church make their lives. For more on the village of Quin, turn page.



**Holy Water** is sprinkled on Dan Baker's field by his mother-in-law. The Baker family had the holy water blessed at Easter. Sick cows and newborn calves also get holy water.

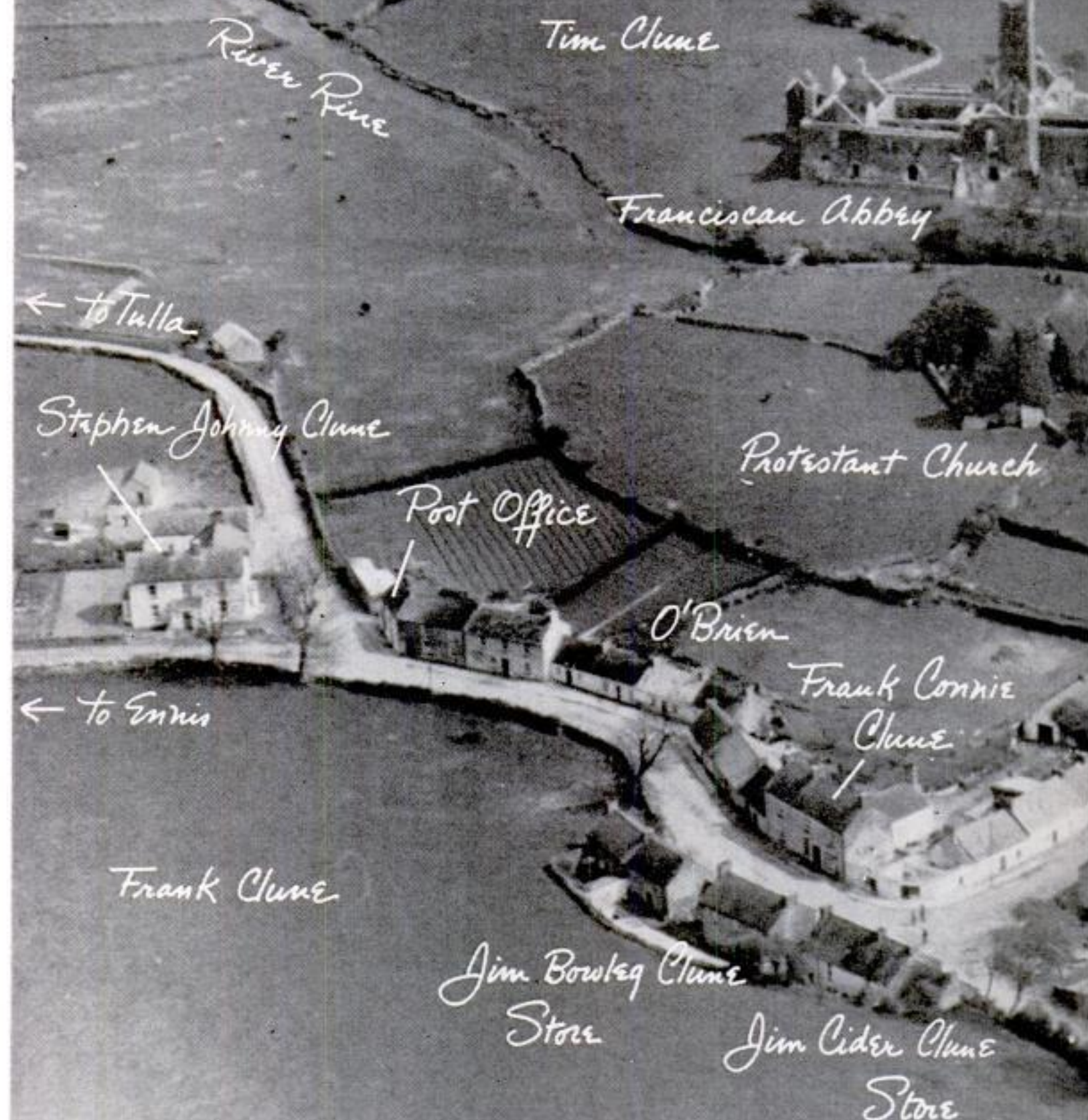






At the noon Angelus, Michael O'Brien, who married the daughter and land of old Dan Cider Clune, stops in his father-in-law's field, uncovers, turns toward the Catholic Church bells and crosses himself. In background is the ruined abbey, flying the Republic's flag.

## THE VILLAGE OF QUIN...



Twenty-seven families live in the village of Quin in County Clare in west Ireland. Full of Clunes, it differentiates families by adding nickname of ancestor, as Clune Bowleg. The Protestant Church of Ireland serves three families who live out of the village.

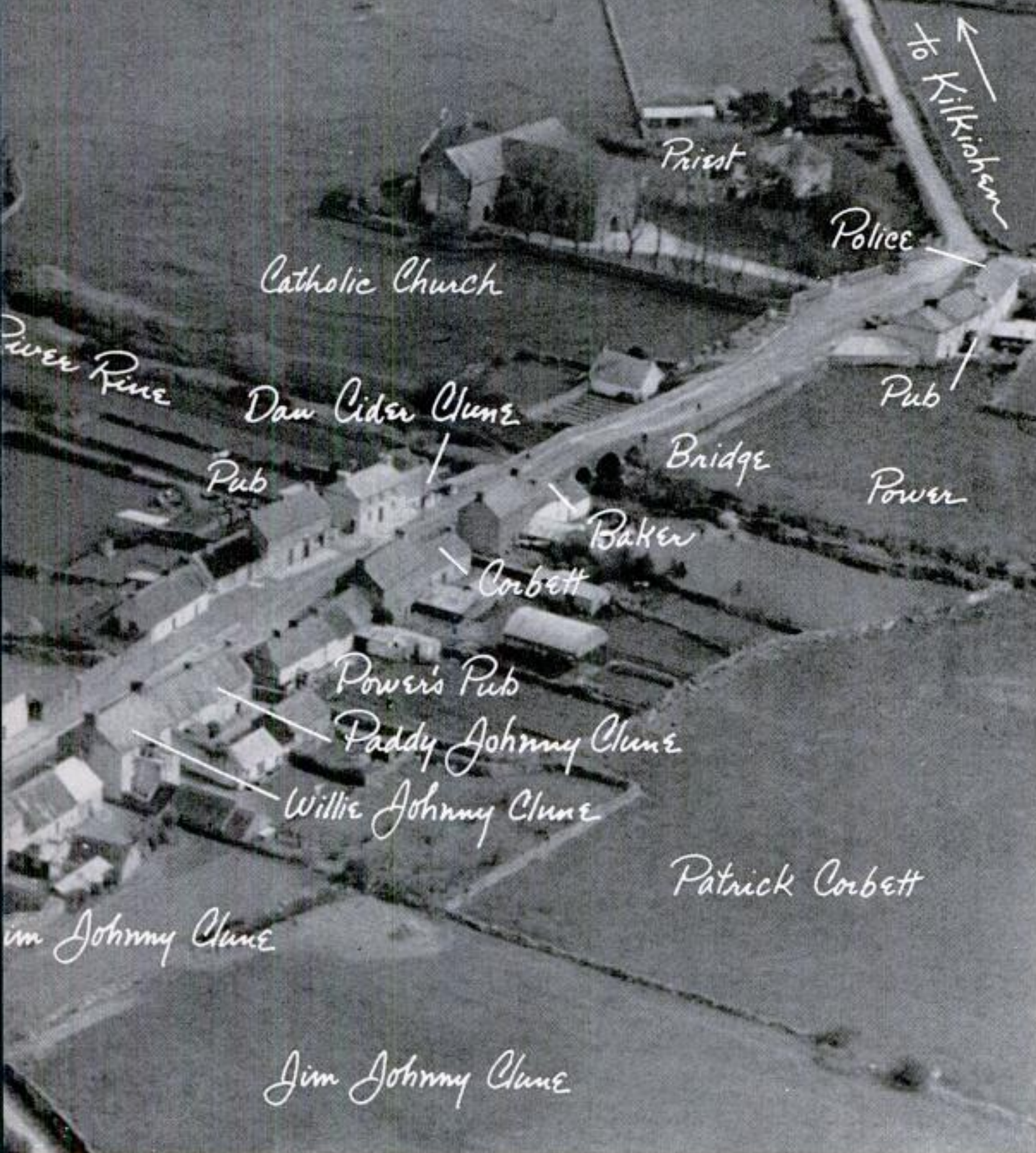


On Sunday, the grinding work stops and the big recreation is church. Men and women go separately. Catholic Ireland has puritanical morals. These "boys" use bicycles. Some walk 15 miles to church. Ireland has one cardinal who lives in Protestant Northern Ireland.





# BELONGS TO THE CLUNES



**Whole family** goes on its knees in the evening to say their Rosary. This is Dan Baker, Daughter Mary, Son Paddy, Wife and Mother-in-Law Mrs. Corbett (see also p. 57). Usual place is kitchen, but Bakers insisted on being photographed in old folks' sacrosanct West Room.

Three pubs serve Quinn's 27 families, though high taxes have cut whisky-drinking. Porter drinkers are mainly landless "boys," younger sons with scant future, whether 16 or 60. This is McInerney's, next to the police station and opposite the Catholic Church.



**The potatoes** should be down by St. Patrick's Day when the "hard" (dry) days begin. But Amby Power who owns a pub and much grazing land is a little behindhand. The potato has often betrayed Ireland, notably in the Great Famine of 1848. Now Ireland adds other crops.





Premier Eamon de Valera, "the greatest leader that has ever risen in Ireland," wears a circlet in his lapel showing that he is one of those pledged to speak the ancient tongue, Gaelic.

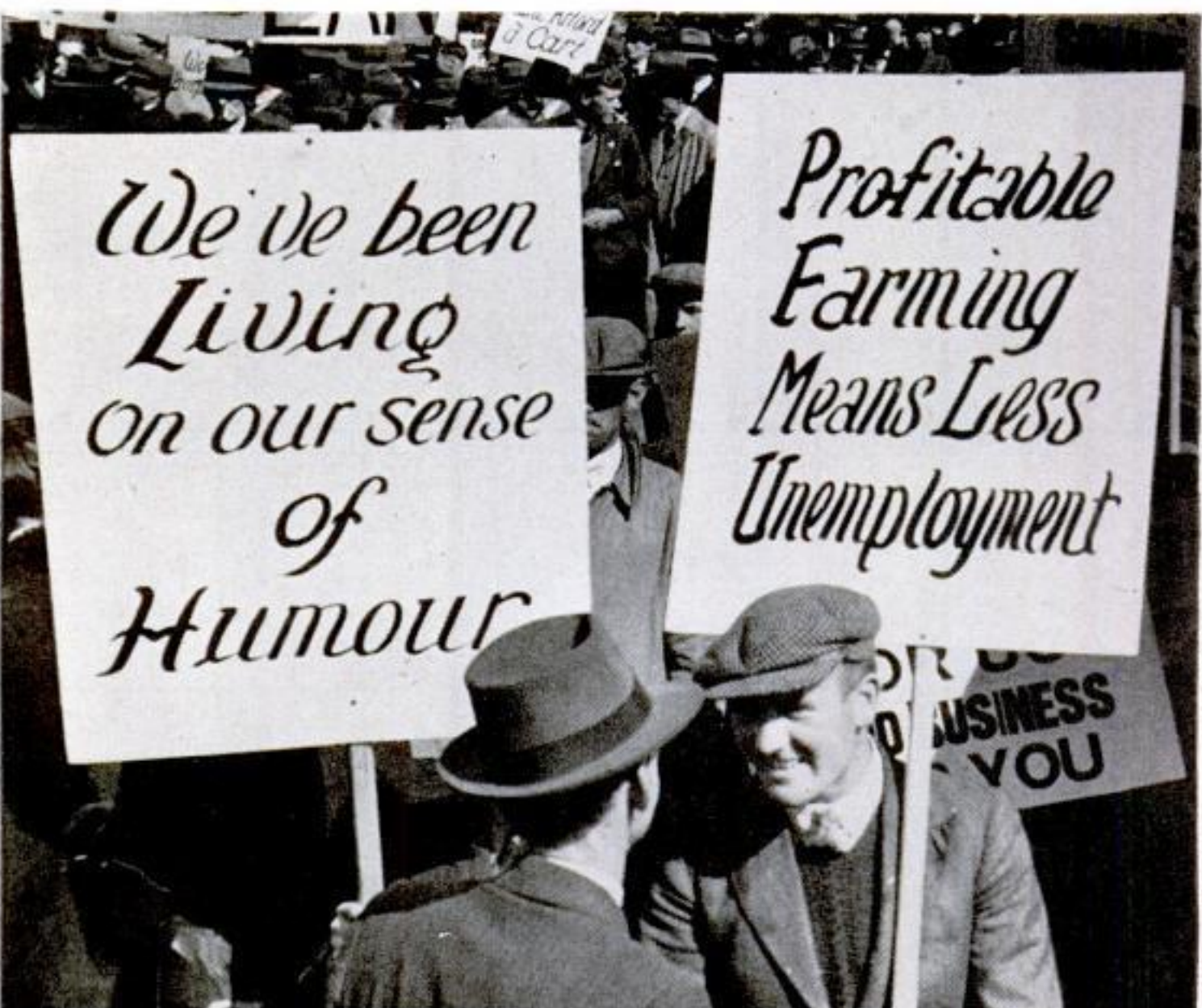
## DE VALERA MAKES IRELAND WORK AND FORGET ITS PAST

The great human material in Ireland has just lately begun to get going. Its leader or *Taoiseach* is the long-lipped Spanish-Irishman at left—Premier Eamon de Valera, chief of the majority Fianna Fail Party, who has run Ireland single-handed since 1932. A onetime mathematics teacher born at 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City, he has taught the Irish the technique of true democracy, not the clannish machine-politics of a Tammany Hall. He has dealt drastically with the ex-overlords of England, but with much reason.

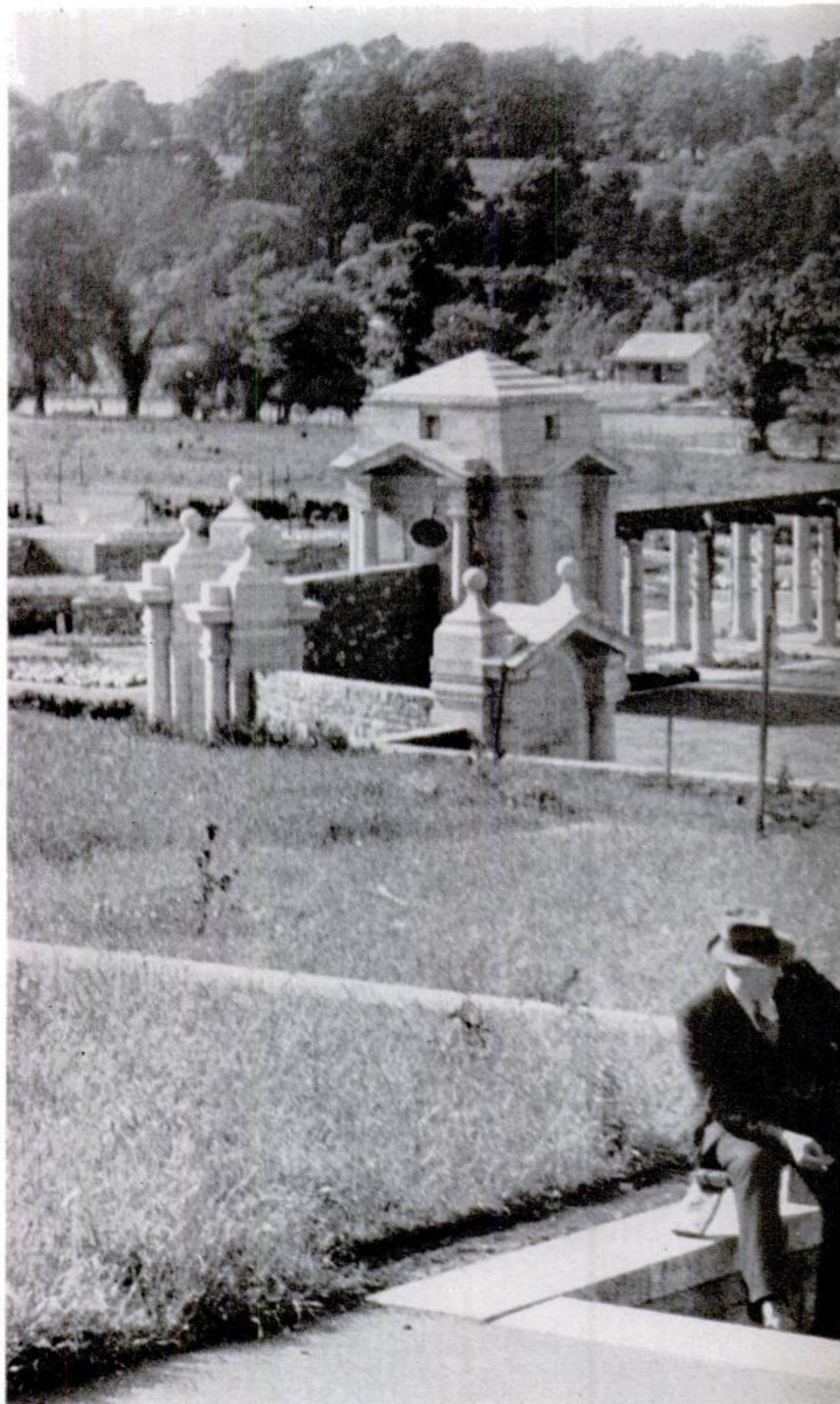
What England had done for 750 years was to force Ireland's happy subsistence-farming economy to produce a little cash. This was finally done by levying taxes, forcing the Irish to sell their cattle for the necessary cash and buy English goods with the surplus. The revolution kicked out the English landlords and in 1932 stopped paying England the rents. The new rulers have divided the estates, sown wheat and sugar beets in the wide valley, dammed the River Shannon,



Farmers' strike in Dublin this spring cut off Dublin's cattle, sheep and swine for a day. Prices are too low for farmers. The white horse suggests that Ireland has been bled white.



The sense of humor is now being sold short by Irishmen as they see some hope of getting the unhumorous good things of life. This sign was carried in the Dublin farmers' strike.



Irishmen who died for England in World War are memorialized here in Dublin. Man in foreground is a detective, set by de Valera's Government to keep IRA extremists from



cleared slums, raised factories, set up Ireland's own currency, army and air force, helped the farmer market his milk and butter through co-operatives and written the constitution of a sovereign Eire (Ireland).

All this has been given in 18 years to a people of great charm but little efficiency who inwardly believe that the dead go West, that a curse kills crops and cattle and men, that a woman must not do a man's work or a man a woman's, that it is dangerous to see a woman on the way to the fair, that there's "great power in a hazel stick to keep the dead away," that the wren is the king of birds, that "the good people" (fairies) are a regular part of the population and that the *banshee* cries for death. This is the land where King Conchobhar of Ulster, the warrior Cuchulinn, Queen Maeve of Connaught, baleful beautiful Deirdre, the Heroes Finn Mac Cumail and Ossian are supposed to have lived splendidly before the time of Christ.

More important, this is the land that lost all its wars to the English for 750 years. The Irish had had a high Christian culture before 600 A.D. but by the time the Normans arrived, supposedly to settle a fight over a runaway wife, the Irish had fought themselves ragged. To mailed knights and crack bowmen of the Plantagenets, Ireland was an easy conquest. But what the Irish remember as if it were yesterday is the sacking of Ireland by the Protestants of Cromwell in the 17th Century and the defeat of the last Stuart king by William of Orange in 1690 at the Battle of the Boyne. The angers of living Irishmen are all hundreds of years old. A word or a song or a date can still start a riot over causes lost long ago.

Current fighting matter is Catholic Ireland's desire to include the 1,300,000 people of Protestant Northern Ireland—Ulster. The Ulstermen want to join Ireland about as much as the Czechs wanted to join Germany. They are afraid that the south would force on them Catholic laws on birth control, divorce and censorship, staff all their hospitals with nuns and tax them to death. And Ulstermen are probably the world's toughest and hardest-headed people. Last week the Orangemen of Ulster celebrated the 249th Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne and their Premier, Viscount Craigavon, roared: "Our message to de Valera is HANDS OFF ULSTER. While there is breath left in us, we will fight."

De Valera's present tactic is to bargain with Britain for Ulster. His bait is Ireland's loyalty or at least benevolent neutrality in the next war. Britain will badly need remote Ireland for naval, air and munitions bases. Ireland is very hospitable to Nazis. Their leader in Ireland is Dr. Adolph Mahr, president of the Eire National Museum whose staff supplies him with complete air views of Ireland. The statue of Ireland in the New York World's Fair Irish Pavilion was made by a Sudeten Nazi. Newsreels of Hitler get a big hand in Dublin theaters now. German engineers built the Shannon power works.

De Valera hopes to get Ulster by dickering but the extremist Irish Republican Army is trying to get it by planting bombs in England. But de Valera has taken the line that the IRA is challenging the elected Government and must be punished. The Irish people, however, see nothing very wrong in blowing up England.



bombing memorial, to be dedicated July 29. Irish patriots today are only proud of Irishmen who died for Ireland. Ex-terrorists against England make up the Government.

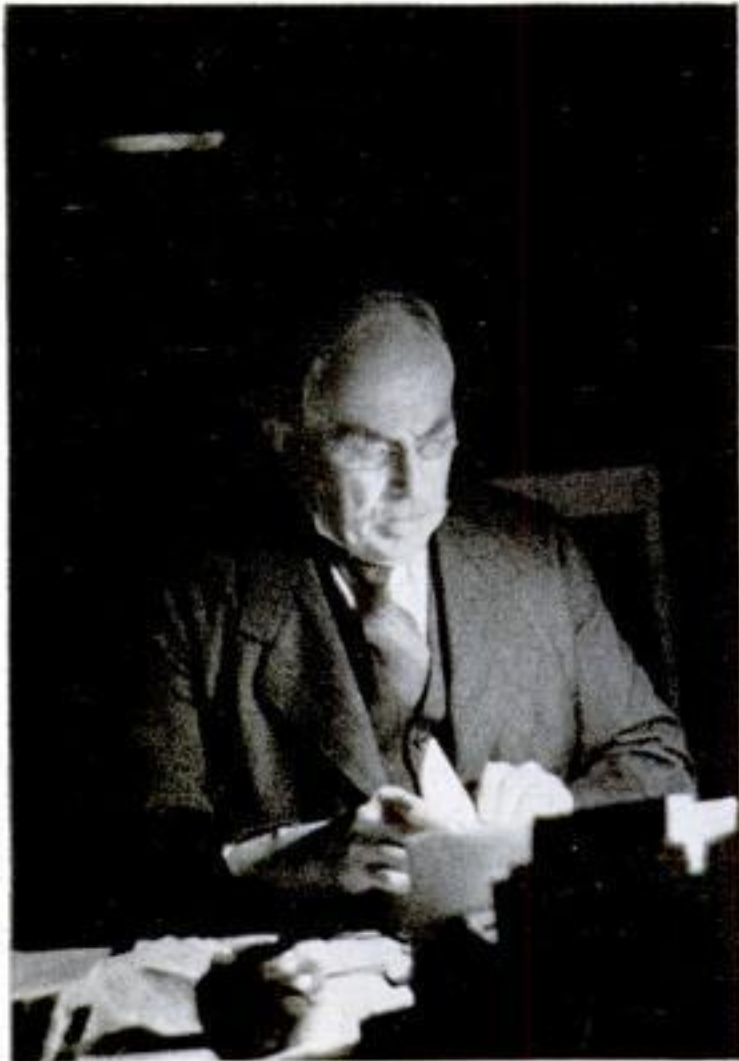


IRA speaker harangues a Dublin crowd. The Irish Republican Army, after declining for seven years, has boomed since the IRA bombings of English property began this spring.



IRA slogans are whitewashed on the walls of Dublin's dread Kilmainham Jail where the 1916 Irish rebels were jailed. It was a Knights Hospitallers monastery in the 13th Century.





**Descendant of Brian Boru**, Ireland's greatest High King, is William Dermot O'Brien, president of Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts.



**Guinness stout** made fortune of Viscount Elveden, 27, heir of Earl of Iveagh, who is a brother-in-law of Britain's Lord Halifax.



**County people** are these Tipperary horse trainers, Mrs. Trent (left) and E. C. Alley. Horsy Mrs. Trent loves the American West.



**Relic of The Rebellion** (1916) is Madame Maud Gonne McBride, widow of a martyr, beloved of William Butler Yeats 50 years ago.



**"Curse of Waterford"** widowed Marchioness of Waterford (right). Her husband's ancestors were Norman conquerors in the 12th Century.

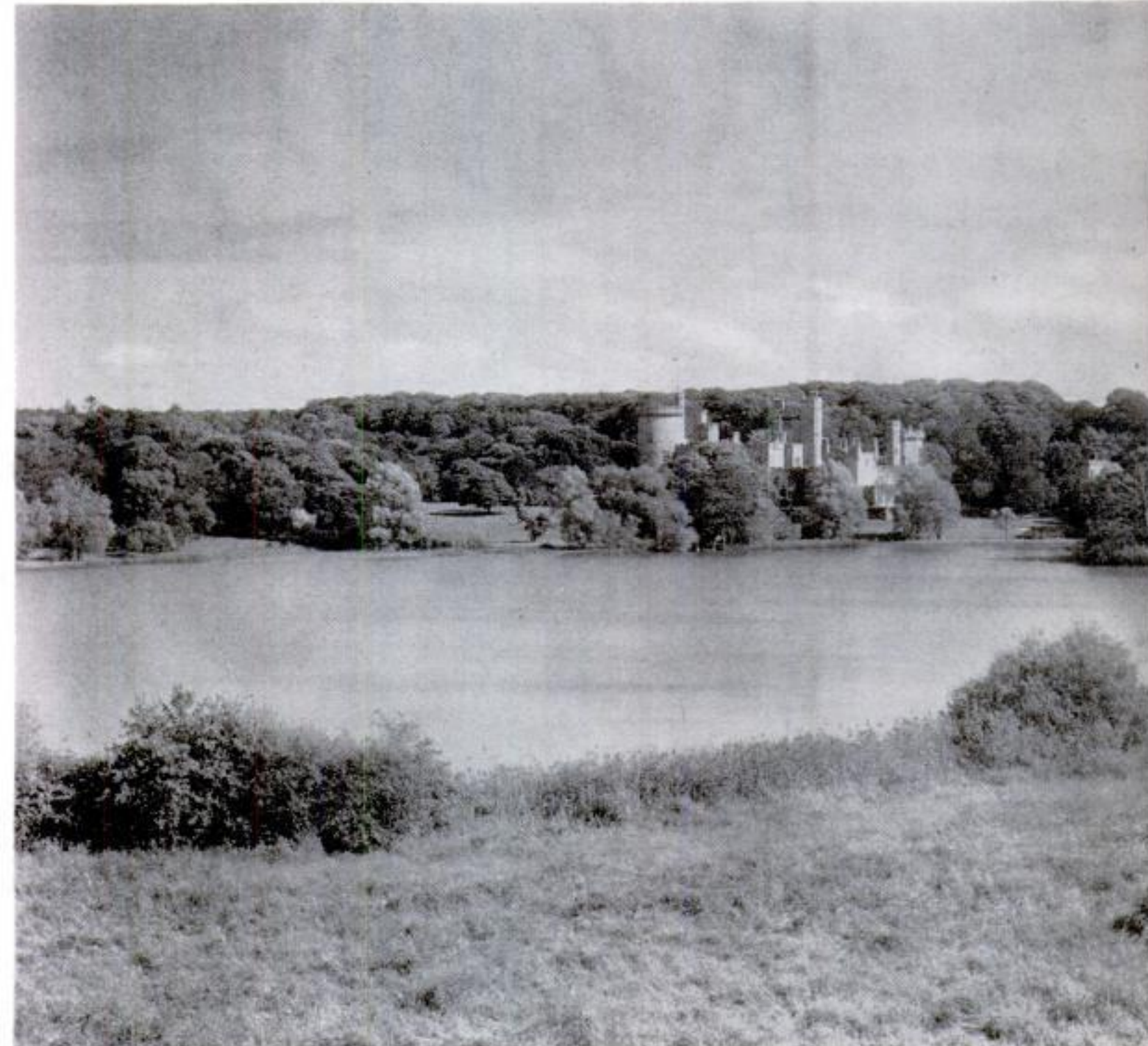


**Premier Duke**, Marquess and Earl of Ireland is impoverished Leinster, another Norman whose wife is now trying to divorce him.

## IRISH ARISTOCRATS HATE

The Irish aristocrats shown on these pages hate and fear the New Deal of Premier de Valera much as U.S. conservatives feel toward President Roosevelt. They even whisper that de Valera has giggling fits and is probably crazy. The Irish upper classes are, however, generally the descendants of those people who played England's game and conspired to enslave the Irish peasantry. Today some lay claim to complete Irishness, some call themselves "Elizabethans," so ingenious is talk in Ireland and so susceptible are the Irish to a good excuse.

But the history of Ireland is to a great extent the story of the incompetence and venality of its leaders. Its first great leader was not even an Irishman but



**The greatest king of Ireland** was 10th Century Brian Boru or Boroilme whose O'Brien descendant, the 16th Baron of Inchiquin, lives here in Dromoland Castle in County Clare, eight miles from the village of Quin. The O'Briens once owned the whole county, now own but 2,000 acres. They are one of the few truly Irish families in the nobility. Family names are Phaedrig, Fionn, Deirdre. Their motto is "The hand that upholds the right



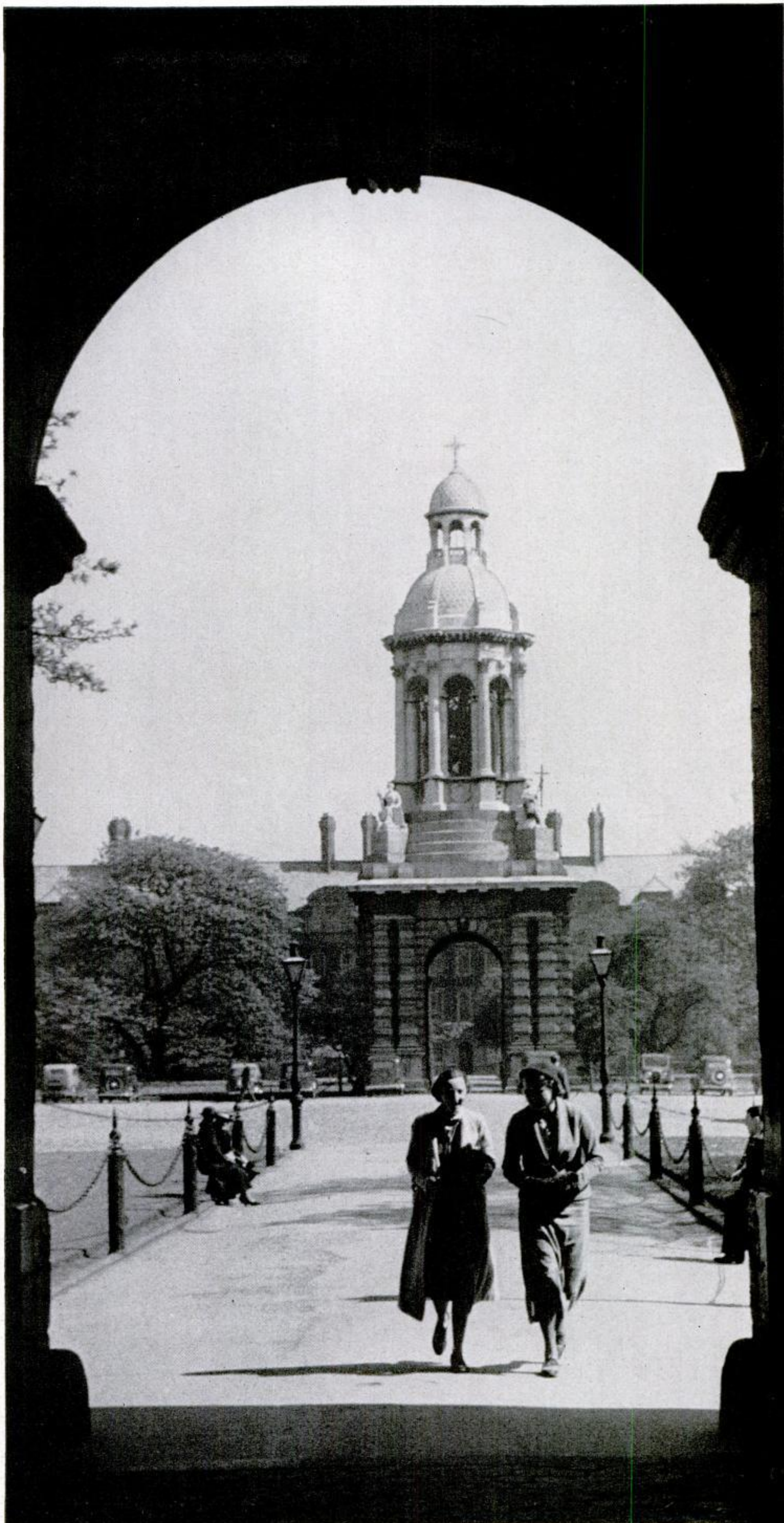


# DE VALERA'S DEAL

an Anglo-Protestant, Wolfe Tone. Its next was the Anglo-American, Charles Stewart Parnell. Its present leader, de Valera, is a Spanish-American Irishman. In this lies probably the greatest weakness of Ireland today, that the Irish of Ireland do not produce leaders who know what they want and know how to get it. Facts are still unpopular in Ireland. Sentiment, piety, a good song and a good phrase, friendship and the past, are what work magic on the Irish.



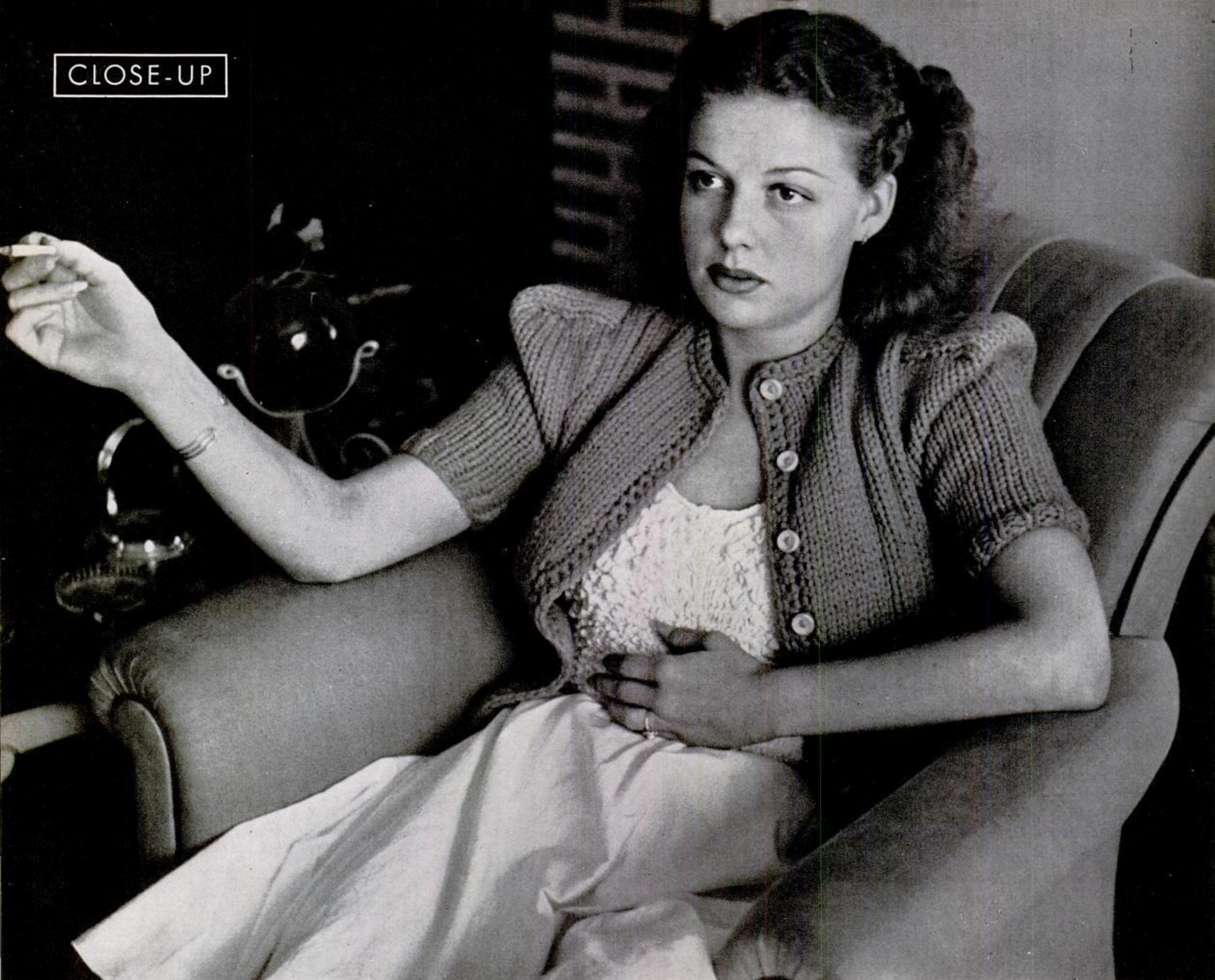
is uppermost." Below is Dromoland Castle's garage showing, from left, a 1938 model, a 1910 Napier and a 19th Century brougham. At left is a young kinsman, Richard Cook. The men of Clare look on themselves as the men who are always called on to save Ireland at the last minute.



**Trinity College** in Dublin where Burke, Congreve, Goldsmith, Swift and Premier de Valera all went to school, is supposedly the cultural heart of Ireland but it is still filled

with Protestants. In the background is Trinity's famed Campanile. Now co-educational, it was founded in 1591 and has the Book of Kells, a superb illuminated manuscript.





ANN SHERIDAN, WHO WENT TO PREMIERES IN OVERALLS BEFORE SHE BECAME AMERICA'S OOMPH GIRL, NOW WEARS SKIRT EVEN AT HOME. SHE SMOKES 30 CIGARETS DAILY

# AMERICA'S OOMPH GIRL

ANN SHERIDAN, HAILED AS A  
SECOND JEAN HARLOW, IS THE  
MOVIE FIND OF THE YEAR

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Clara Lou Sheridan became the Oomph Girl of America on March 16, 1939, when Lucius Beebe, Busby Berkeley, Dudley Field Malone, David Niven, the Earl of Warwick and a score of Hollywood's other male celebrities, after enjoying a dinner of Columbia salmon and boneless squab at the Los Angeles Town House, awarded her the title after passing over the considerable claims of Hedy Lamarr, Alice Faye and Carole Lombard.

America had never had an Oomph Girl before and may never have one again. The nation's press viewed the phenomenon in its proper perspective. A year ago, Ann Sheridan, as Clara Lou is known to the movie public, was an obscure bit-part actress, celebrated solely for minor roles in B pictures. Since March 16, she has received more literary and pictorial attention than any other actress in Hollywood.

The April *Screen Guide* hailed Ann Sheridan as "The Most Exciting Star Since Harlow!" and proclaimed that "Ann Sheridan's got what gets you—and makes you like it!" *Photoplay* for June carried an extensive discussion of Ann Sheridan entitled "From Ranch to Riches," describing Miss Sheridan as a "redheaded tornado." Reconsidering, the June *Screen Guide* asked its readers: "Has Ann Sheridan more than Sex Appeal?" implying that behind Miss Sheridan's impressive

front lay an undiscovered Duse. Miss Sheridan's memoirs in 12,000 words were syndicated to 50 U. S. papers; and in its August number, *Motion Picture* magazine asked plaintively, "Will The Oomph Title Hurt Her?" taking it for granted that its readers would know whom they meant by "her."

The word "Oomph," long current in U. S. slang, had rarely appeared in print before being used to describe the peculiar attractions of Ann Sheridan. Since March, prolonged semantic investigations have been carried on to uncover its exact meaning. Asked to define it, the Hollywood *bon vivants* who applied it to Miss Sheridan were by no means unanimous. Gene Towne, a celebrated screen writer, described it as "the indefinable something that lies in women's eyes—oomph, oomph, oomph." The Earl of Warwick countered politely with, "Oomph is a feminine desirability which can be observed with pleasure but cannot be discussed with respectability." Graham Baker said: "Oomph is to a girl what a pearl is to an oyster." In the reams of print which have appeared about Miss Sheridan since the memorable eve of St. Patrick's Day on which she burst into bloom upon the U. S. scene, the most esoteric consideration of her influence upon aesthetics so far has been one published by the sedate Boston *Sunday Globe*.





The dinner at which Ann Sheridan acquired her strange title was a characteristic Hollywood fiesta, preceded by canapés and

followed by cameras. The bald-headed gentleman peering around at Oomph Girl while scratching her left arm is Gene Towne.



In "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan is a newly divorced heiress who goes to Dartmouth for incognito weekend to escape reporters.



Skiing shots supply action in Wanger's *Winter Carnival*. The snow is fake but the New England background is authentic.

Its title was "Your Oomph Girl Has Glamour While the Yumph Girl Is Active."

Whatever Clara Lou Sheridan's title as the Oomph Girl may mean to the literary world, its meaning to the movie industry is unmistakable. For the 85,000,000 U. S. citizens who go to them every week, the movies exist primarily as a means of psychic escape. The escape which these 85,000,000 enthusiasts accept most readily lies in a certain type of feminine charm. Since 1937, the death of Jean Harlow, the renaissance of the Hays organization and the erroneous notion that a foreign accent is the equivalent, in sex appeal, of a good figure have combined to eliminate this type of charm and thereby to deprive the cinema industry of its No. 1 excuse for existing.

Whether Ann Sheridan's future screen deportment will gratify the appetite which still photographs, biographies, learned critiques and the accolades of gossip columnists have aroused is a question which will soon be answered, probably in the affirmative. This week she will grace the U. S. screen again in *Winter Carnival*, a picture designed by its producer, Walter Wanger, to exhibit all Ann Sheridan's natural assets to the best advantage. If *Winter Carnival* substantiates Ann Sheridan's claims to attention as the American Oomph Girl, March 16, 1939 may become a date as important in Hollywood history as that

on which Al Jolson uttered the first shrill squawks which heralded the arrival of the talkies, in October, 1927.

Ann Sheridan's upbringing, cultural background and home life render her ideally suited to become a U. S. idol. Ever since the miraculous success of Greta Garbo, movie magnates have labored under the delusion that appearing as an understudy in provincial theaters of Europe is automatic qualification for success with the U. S. movie audience. The fallacy in this theory has been successively demonstrated by Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Simone Simon, Annabella and half a dozen other exotic beauties without making any more impression upon producers than the continued success of homebred products.

As a matter of cold fact, the richest mine of screen material in the world is the State of Texas which, noted in most statistical summaries for its output of beef, oil, cotton and garden vegetables, has never been properly recognized for its contributions to U. S. mass culture. Even considering its size, these have been disproportionate, including, as they do, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Ann Harding, Margaret Tallichet and a dozen other comparable characters.

Clara Lou Sheridan's first step to screen celebrity was taken when she was born in Dallas, on Feb.

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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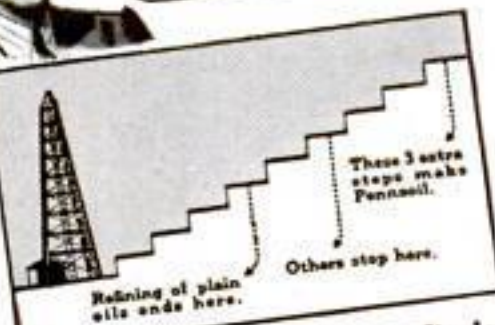
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## OOMPH GIRL (continued)

21, 1915. Her father, who died a year ago, was the grandnephew of General Phil Sheridan and a garage mechanic. When Clara Lou was 3, the family moved to Denton where, at the Robert E. Lee grade school and the Denton Junior High School, she exhibited a fondness for football and basketball. Her vague ambitions to be an actress were frustrated when, trying for parts in school plays, she was always made an understudy. America's future Oomph Girl decided that she had been destined to become a schoolteacher and enrolled at North Texas State Teachers College.

Next to being born in Texas, nothing is better preparation for a successful career in Hollywood than winning a dancing, singing or beauty contest. When in 1933, Kitty Sheridan, eldest of Clara Lou's three sisters, entered a bathing-suit picture of Clara Lou in a Paramount contest, her destiny was settled. The finals of the bathing-suit contest were held in the Hotel Adolphus, just across a Dallas street from the Baker Hotel in which Ginger Rogers had won a crucial Charleston contest eight years earlier. A few days later, Clara Lou Sheridan entrained for Hollywood where she made her first appearance with other local beauty-contest winners in something called *Search for Beauty*. The non-Texas contest winners in *Search for Beauty* were fired as soon as the picture was finished.

## Clara Lou was a good influence

Miss Sheridan's option was taken up and she began a six-year apprenticeship in which she played everything from a cow-girl in *Home On The Range* to an East Side schoolteacher in *The Great O' Malley*. Prison pictures require little more scenery than an adjustable tenement house front and a few pailfuls of watered cement for cell blocks. They have always been popular with Warner Brothers who obtained Miss Sheridan by the waiver system. At Warners, she established the foundation of her career by appearing as a gun-moll, a gangster's sweetheart and an influence for good in peewee penitentiary epics like *San Quentin*, *Alcatraz Island*, *Angels with Dirty Faces* and *They Made Me a Criminal*.

Ann Sheridan's sudden emergence from the ranks of B picture ingenues occurred last year, in four steps. She was borrowed from Warners by Universal for *Letter of Introduction* in which, directed by John Stahl and photographed by Karl Freund, she appeared to better advantage than she had ever done on her home lot. Impressed, Warner Brothers assigned Hurrell, a high-priced specialist, to take still photographs of her which were widely reprinted by fan magazines. Hurrell's pictures of Ann caused so many studio visitors to ask about her, in preference to the lot's top glamor girls, that Warner's West Coast publicity chief, Charles Einfeld, summoned his East Coast publicity chief, Mitch Rawson, to discuss her potentialities as a top-rank star. Rawson, before learning why he had been sent for, asked for an autographed picture of Ann Sheridan. New York movie publicity men are supposed to be totally impervious to Hollywood movie publicity. Warner Brothers reasoned that if she could impress Rawson, Ann Sheridan would certainly flabbergast the ordinary public and the effort to turn her into the American Oomph Girl got under way.

## Improvement is made on Clara Lou

Warner Brothers have never been noted for developing glamor girls. Hollywood's top specialist in this department is Walter Wanger, a 45-year-old Dartmouth alumnus who became a movie producer after a varied career which included Wartime flying, stage managing for Granville Barker and running first errands, and then Paramount studio for Jesse Lasky. His first star creation was the celebrated Clara Bow, whom Sheridan resembles. Last year, producing independently for United Artists, Wanger borrowed Hedy Lamarr, then unknown in the U. S., from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and made her into a great star with one picture, *Algiers*. Then while M-G-M was trying to enable Miss Lamarr to live up to the reputation made for her by Wanger, Wanger hired Joan Bennett and made her into a double for Hedy in *Trade Winds*. When Wanger asked Warners to loan him Ann Sheridan for a picture which, since it was to be about his *alma mater*, might be expected to occupy a special spot on the Wanger release calendar, it was an opportunity too good to pass up. When Ann Sheridan gets back to her home studio, with her value properly enhanced by snow-backgrounds and collegiate love in *Winter Carnival*, she will have the top billing in *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*.

Upon Clara Lou Sheridan, the effect of becoming the American Oomph Girl has not been altogether salubrious. Physically, she is perfectly equipped for the part. Her red hair, which photographs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68





**Clara Lou**, aged 3, wore ribbon around her hair which was then carrot-colored.



**Demure appearance** was mistakenly imposed on Clara Lou early in movie career.



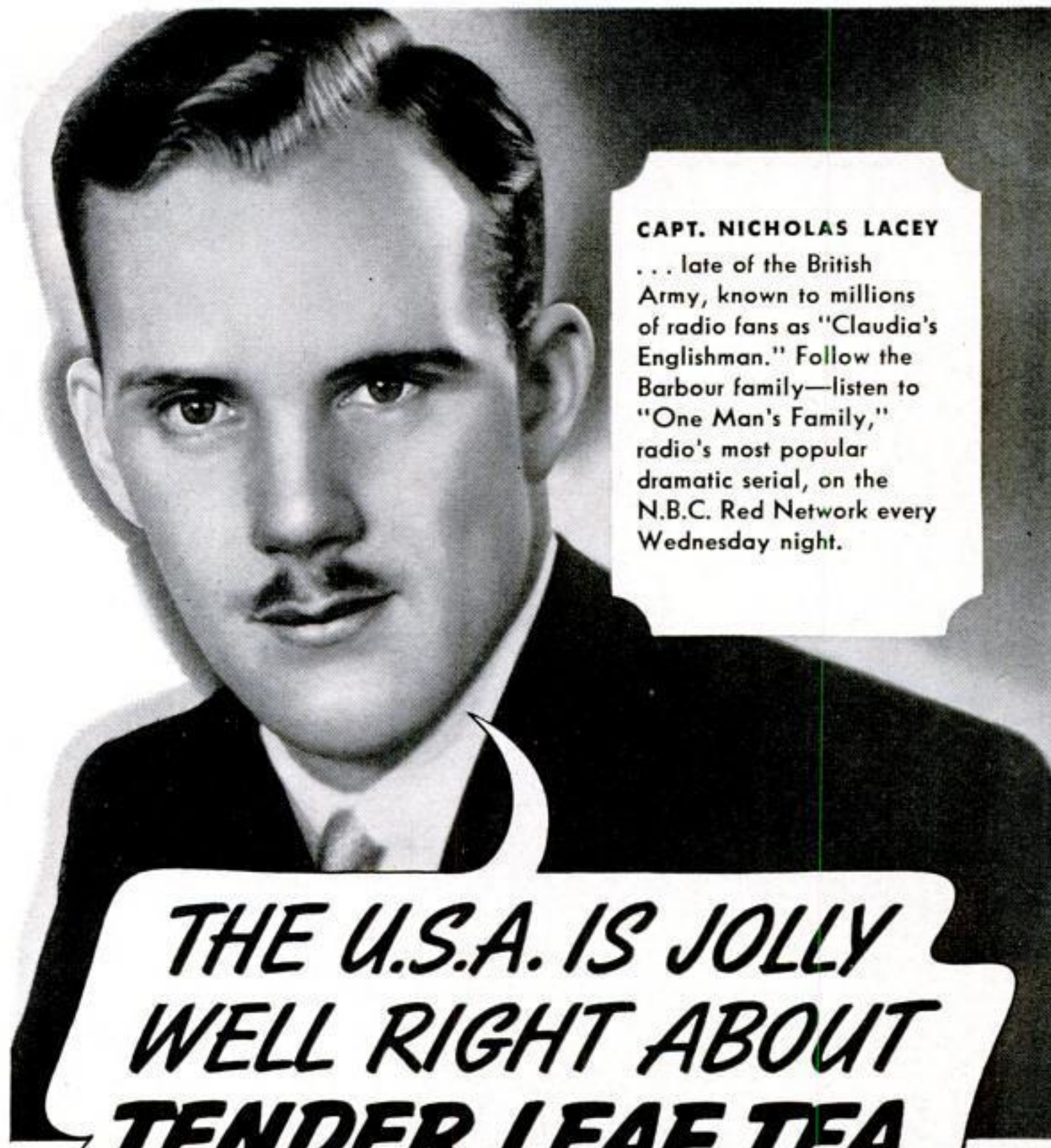
**Publicity stills** in bathing suits were her chief creative work for several years.



In **"Dodge City,"** she played the part of a rowdy frontier dance-hall hostess.

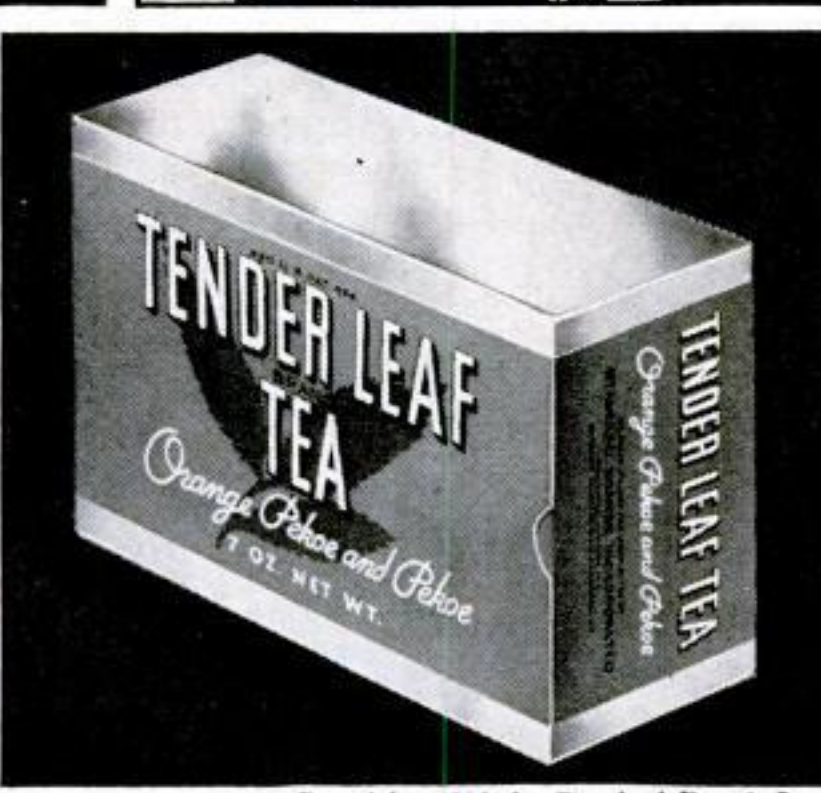
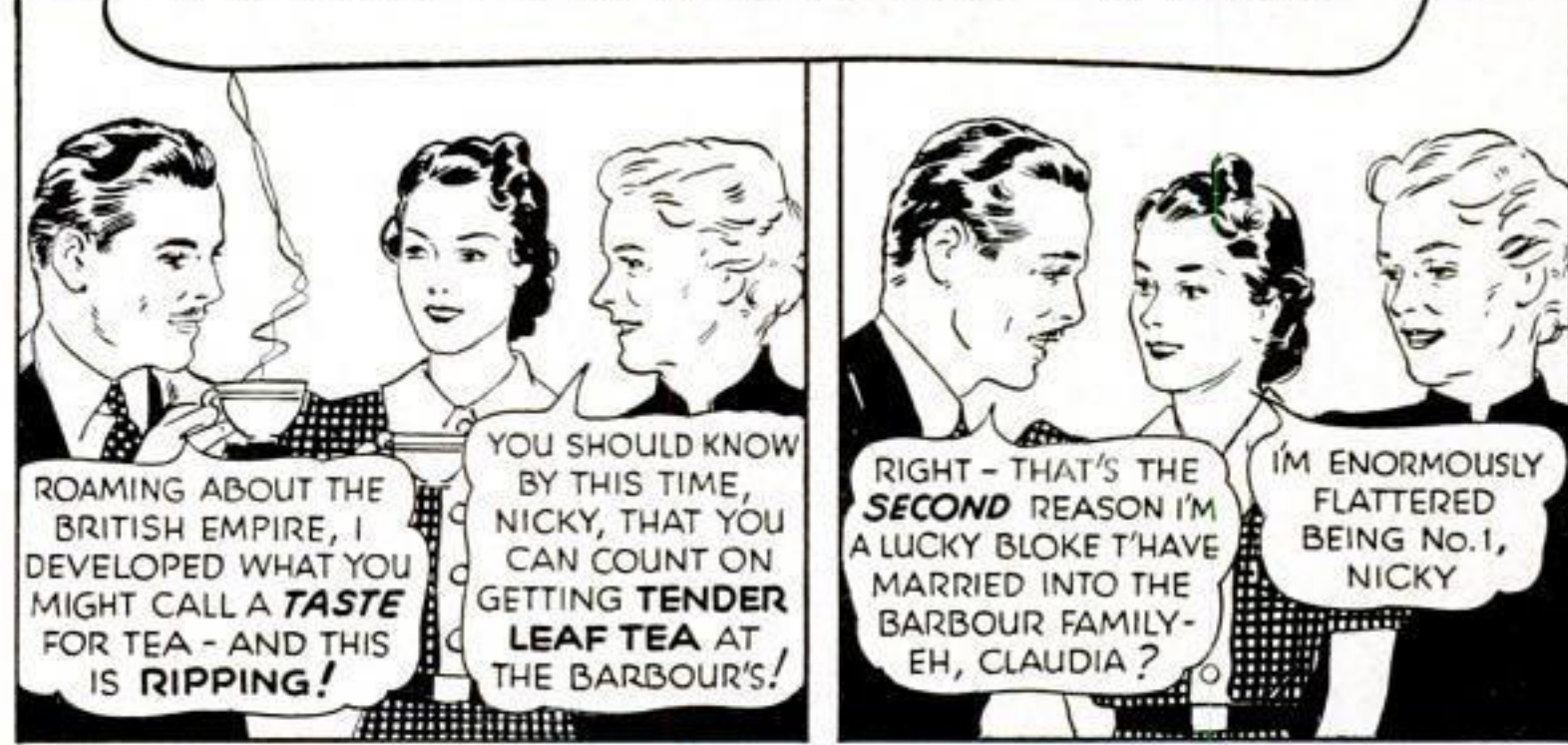


**Lounging** on leopard-skin couch, Clara Lou tries hard to look sultry. Pictures like this, by Ace Photographer George Hurrell, have transformed her into Oomph Girl.



**CAPT. NICHOLAS LACEY**  
... late of the British Army, known to millions of radio fans as "Claudia's Englishman." Follow the Barbour family—listen to "One Man's Family," radio's most popular dramatic serial, on the N.B.C. Red Network every Wednesday night.

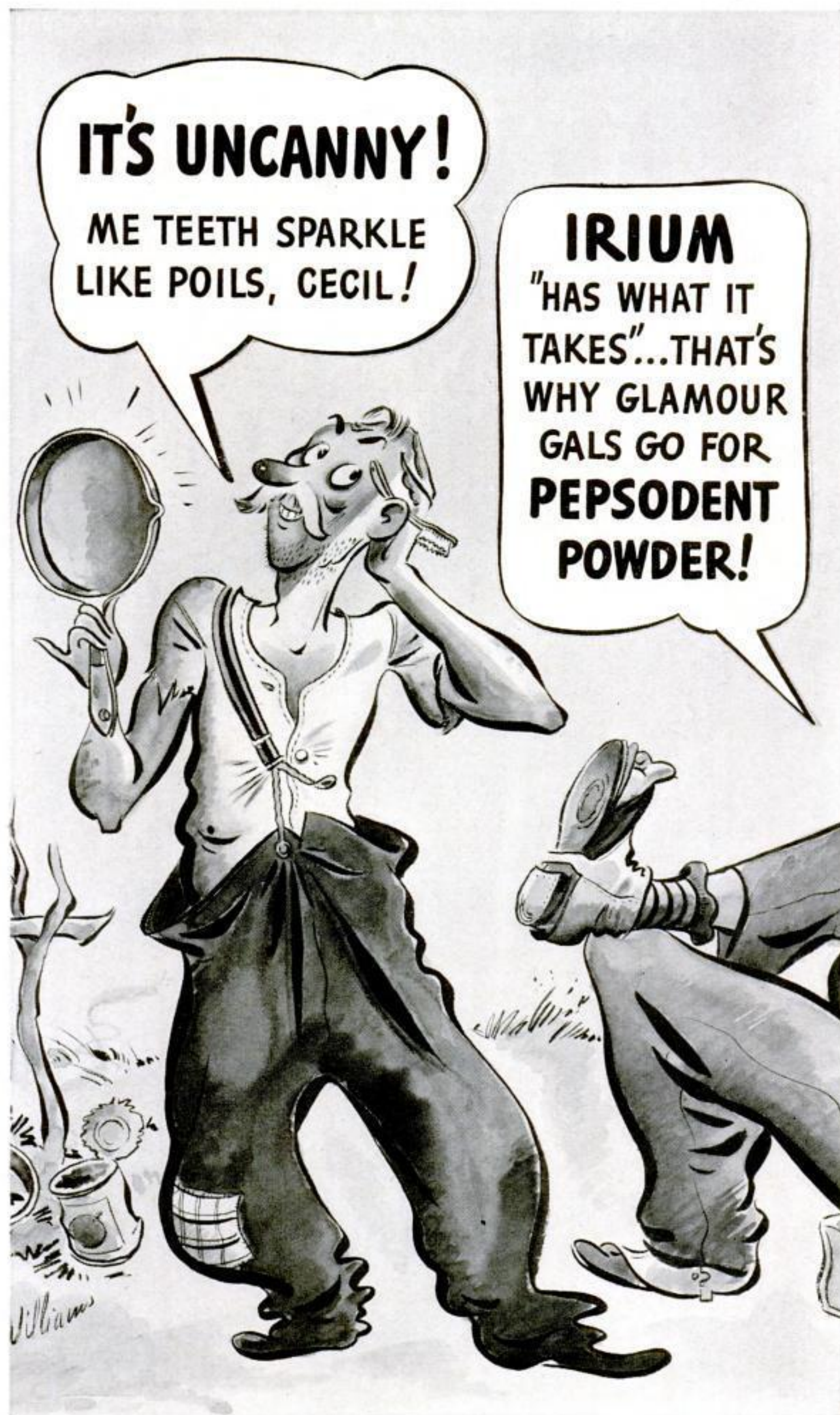
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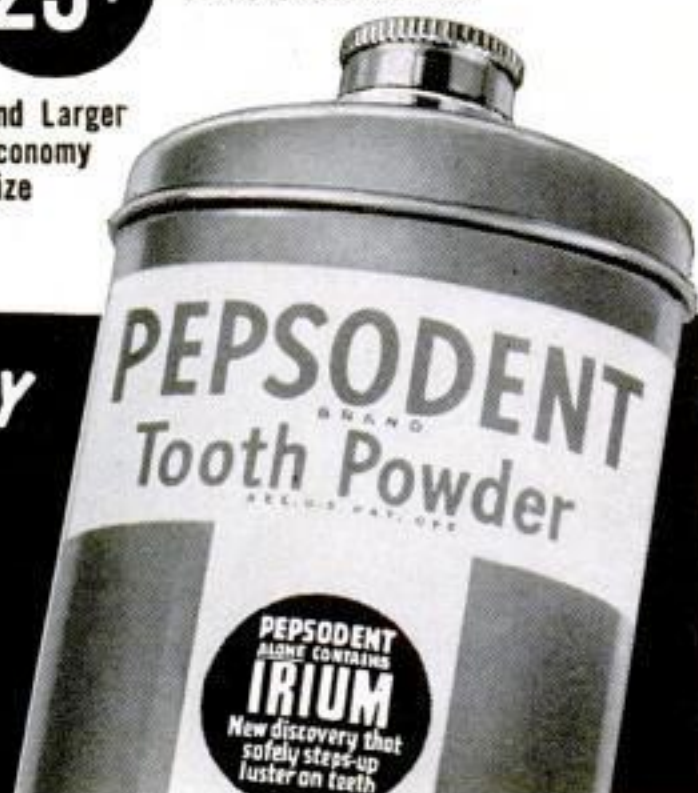
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**START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY  
USE PEPSODENT  
POWDER**



Clara Bow, red-haired like Ann Sheridan, was the 1929 equivalent of Oomph Girl.



Jean Harlow's death in 1937 left Hollywood vacuum for Oomph Girls to fill.

### OOMPH GIRL (continued)

brown, is less spectacular than Jean Harlow's but this is advantageous because few girls have platinum hair anyway and the spectacle of such a freak makes people nervous. Her low, husky voice is friendly and her Texas drawl has a pleasantly concupiscent quality. Her torso—36 in. around the top, 26 in. around the middle—is highly satisfactory. Standing 5 ft. 5 in. and weighing 121 lb. she does not have to diet. Here, unfortunately, the list of nature's endowments to Ann Sheridan comes to an end. Although she has given up her early ambitions to be a schoolteacher, she has never been able to acquire the temperament of a seductress. The fact that, to an overwhelming proportion of the U. S. population, she is one, tends to cause her moments of mild worry.

### Clara Lou awaits Oomph Boy

Glamor girls fall into two classes, amateur and professional. Amateur glamor girls, like Barbara Hutton, Brenda Frazier, Gloria Baker and the Duchess of Windsor may be irritated by the activities of the press but after all their parsnips are not buttered on the front pages. Furthermore, their social doings can be conducted on the pretense that reporters are a nuisance which, whether they believe it or not, simplifies the situation for their cronies. Professional glamor girls, however, must take their status seriously. Ann Sheridan married a M-G-M stock actor named Eddie Norris in 1936. In 1938, when she began to be successful, they were amiably separated. She now lives in North Hollywood with her Denton high-school friend, Gwenn Woodford. Since her separation, her love life has been as much a product of the studio as her acting. She is under tacit obligation to Warner Brothers to appear at least three times weekly at one of Hollywood's half-dozen reputable night clubs. On excursions of this sort, which she finds a bore, Ann Sheridan usually appears with Cesar Romero, Hollywood's most expert rumba dancer.



**Making up Oomph Girl** is an assembly-line job. While hairdresser combs her hair and wardrobe mistress fixes blouse, skillful make-up man does repaint job on mouth.





Hedy Lamarr, 1938 top Glamor Girl, has made only one released U. S. movie.

Joan Bennett like Ann and Hedy was glamorized by Producer Walter Wanger.

Her personal choice as a boy friend is Dr. Charles M. ("Spud") Taylor, a Los Angeles specialist in rare diseases, whom the studio would certainly not want her to marry. Whom the American Oomph Girl can marry remains a question. Stage or European actresses often marry millionaires but most such actresses are not well paid. Few U. S. millionaires can support Hollywood actresses as well as they can support themselves which means that the latter are reduced to intermarriage with their own kind. Among Hollywood eligibles, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power were all crossed off the list this spring. There is practically nobody left. Furthermore, if Ann Sheridan married a mere leading man, it would be a *mésalliance*. She will have to wait until Warner Brothers can discover an Oomph Boy, a procedure which may take several years.

#### Obligations are discharged by Clara Lou

In the course of her odd but well ordered and industrious life in Hollywood, America's Oomph Girl has developed a surprisingly wide range of outside interests. She plays tennis, swims, watches polo matches, drives herself about town in a Ford and does oil paintings. This sort of thing fills up her time so thoroughly that she has little left for brooding or introspection but it would be unfair to suggest that Ann Sheridan has failed to face the problem of an Oomph Girl's relation to the outside world. Interviewers frequently ask her what she thinks about Oomph in general and her own Oomph in particular. Her answers show that she understands her responsibilities and is capable of shouldering them. Her advice to other girls, with or without Oomph is: "Never laugh at a man when he is serious—about anything." She has also said: "Don't forget that all men like to be thought pretty dangerous" and, speaking *ex cathedra*, "Don't think you can get by on sex appeal alone."

In night clubs, or on display elsewhere, Ann Sheridan behaves well. She half closes her eyes, leans back in her chair and seldom speaks, unless spoken to. On her wrist she wears a bracelet which says: "From Clara Lou to Ann, who often surprises me."



Oomph Girl, like non-Oomph Girl, enjoys outdoor sports and can actually play badminton, though not very well. Ann Sheridan's Hollywood friends call her Annie.

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MAIN GRANDSTAND AT LONGCHAMP PRESENTED A FAIRYLAND SCENE AS CROWDS MILLED BENEATH BRIGHT LIGHTS



PRETTY MANNEQUINS PARADED AMONG THE SPECTATORS IN THE LATEST EVENING GOWNS FROM TOP DESIGNERS



MIDNIGHT FIREWORKS, SHOOTING 400 FT. INTO THE SKY, WERE THE CLIMAX OF THE EVENING



A special stand at other important French racetracks is reserved for wives of owners and members of exclusive Jockey Club, which

## *Life goes to the races*

at Longchamp, where horses run a poor  
third to pretty girls and Paris styles

In a French horse race the horses run a poor third to the pretty girls and the latest fashions. People go, not so much to see the races, as to see each other, to bet and to get their first glimpse of the season's fanciest clothes. Typically, the annual night race at Longchamp on July 1, highspot of the early racing season, was more of a gala garden party than a horse race. Seventy engineers spent eight days preparing the 400 spotlights that illuminated the scene. On broad lawns, fringed with flower beds, svelte mannequins paraded. At midnight a magnificent fireworks display took place. Inside the pavilions and grandstands, 22 orchestras purred and bayed and eight ballet corps danced. Elsewhere, 60 wrestlers tied each other up in knots and five vaudeville teams performed circus stunts. In an amusement center, giggling Parisians rode on carousels and watched jugglers. A hundred thousand people attended the costly spectacle. Seven horse races were also run.

Even at the regular afternoon races on other fine Paris tracks like Chantilly, also shown on these pages, the center of the stage is held by the spectators, not the horses. A couple attending these races in style lingers over a fastidious lunch for two hours, arriving at the track an hour late but in time to place their bets before the big race. Afterwards, tea-dancing at a cafe in the beautiful wooded Bois de Boulogne and a private dinner party in Paris are in order.





has under 1,000 members. Club was founded in 1833, is composed of wealthy socialites who like to bet on horses.

**Members of the Jockey Club** also have their own special grandstands at popular racetracks like Chantilly (*above*). They are the

aristocrats of the modern French Republic—Marquises, Comtes and Barons. Election to the Jockey Club must be unanimous.



**Berry Wall** the beau brummel of New York in the 1890's, is called "the best-dressed American in Europe" today.



**James Hennessy** (*right*), brandy manufacturer and art collector, sits down to read race program next to Count Gaston Niel.



**Colonel Laffond** is the handicapper at Longchamp. French horse racing is century-old sport, imported from England.



**The Aga Khan** (*right*), spiritual ruler of 200,000,000 Moslems, has owned some of the finest race horses in the world.



**Princess Faucigny de Lucinge**, who owns a great racing stable and one of the rare platinum-fox skins, watches entry at track.



**Léon Rénier**, closely studying his bets, is head of the Agence Havas, the state-controlled French news-gathering agency.



# HAVE YOU A BOTTLE PROBLEM?



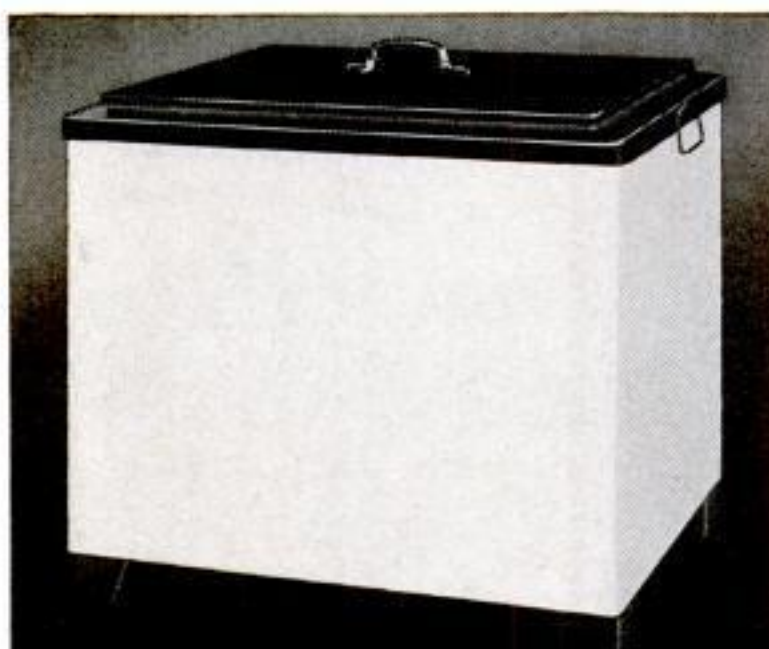
You can cool a grand supply of beverages in half an hour by your watch when you have a handy Ice Chest.

...and have plenty of ice for garnishing and the correct service of fruit juices and cocktails.



●What to do when it's week-end or party-time and you're confronted with a flock of bottled beverages and a refrigerator that's already as crowded as a barrel of apples?

Here's the solution many clever hostesses have discovered—the handy, dandy new Ice Chests with their amazing capacity for holding a quantity of those cumbersome, bottled beverages—to say nothing of the extra ice they make available in the form of taste-free, crystal-clear cubes for beverages and cracked ice for garnishes!



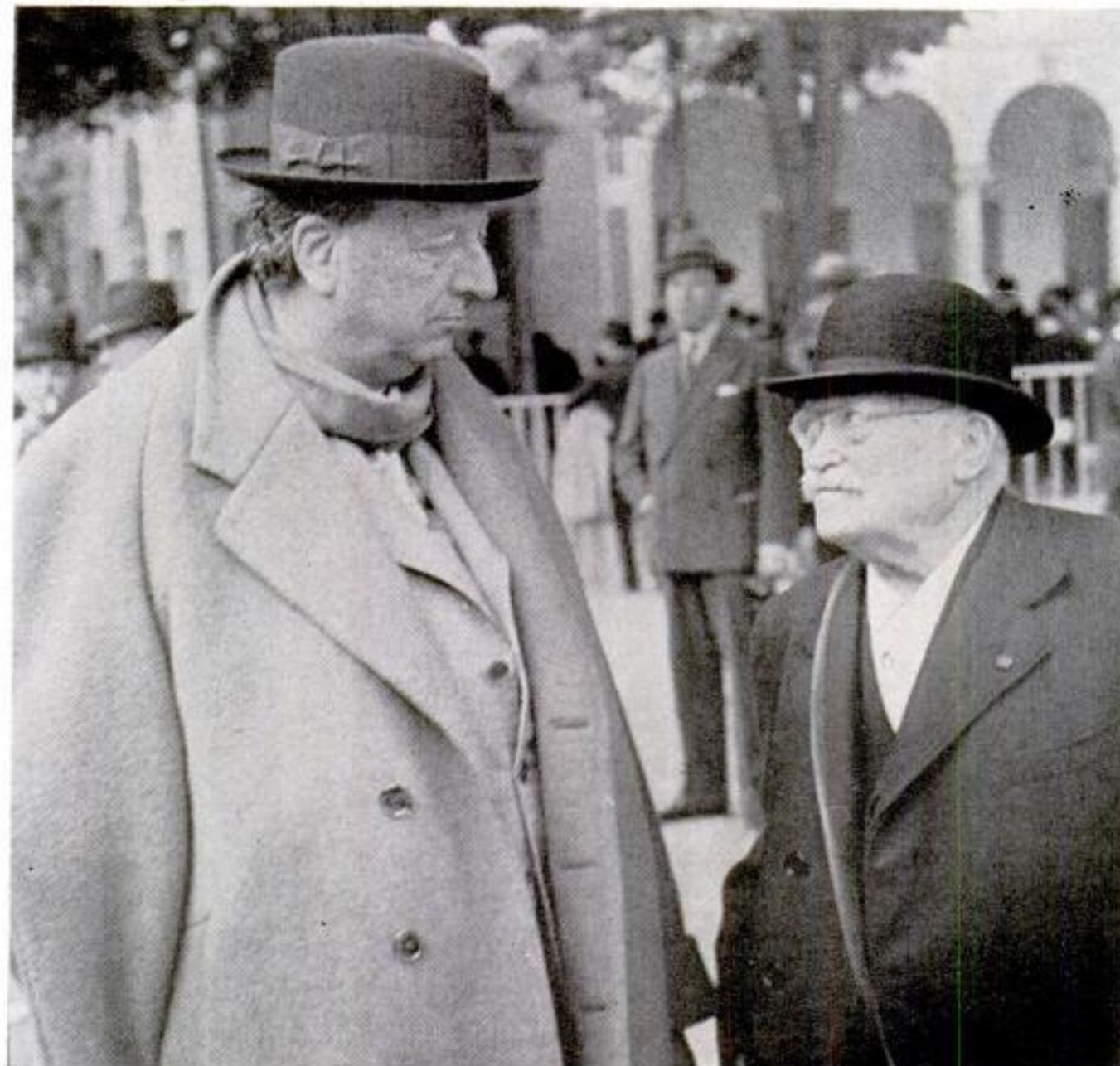
First aid to smart entertaining and smooth-running housekeeping—the convenient new Ice Chests that cost little—hold a lot. They take the "ice bugaboo" out of entertaining—assure you all the ice you want, when you want it—give you the right kind of refrigeration space for chilling bottled beverages—leave the refrigerator free for regular food storage. A blessing on week-ends, a boon at party-time—a convenience *all* the time!

Prices range from \$8.50 to \$31.00 f.o.b. factory. Call your local Ice Company or write National Association of Ice Industries, 228 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, for free illustrated folder.

*Ice is one of the finest products that enters your home. Manufactured from filtered water, it contains no chemicals and is even purer than the water you drink.*

Be sure to visit the Ice Industries' Exhibits at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs

## Life goes to the races (continued)



Baron Maurice de Rothschild (left), nicknamed "Momo," is a French senator who is known world over for his eccentric dress. His hobbies are fast horses and planes.



Maurice Oller, director of Pari Mutuel Urbain, private company controlled by the state for placing racing bets, attends Longchamp, discusses Grand Prix entries.



Robert Lazard, of the banking house Lazard Frères, owns large racing stable, helped introduce night racing in 1934. Here he adjusts sock between races at Longchamp.

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NEEDS NO SHAVING BRUSH  
Not Greasy... Leaves Skin Smooth

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PRESIDENT

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SUMMER 1939

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is spicy and good with:

- **Something green**—like watercress, cucumber, spring onions, or crisp lettuce.
- **Something bland**—like mayonnaise, cream cheese, peanut butter, or mild cheese spread.
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- **Or just by itself**... for the intriguing, spicy flavor of Underwood Deviled Ham has never been duplicated. Its smooth consistency, its convenience and economy makes this delicious sandwich spread a sure-fire hit with every member of the family.

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**Fernand Gravet**, French movie star and his wife, were a smartly dressed couple.



**Two track habitués:** woman carries cane, wears spats and an ostrich-plumed hat.



**"Uncle Sam" hat** designed to include crepe stars of U. S. flag on tulle brim.



**Padre's hat** with a striped Roman bow created a fashion sensation at the races.

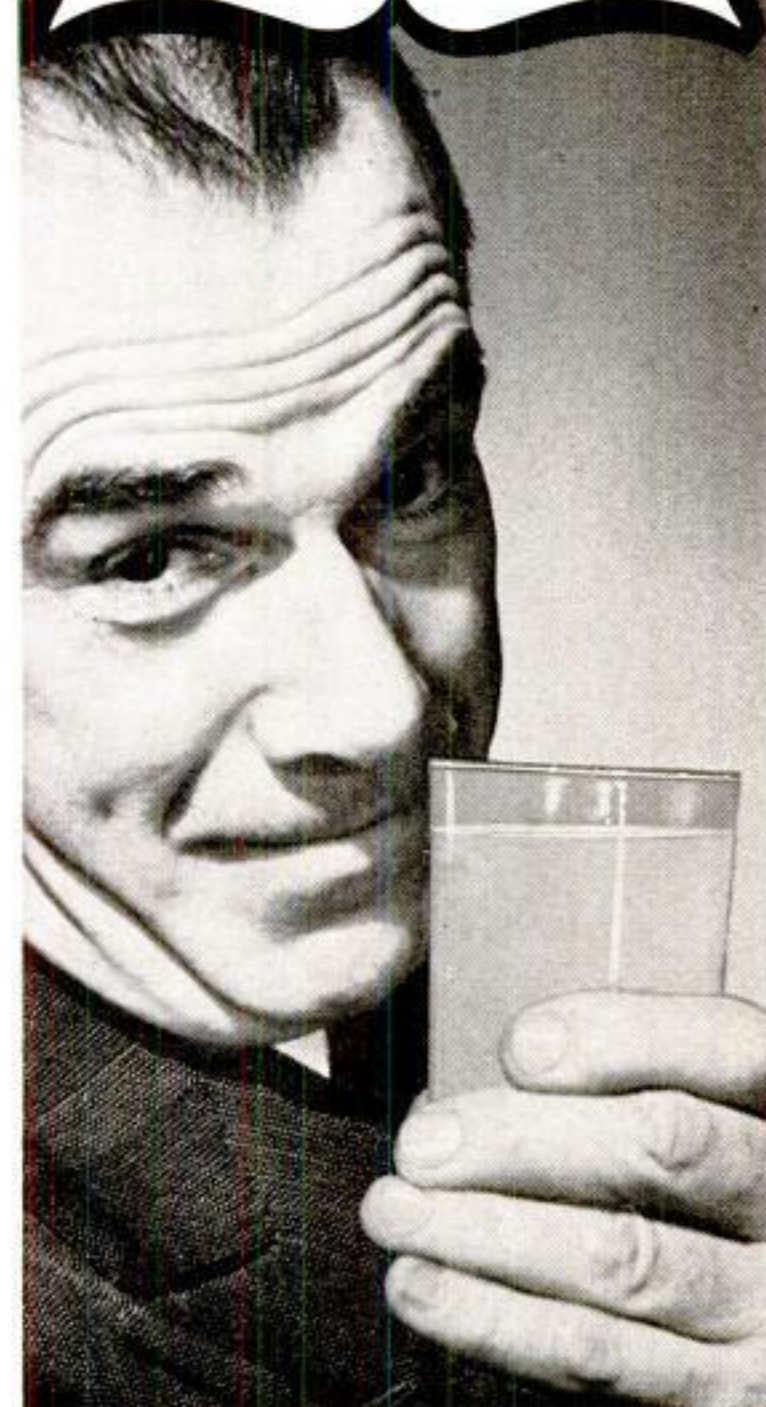


**Peasant-style** summer frocks were enthusiastically received by the spectators.



**Mme Louis Arpels**, jeweler's wife, wore necklace which may be used as a belt.

"Make mine  
**GRAPEFRUIT**  
**JUICE**  
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JUICE

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WITH COMFORT—  
DO AS  
BARBERS DO...  
USE COLGATE  
LATHER**



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**2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER—THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!**  
So, for a fast easy lather shave at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream for these 3 reasons:

- 1. QUICK** because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.
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**PICTURES TO THE EDITORS**



**CORP. GRONAU (CENTER) FOUND HIMSELF IN THIS PICTURE, PUBLISHED IN LIFE**



**Wire-tapping** was Gronau's assignment. Here he is listening in on Russian calls.

**GERMAN CORPORAL**

Sirs:

I found myself in the first row of German troops in your picture entitled "Men march out to death." Of all the men killed in this march I was one of the remaining survivors. I came to America in 1926 to escape the confusion and depression after the War, and have established a reputable business. I am an American citizen and have four grown-up boys, all of whom are fond of living in America.

OSCAR GRONAU

Oscar Gronau  
Plain & Decorative Painter & Paper-hanger  
Bridgeport, Conn.

● Mr. Gronau was a young painter in East Prussia when the War broke out. He was conscripted on the day Russia invaded Germany, Aug. 2, 1914, and served until the Armistice, becoming a corporal. On the day after the picture at the top of the page was taken, the column engaged in a battle with the Russians, from which few of the Germans escaped alive.—ED.



**The soldiers rest** overnight in a private home in Russian Poland. This picture was taken on march shown at top of page. Gronau (arrow) is pouring himself a drink.

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LIVER BILE—  
WITHOUT CALOMEL**

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**RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP**





Reconnoitering on the Polish expedition, Prussian officers cross a stream. Gronau is sitting on the bank at right. He spent the entire War on the Eastern front.



His home town of Eydtkuhnen in East Prussia was shelled by Russians early in War and captured. Gronau's wife and young son were taken prisoners, later released.



Wife and children posed outside home in 1930. Gunther, now 14, holds U.S. flag.



Mr. Gronau today is a painter and paper-hanger. He says "business is very good."



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THE VACATION YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED - IN  
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*Variety Vacationland*  
"WHERE EVERY SCENE IS A NEW DELIGHT"

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**removes hair... doesn't hurt... doesn't pull**





**TOM:** Hm . . . I can't get very excited 'til I learn what this swell treat was!

**ED:** Well, neighbor, it was piping hot bran muffins made with Post's 40% Bran Flakes! Man, were they good! Post's Bran Flakes are great as a cereal, too, you know—swellest flavor in the world, and besides . . .

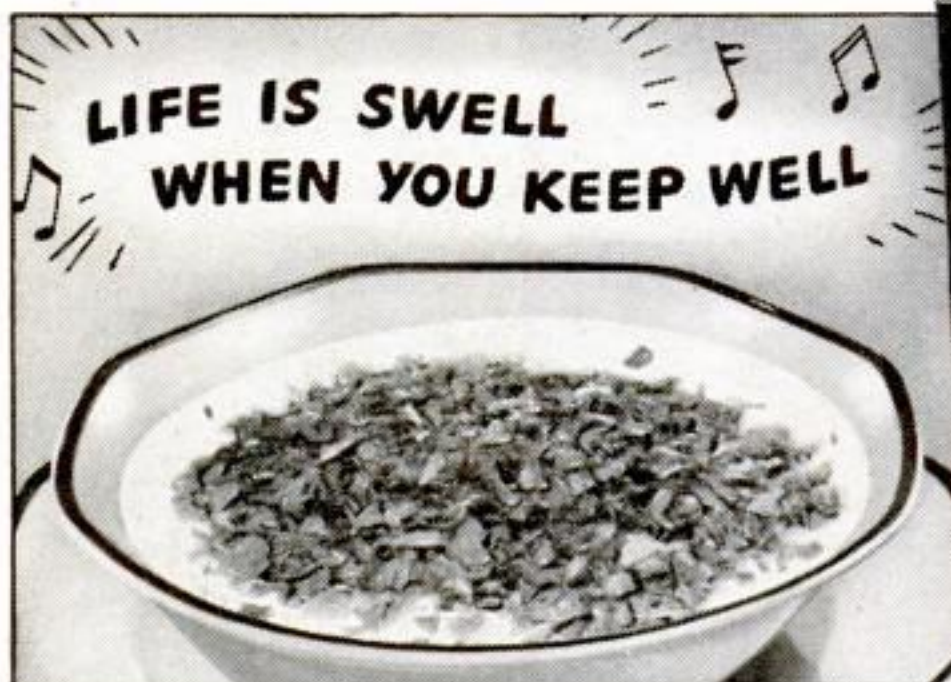
**ED:** As a cereal or in muffins, Tom, Post's Bran Flakes bring you two EXTRA BENEFITS. (First, Ed explains, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran to help protect against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.)



**ED:** Second, Tom, food authorities say: "Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor."

**MRS. ED:** All that, Tom, in one grand-tasting cereal! And today, Post's Bran Flakes are at a NEW LOW PRICE!

**TOM:** Okay! You folks have me convinced!



**IMPORTANT:** Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a regulative cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's

Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### EDSEL FORD TO THE RESCUE

Sirs:

This is a little incident I caught at the Harvard-Yale boat race at New London, Conn. In the morning, after the freshman and junior varsity races, a fire broke out on the *Tara II*, a motor launch owned by Buell Hemingway Jr. of Watertown,

Conn. Edsel Ford, whose yacht the *Acadia* was anchored nearby, saw the smoke and sped to the rescue in his launch. Nobody was hurt in the fire, which was caused by an overheated stove and was quickly extinguished.

DAVID E. SCHERMAN  
New York, N. Y.



SMOKE POURING FROM "TARA" ATTRACTS ATTENTION OF NEIGHBORING BOATS



MR. HEMINGWAY AND HIS GUESTS ESCAPE FROM THE "TARA" IN THE DINGHY



EDSEL FORD, ARMED WITH CAMERA, SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE IN HIS LAUNCH



# Are you getting the dirt where dirt really hides?

**B**ITS of paper, cigarette ashes, threads and dust on the surface of your rug offend your eye and you are quick to remove them, but the dirt which hides at the base of your rugs is the real culprit.

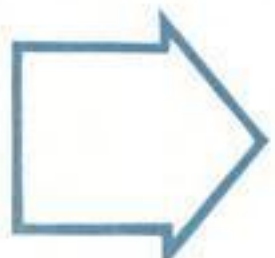
*At least 85%* (often as much as 97%) of the dirt in your home is this kind. It buries itself in the pile of the rug where it does its damage unseen. Sharp sand and grit cut away at the fibres under the tread of feet and the moving of furniture.

This dirt, although it doesn't actually show on the surface, can take the bloom off your carefully-thought-out color schemes.

*Plain suction can't get it out.* It has to be shaken loose first. This is what Hoover does with its exclusive patented vibrating action known as Positive Agitation.

*The 15% of the dirt* above the floor is largely blown-in dirt, which suction can easily take out. Hoover has light, efficient tools for this. They plug easily into the cleaner.

*More than 5,000,000 women* have chosen the Hoover because it gives their homes a fresh, clean look that they are proud of. One of the leading stores which sells the Hoover will gladly leave a Hoover for you to try in your own way on your own rugs. THE HOOVER COMPANY, Factories: North Canton, O.; Hamilton, Ont.

 **85%** or more of dirt hides down in carpet pile. Hoover suction lifts the carpet. Soft Hoover brushes open the pile. Hoover beater bars shake loose the dirt buried at the base of the opened-up rug.



*Hoover Ensemble in Brown, including Cleaning Tools in Handy Kit, only \$1.25 a week, payable monthly. Convenient terms on all three Hoover models*

*Years ahead!*  
**HOOVER**  
CLEANING ENSEMBLE  
Keeps colors fresh



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

# Famous

## AT A THOUSAND TOBACCO AUCTIONS

"Crops in the last few years have been outstanding," says Connor Aycock, famous in the South as a judge of tobacco. "And Luckies buy the finest, so I've smoked them since 1927." Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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*Easy on Your Throat—  
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

# *Have you tried a Lucky lately?*